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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

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PRINTED BY R. CLAY, LONDON.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY DAVID MASSON.

VOL. II.

MAY—OCTOBER, 1860.

Cambridge:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND 23, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
London.
1860.

W. J. LINTON, Sc.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1860.

THREE VICES OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NATURAL and becoming as it is to think modestly of the literary achievements of our own time, in comparison with certain periods of our past literary history, it may yet be asserted with some confidence that in no age has there been so large an amount of real ability engaged in the conduct of British literature as at present. Whether our topmost men are equal in stature to the giants of some former generations, and whether the passing age is depositing on the shelf of our rare national classics masterpieces of matter and of form worthy to rank with those already there, are questions which need not be discussed in connexion with our statement. It is enough to remember that, for the three hundred publications or so which annually issued from the British press about the middle of the seventeenth century, we now produce every year some five thousand publications of all sorts, and, probing this fleeting mass of contemporary authorship as far round us and in as many directions as we can, in order to appraise its contents, to see, as I believe we should see, that the prodigious increase of quantity has been accompanied by no deterioration of average quality. Lamentations are indeed common over the increase of books in the world. This, it is said, is the *Mudiæval* era. Do not these lamentations proceed, however, on a false view of literature, as if its due limits at any time were to be measured by such a petty standard as the faculty of any one man to keep up with it as a reader, or even to survey it as a critic? There is surely a larger view of literature than this—according to which the expression of passing thought in preservable forms is one of the growing functions of the race; so that, as the world goes on, more and ever more of what is remembered, reasoned, imagined, or desired on its surface, must necessarily be booked or otherwise registered for momentary needs and uses, and for farther action, over long arcs of time, upon the spirit of the future. According to this view, the notion of the perseverance of our earth on its voyage ages hereafter with a freight of books increased, by successive additions, incalculably beyond that which already seems an overweight, loses much of its discomfort; nay, in this very vision of our earth as it shall be, carrying at length so huge a registration of all that has transpired upon it, have we not a kind of pledge that the registration shall not have been in vain, and that, whatever catastrophe may await our orb in the farther chances of being, the lore it has accumulated shall not perish, but shall survive or detach itself, a heritage beyond the shipwreck? In plainer argument; although in the immense diffusion of literary capability in these days, there *may* be causes tending to lower the

highest individual efforts, is not the diffusion itself a gain, and is it after all consistent with fact that the supposed causes are producing the alleged effect? That there is a law of vicissitude in the intellectual power of a nation; that, as there are years of good crop and years of bad crop in the vegetable world, so there are ages in a nation's life of super-excellent nerve and faculty, and again ages intellectually feeble, seems as satisfactory a generalization as any of the rough historical generalizations we yet have in stock; but that this law of vicissitude implies diminished capacity in the highest individuals according as the crowd increases, does not appear. The present era of British literature, counting from the year 1789, is as rich, as brilliant with lustrous names, as any since the Elizabethan era and its continuation, from 1580 to 1660; nay, if we strike out from the Elizabethan firmament its majestic twin-luminaries, Shakespeare and Bacon, *our* firmament is the more brilliantly studded —studded with the larger stars. Nothing but a morose spirit of disregard for what is round us, or an excess of the commendable spirit of affection for the past, or, lastly, an utter ignorance of the actual books of the past which we do praise, prevents us from seeing that many of the poets and other authors even of the great Elizabethan age, who retain their places in our collections, or that, still more decidedly, many of the celebrities of that later age which is spanned by Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," were but poetasters and poor creatures, compared with relative authors of the last seventy years. Test the matter roughly in what is called our current literature. What an everlasting fuss we do make about Junius and his letters! And yet there is no competent person but will admit that these letters will not stand a comparison, in any respect of real intellectual merit, with many of the leading articles which are written overnight at present by contributors to our daily newspapers, and skimmed by us at breakfast next morning.

It is, therefore, in no spirit of depreciation towards our current literature, that we venture to point out certain of its wide-spread vices. The vices which we select are not those which might turn out to be the deepest and most radical; they are simply those that cannot fail to catch the eye from the extent of surface which they cover.

1. There is the vice of the Slip-shod or Slovenly. In popular language it may be described as the vice of bad workmanship. Its forms are various. The lowest is that of bad syntax, of lax concatenation of clauses and sentences. It would be easy to point out faults of this kind which reappear in shoals in each day's supply of printed matter—from the verbs misnominatived, and the clumsy "whiches" looking back ruefully for submerged antecedents, so common in the columns of our hasty writers, up to the unnecessarily repeated "that" after a conditional clause which some writers insert with an infatuated punctuality, and even the best insert occasionally. Should the notice of a matter so merely mechanical seem too trivial, there is, next, that form of the slip-shod which consists in stuffing out sentences with certain tags and shreds of phraseology lying vague about society, as bits of undistributed type may lie about a printing-room. "We are free to confess," "we candidly acknowledge," "will well repay perusal," "we should heartily rejoice," "did space permit," "causes beyond our control," "if we may be allowed the expression," "commence hostilities"—what are these and a hundred other such phrases but undistributed bits of old speech, like the "electric fluid" and the "launched into eternity" of the penny-a-liners, which all of us are glad to clutch, to fill a gap, or to save the trouble of composing equivalents from the letters? To change the figure (see, I am at it myself!), what are such phrases but a kind of rhetorical putty with which cracks in the sense are stopped, and prolongations formed where the sense has broken short? Of this kind of slip-shod in writing no writers are more guilty than those who have formed their

style chiefly by public speaking; and it is in them also that the kindred faults of synonyms strung together and of redundant expletives are most commonly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the choicest specimens of continuous slip-shod in the language are furnished by the writings of celebrated orators. How dilute the tincture, what bagginess of phraseology round what slender shanks of meaning, what absence of trained muscle, how seldom the nail is hit on the head! It is not every day that a Burke presents himself, whose every sentence is charged with an exact thought proportioned to it, whether he stands on the floor and speaks, or takes his pen in hand. And then, not only in the writings of men rendered diffuse by much speaking after a low standard, but in the tide of current writing besides, who shall take account of the daily abundance of that more startling form of slip-shod which rhetoricians call Confusion of Metaphor? Lord Castlereagh's famous "I will not now enter upon the fundamental feature upon which this question hinges," is as nothing compared with much that passes daily under our eyes in the pages of popular books and periodicals—tissues of words in which shreds from nature's four quarters are jumbled together as in heraldry; in which the writer begins with a lion, but finds it in the next clause to be a waterspout; in which icebergs swim in seas of lava, comets collect taxes, pigs sing, peacocks wear silks, and teapots climb trees.

Pshaw! technicalities all! the mere minutiæ of the grammarian and the critic of expression! Nothing of the kind, good reader! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interflowing; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed as good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed, usefully enough, between matter and expression, between thought and style; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called style resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the successive particles of the matter thought. If a writer is said to be fond of epithets, it is because he has a habit of always thinking a quality very prominently along with an object; if his style is said to be figurative, it is because he thinks by means of comparisons; if his syntax abounds in inversions, it is because he thinks the cart before he thinks the horse. And so, by extension, all the forms of slip-shod in expression are, in reality, forms of slip-shod in thought. If the syntax halts, it is because the thread of the thought has snapped, or become entangled. If the phraseology of a writer is diffuse; if his language does not lie close round his real meaning, but widens out in flat expanses, with here and there a tremor as the meaning rises to take breath; if in every sentence we recognise shreds and tags of common social verbiage—in such a case it is because the mind of the writer is not doing its duty, is not consecutively active, maintains no continued hold of its object, hardly knows its own drift. In like manner, mixed or incoherent metaphor arises from incoherent conception, inability to see vividly what is professedly looked at. All forms of slip-shod, in short, are to be referred to deficiency of precision in the conduct of thought. Of every writer it ought to be required at least that he pass every jot and tittle of what he sets down *through* his mind, to receive the guarantee of having been really there, and that he arrange and connect his thoughts in a workmanlike manner. Anything short of this is—allowance being made for circumstances which may prevent a conscientious man from always doing his best—an insult to the public. Accordingly, in all good literature, not excepting the subtlest and most exuberant poetry, one perceives a strict logic linking thought with thought. The velocity

with which the mind can perform this service of giving adequate arrangement to its thoughts, differs much in different cases. With some writers it is done almost unconsciously—as if by the operation of a logical instinct so powerful that whatever teems up in their minds is marshalled and made exact as it comes, and there is perfection in the swiftest expression. So it was with the all-fluent Shakespeare, whose inventions, boundless and multitudinous, were yet ruled by a logic so resistless, that they came exquisite at once to the pen's point, and in studying whose intellectual gait we are reminded of the description of the Athenians in Euripides—"those sons of Erectheus always "moving with graceful step through a "glittering violet ether, where the nine "Pierian muses are said to have brought "up yellow-haired Harmony as their com-"mon child." With others of our great writers it has been notably different—rejection of first thoughts and expressions, the slow choice of a fit per-centage, and the concatenation of these with labour and care.

Prevalent as slip-shod is, it is not so prevalent as it was. There is more careful writing, in proportion, now than there was thirty, seventy, or a hundred years ago. This may be seen on comparing specimens of our present literature with corresponding specimens from the older newspapers and periodicals. The precept and the example of Wordsworth and those who helped him to initiate that era of our literature which dates from the French Revolution, have gradually introduced, among other things, habits of mechanical carefulness, both in prose and in verse. Among poets, Scott and Byron —safe in their greatness otherwise—were the most conspicuous sinners against the Wordsworthian ordinances in this respect after they had been promulgated. If one were willing to risk being stoned for speaking truth, one might call these two poets the last of the great slip-shods. The *great* slip-shods, be it observed; and, if there were the prospect that, by keeping silence about slip-shod, we should see any other such massive figure heaving in among us in his slippers, who is there that would object to his company on account of them, or that would not gladly assist to fell a score of the delicates with polished boot-tips in order to make room for him? At the least, it may be said that there are many passages in the poems of Scott and Byron which fall far short of the standard of carefulness already fixed when they wrote. Subsequent writers, with nothing of their genius, have been much more careful. There is, however, one form of the slip-shod in verse which, probably because it has not been recognised as slip-shod, still holds ground among us. It consists in that particular relic of the "poetic diction" of the last century which allows merely mechanical inversions of syntax for the sake of metre and rhyme. For example, in a poem recently published, understood to be the work of a celebrated writer, and altogether as finished a specimen of metrical rhetoric and ringing epigram as has appeared for many a day, there occur such passages as these :—

"Harley's gilt coach *the equal pair attends.*"

"What earlier school *this grand comedian rear'd?*
His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.
From learnèd closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and *took by storm the age.*"

"All their lore
Illumes one end *for which strives all their will;*
Before their age they march invincible."

"That talk *which art as eloquence admits*
Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits."

"Let Bright *responsible for England be,*
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see."

"All most brave
In his mix d nature *seem'd to life to start,*
When English honour roused his English heart."

That such instances of syntax inverted to the mechanical order of the verse should occur in such a quarter, proves that they are still considered legitimate. But I believe—and this notwithstanding that ample precedent may be shown, not only from poets of the last century, but from all preceding poets—that they are *not* legitimate. Verse does not cancel any of the conditions of good prose, but only superadds new and more exquisite conditions; and that is the best verse where the words follow each other punctually in the most exact prose order, and yet the exquisite difference by which verse does distinguish itself from prose is fully felt. As, within prose itself, there are natural inversions according as the thought moves on from the calm and straightforward to the complex and impassioned—as what would be in one mood "Diana of the Ephesians is great," becomes in another, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—so, it may be, there is a *farther* amount of inversion proper within verse as such. Any such amount of inversion, however, must be able to plead itself natural—that is, belonging inevitably to what is new in the movement of the *thought* under the law of verse; which plea would not extend to cases like those specified, where versifiers, that they may keep their metre or hit a rhyme, tug words arbitrarily out of their prose connexion. If it should be asked how, under so hard a restriction, a poet could write verse at all, the answer is, "That is *his* difficulty." But that this canon of taste in verse is not so oppressive as it looks, and that it will more and more come to be recognised and obeyed, seems augured in the fact that the greatest British poet of our time has himself intuitively attended to it, and furnished an almost continuous example of it in his poetry. Repeat any even of Tennyson's lyrics, where, from the nature of the case, obedience to the canon would seem most difficult—his "Tears, idle tears," or "The splendour falls,"—and see if, under all that peculiarity which makes the effect of these pieces, if of any in our language, something more than the effect of prose, every word does not fall into its place, like fitted jasper, exactly in the prose order. So! and what do you say to Mr. Tennyson's last volume, with its repetition of the phrase "The Table Round"? Why, I say that, when difficulty mounts to impossibility, then even the gods relent, even Rhadamanthus yields. Here it is as if the British nation had passed a special enactment to this effect:—"Whereas "Mr. Tennyson has written a set of "poems on the Round Table of Arthur "and his Knights, and whereas he has "represented to us that the phrase "'The Round Table,' specifying the "central object about which these poems "revolve, is a phrase which no force "of art can work pleasingly into Iambic "verse, we, the British nation, con-"sidering the peculiarity of the case, "and the public benefits likely to "accrue from a steady contemplation of "the said object, do enact and decree "that we will in this instance depart "from our usual practice of thinking "the species first and then the genus, "and will, in accordance with the "practice of other times and nations, "say 'The Table Round' instead of "'The Round Table' as heretofore." But this is altogether a special enactment.

2. There is the vice of the Trite. Here, at length, we get out of the region of mere verbal forms, and gaze abroad over the wide field of our literature, with a view everywhere to its component substance. We are overrun with the Trite. There is Trite to the right hand, and Trite to the left; Trite before and Trite behind; the view is of vast leagues of the Trite, inclosing little oases of true literature, as far as the eye can reach. And what is the Trite? It is a minor variety of what is known as Cant. By Cant is meant the repetition,

without real belief, of sentiments which it is thought creditable to profess. As the name implies, there is a certain solemnity, as of upturned eyes and a touch of song in the voice, required for true Cant. Since Johnson's time there has been no lack of denunciation of this vice. But the Trite, as less immoral, or as not immoral at all, has—with the exception, as far as we recollect, of one onslaught by Swift—escaped equal denunciation. For by the Trite is meant only matter which may be true enough, but which has been so familiarised already that it can benefit neither man nor beast to hear or read it any more. "Man is a microcosm," may have been a very respectable bit of speech once; and, if there is yet any poor creature on the earth to whom it would be news, by all means let it be brought to his door. But does such a creature exist among those who are addressed by anything calling itself literature? And so with a thousand other such sayings and references—"Extremes meet, sir;" "You mustn't argue against the use of a thing from the abuse of it;" "The exception proves the rule;" Talleyrand's remark about the use of speech; Newton gathering pebbles on the sea-shore; and, worst of all, Newton's apple. The next writer or lecturer that brings forward Newton's apple, unless with very particular accompaniments, ought to be made to swallow it, pips and all, that there may be an end of it. Let the reader think how much of our current writing is but a repeated solution of such phrases and allusions, and let him extend his view from such short specimens of the Trite, to facts, doctrines, modes of thought, and tissues of fiction, characterised by the same quality, and yet occupying reams of our literature year after year, and he will understand the nature of the grievance. What we aver is that there are numberless writers who are not at all slip-shod, who are correct and careful, who may even be said to write *well*, but respecting whom, if we consider the *substance* of what they write, the report must be that they are drowning us with a deluge of the Trite.

Translated into positive language, the protest against the Trite might take the form of a principle, formally avowed, we believe, by more than one writer, and certainly implied in the practice of all the chiefs of our literature—to wit, that no man ought to consider himself entitled to write upon a subject by the mere intention to write carefully, unless he has also something new to advance. We are aware, of course, of the objection against such a principle arising from the fact that the society of every country is divided, in respect of intelligence and culture, into strata, widening as they descend—from the limited number of highly-educated spirits at the top who catch the first rays of all new thought, down to the multitude nearest the ground, to whom even Newton's apple would be new, and among whom the aphorism "Things find their level" would create a sensation. It is admitted at once that there must, in every community, be literary provision for this state of things—a popular literature, or rather a descending series of literatures, consisting of solutions more or less strong of old knowledge and of common sentiments, in order that these may percolate the whole social mass. Everything must be learnt some time; and our infants are not to be defrauded in their nurseries, nor our boys and girls in their school-time, of the legends and little facts with which they must begin as we did, and which have been the outfit of the British mind from time immemorial. But, even as respects popular and juvenile literature, the rule still holds that, to justify increase, there must be novelty—novelty in relation to the constituencies addressed; novelty, if not of matter, at least of method. Else why not keep to the old popular and elementary books—which, indeed, might often be good policy? If one could positively decide which, out of competing hundreds, was the best existing Latin school-grammar, what a gain to the national Latinity it would be, if, without infraction of our supreme principle of liberty, as applied even to grammars, we could get back to the old

English plan, have Latin taught from that one grammar in all the schools of the land, and concentrate all future talent taking a grammatical direction on its gradual improvement? Returning, however, to current literature, more expressly so-called—to the works of history, the treatises, the poems, the novels, the pamphlets, the essays, &c. that circulate from our better libraries, and lie on the tables of the educated—we might show reason for our rule even here. Allowing for the necessity even here of iteration, of dilution, of varied and long-continued administration, ere new truths or modes of thought can be fairly worked into the minds of those who read, new facts rightly apprehended, or new fancies made effective, should we not have to report a huge over-proportion of the merest wish-wash? What a reform here, if there were some perception of the principle that correct writing is not enough, unless one has something fresh to impart. What! a premium on the love of paradox; a licence to the passion for effect; more of straining after novelty? Alas! the kind of novelty of which we speak is not reached by the kind of straining that is meant, but by a process very different—not by talking right and left, and writhing one's neck like a pelican, on the chance of hitting something odd ahead; but by accuracy of silent watch, by passive quietude to many impressions, by search where others have left off fatigued, by open-air rumination and hour-long nightly reverie, by the repression again and again of paying platitudes as they rise to the lips, in order that, by rolling within the mind, they may unite into something better, and that, where now all is a diffused cloud of vapoury conceit, there may come at last the clearing flash and the tinkle of the golden drop. Think, think, think—is the advice required at present by scores of hopeful writers injuring themselves by luxury in commonplace. The freshly-evolved thought of the world, the wealth of new bud and blossom which the mind of humanity is ever putting forth—this, and not the dead wood, is what ought to be taken account of in true literature; and the peculiarity of the case is that the rate of the growth, the amount of fresh sproutage that shall appear, depends largely on the intensity of resolution exerted. But, should the associations with the word "novelty" be incurably bad, the expression of the principle may be varied. It may be asserted, for example, that, universally, the proper material for current literature, the proper element in which the writer must work, is the material or element of the *hitherto uncommunicated.* Adapting this universal expression to literature as broken down into its main departments, we may say that the proper element for all new writing of the historical order is the hitherto unobserved or unrecollected, for all new writing of the scientific or didactic order the hitherto unexplained, for all new poetry the hitherto unimagined, for all new writing for purposes of moral and social stimulation the hitherto unadvised. There may, of course, be mixture of the ingredients.

Among the forms of the Trite with which we are at present troubled is the repetition everywhere of certain observations and bits of expression, admirable in themselves, but now hackneyed till the pith is out of them. By way of example, take that kind of imagined visual effect which consists in seeing an object defined against the sky. How this trick of the picturesque has of late been run upon in poems and novels—trees "against the blue sky," mountains "against the blue sky," everything whatever "against the blue sky," till the very chimney-pots are ashamed of the background, and beg you wouldn't mention it! And so we have young ladies seated pensively at their windows "looking out into the Infinite," or "out into the Night." Similarly there are expressions of speculative import about man's destiny and work in the world, so strong in real meaning that those who promulgated them did the world good service, but parroted now till persons who feel their import most hear them with disgust. For the very test that a truth has fallen upon a mind

in vital relation to it, is that, when reproduced by that mind, it shall be with a modification. But worse than the mere incessant reproduction of propositions and particular expressions already worn threadbare, are certain larger accompanying forms of the Trite, which consist in the feeble assumption of entire modes of thought, already exhausted of their virtue by writers in whom they were natural. As an instance, we may cite a certain grandiose habit, common of late in the description of character. Men are no longer men in many of our popular biographic sketches, but prophets, seers, volcanoes, cataracts, whirlwinds of passion—vast physical entities, seething inwardly with unheard-of confusions, and passing, all alike, through a necessary process of revolution which converts chaos into cosmos, and brings their roaring energy at last into harmony with the universe. Now he were a most thankless as well as a most unintelligent reader who did not recognise the noble power of thought, ay, and the exactitude of biographic art, exhibited in certain famous specimens of character-painting which have been the prototypes in this style—who did not see that there the writer began firmly with the actual man, dark-haired or fair-haired, tall or short, who was the object of his study; and, only when he had most accurately figured him and his circumstances, passed into that world of large discourse which each man carries attached to him, as his spiritual self, and in the representation and analysis of which, since it has no physical boundaries, all analogies of volcanoes, whirlwinds, and other space-filling agencies may well be helpful. But in the parodies of this style all is featureless; it is not men at all that we see, but supposititious beings like the phantoms which are said to career in the darkness over Scandinavian ice-plains. Character is the most complex and varied thing extant—consisting not of vague monotonous masses, but of involutions and subtleties in and in for ever; the art of describing it may well employ whole coming generations of writers; and the fallacy is that all great painting must be done with the big brush, and that even cameos may be cut with pickaxes.

I have had half a mind to include among recent forms of the Trite the habit of incessant allusion to a round of favourite characters of the past, and especially to certain magnates of the literary series—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Goethe, and others. But I believe this would be wrong. Although we do often get tired of references to these names, and of disquisitions written about them and about them; although we may sometimes think that the large amount of our literary activity which is devoted to such mere stock-taking of what has been left us by our predecessors is a bad sign, and that we might push intellectually out on our own account more boldly if our eyes were less frequently retroverted; although, even in the interest of retrospection itself, we might desire that the objects of our worship were more numerous, and that, to effect this, our historians would resuscitate for us a goodly array of the *Dii minorum gentium*, to have their turn with the greater gods—yet, in the main, the intellectual habit of which we speak is one that has had and will have unusually rich results. For these great men of the past are, as it were, the peaks, more or less distant, that surround the plain where we have our dwelling; we cannot lift our eyes without seeing them; and no length or repetition of gaze can exhaust their aspects. And here we must guard against a possible misapprehension of what has been said as to the Trite in general. There are notions permanent and elemental in the very constitution of humanity, simple and deep beyond all power of modification, the same yesterday and to-day, incapable almost of being stated by any one except as all would state them, and which yet never are and never can be trite. How man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, how he comes from darkness and disappears in darkness again, how the good that he

would he does not and the evil that he would not still he does—these and other forms of the same conception of time and death, interwoven with certain visual conceptions of space, and with the sense of an inscrutable power beyond, have accompanied the race hitherto, as identified with its consciousness. Whether, with one philosophy, we regard these as the largest objects of thought, or, with another, as the necessary forms of human sensibility, equally they are ultimate, and those souls in which they are strongest, which can least tear themselves away from them, are the most truly and grandly human. Add the primary affections, the feelings that belong to the most common and enduring facts of human experience. In recollections of these are the touches that make the whole world kin; these give the melodies to which intellect can but construct the harmonies; it is from a soil of such simple and deep conceptions that all genius must spring. While the branches and extreme twigs are putting forth those fresh sprouts of new truth and new phantasy that we spoke of, nay, in order that this green wealth and perpetual proof of life may not fail, the roots must be *there*. And so, in literature, return as we may to those oldest facts and feelings, we need never doubt their novelty. Hear how one rude Scottish rhymer found out for himself all over again the fact that life has its sorrows, and, to secure his copyright, registered the date of his discovery:—

"Upon the saxteen hundred year
Of God and thretty-three
Frae Christ was born, wha bought us dear,
As writings testifie,
On January the sixteenth day,
As I did lie alone,
I thus unto myself did say,
'Ah! man was made to moan.'"

3. There is the vice of the *Blasé*. In its origin the mental habit which we so name is often healthy enough—a natural reaction against the Trite. When the whole field of literature is so overrun with the Trite; when so seldom can one take up a bit of writing and find any stroke of true intellectual action in it; when, time after time, one receives even periodicals of high repute, and, turning over their pages, finds half their articles of a kind the non-existence of which would have left the world not one whit the poorer—here an insipid mince of facts from a popular book, there a twitter of doctrinal twaddle which would weary you from your feeblest relative, and again a criticism on the old "beauty and blemish" plan of a poem long ago judged by everybody for himself; when, worse still, the Trite passes into Cant, and one is offended by knobs and gobbets of a spurious theology, sent floating, for purposes half-hypocritical, down a stream of what else would be simple silliness,—little wonder that men of honest minds find it sound economy to assume habitually a sour mood towards all literature whatever, allowing the opposite mood to develop itself rarely and on occasion. As it may be noted of bank-cashiers that, by long practice, they have learnt to survey the crowd outside the counters rather repellingly than responsively, saving their recognitions for personal friends, and any respect or curiosity that may be left in them for the bearers of very big warrants, so, and by a similar training, have some of the best of our professional critics become case-hardened to the sight of the daily world of writers, each with his little bit of paper, besieging their bar. It is not, however, of this natural callousness that we speak, but of a habit of mind sometimes beginning in this, but requiring worse elements for its formation. No one can look about him without marking the extent to which a *blasé* spirit is infecting the British literary mind. The thing is complained of everywhere under a variety of phrases—want of faith, want of earnest purpose, scepticism, pococurantism. For our purpose none of these names seems so suitable as the one we have chosen. On the one hand, the charges of "want of faith" and the like are often urged against men who have a

hundred times more of real faith and of active energy directed by that faith than those who bring the charges, and, when interpreted, they often mean nothing more than an intellect too conscientious to surround itself with mystifications and popular deceits of colour when it may walk in white light. On the other hand, by the term *Blasé* we preserve a sense of the fact that those to whom the vice is attributed, are frequently, if not generally, men of cultivated and even fastidious minds, writing very carefully and pertinently, but ruled throughout by a deplorable disposition ruinous to their own strength, restricting them to a petty service in the sarcastic and the small, and making them the enemies of everything within their range that manifests the height or the depth of the unjaded human spirit. There are, indeed, two classes of critics in whom this vice appears—the light and trivial, to whom everything is but matter for witty sparkle; and the grave and acrimonious, who fly more seriously, and carry venom in their stings. But, in both, the forms in which the spirit presents itself are singularly alike.

One form is that of appending to what is meant to be satirized certain words signifying that the critic has looked into it and found it mere imposture. "All that sort of thing" is a favourite phrase for the purpose. "Civil and religious liberty and all that sort of thing," "High art and all that sort of thing," "Young love and all that sort of thing;" is there anything more common than such combinations? Then, to give scope for verbal variety, there are such words as "Dodge" and "Business" equally suitable. "The philanthropic dodge," "The transcendental business"—so and otherwise are modes of thought and action fitted with nicknames. Now, nicknames are legitimate; the power of sneering was given to man to be used; and nothing is more gratifying than to see an idea which is proving a nuisance, sent clattering away with a hue and cry after it and a tin-kettle tied to its tail. But the practice we speak of is passing all bounds, and is becoming a mere trick whereby a few impudent minds may exercise an influence to which they have no natural right, and abase all the more timid intelligence in their neighbourhood down to their own level. For against this trick of nicknames as practised by some of our pert gentry, what thought or fact or interest of man, from the world's beginning till now, so solemn as to be safe? The "Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, business," "the Hamlet's soliloquy dodge," "The death of Socrates, martyrdom for truth, and all that sort of thing"—where lies our security that impudence, growing omnipotent, may not reach even to heights like these? Already that intermediate height seems to be attained, where systems of thought that have occupied generations of the world's intelligence, and swayed for better or worse vast lengths of human action, are disposed of with a sneer. Calvinism figures, we dare say, as "the brimstone business;" German philosophy as "the unconditioned, and all that sort of thing;" and we may hear ere long of one momentous direction of recent scientific thought under the convenient name of "the Darwin dodge." It would be unjust to say that the *blasé* spirit, wherever it is most respectably represented, has yet become so impertinent as this; and it would be peevish to suppose that a spurt of fun may not ascend occasionally as high as Orion himself without disrespect done or intended. But the danger is that, where this sarcastic mood towards contemporary efforts of thought or movements of social zeal is long kept up without some counteracting discipline, the whole mind will be shrivelled into that one mood, till all distinction of noble and mean is lost sight of, and the passing history of the human mind seems but an evolution of roguery. A Mephistopheles going about with a Faust, whistling down his grandiloquence and turning his enthusiasms into jest, is but the type perhaps of a conjunction proper to no age in particular; but, necessary as the conjunction may be, who is there that would not

rather have his own being merged in the corporate Faust of his time than be a part of the being of its corporate Mephistopheles?

A more refined manifestation of the *blasé* spirit in literature occurs in a certain cunning use of quotation-marks for the purpose of discrediting maxims and beliefs in popular circulation. A word or a phrase is put within inverted commas in a way to signify that it is quoted not from any author in particular, but from the common-place book of that great blatant beast, the public. Thus I may say "Civil and Religious Liberty," or "Patriotism," or "Toleration," or "The Oppressed Nationalities," or "Philanthropy," hedging the words in with quotation-marks, so as to hint that I, original-minded person that I am, don't mean to vouch for the ideas corresponding, and indeed, in the mighty voyage of my private intellect, have left them far behind. Now here again there is a fair and a foul side of the practice. Frequently by such a use of quotation-marks all that is meant is that a writer, having no time to adjust his own exact relations to an idea, begs the use of it in a general way for what it seems worth. Farther, when more of scepticism or sarcasm is intended, the practice may still be as fair as it is convenient. When an idea has been long in circulation, ten to one, by the very movement of the collective mind through so much of varied subsequent circumstance, it has ceased to have that amount of vital relationship to the rest of present fact and present aspiration, which would make it fully a *truth*. No harm, in such a case, in indicating the predicament in which it stands by quotation-marks; no harm if by such a device it is meant even to express more of dissent from the idea than of remaining respect for it. The visible inclosure within quotation-marks is, as it were, a mechanical arrangement for keeping a good-for-nothing idea an hour or so in the stocks. The crowd point their fingers at him; the constables will know him again; if he has any shame left, he will be off from that parish as soon as he is released. But all depends on the discretion exercised by those who award the punishment. Where a Regan and a Cornwall are the justices, it may be a Kent, a King's Earl and messenger, that is put in the stocks; and, after his first protest, he may bear the indignity philosophically and suffer not a whit in the regard of the right-minded. And so the office of deciding what are and what are not good-for-nothing ideas is one in which there may be fatal mistakes. After all, the fundamental and hereditary articles in the creed of the blatant beast are pretty sure to have a considerable deal of truth in them; and, though it may do the old fellow good to poke him up a bit, there is a point beyond which it may be dangerous to provoke him, and sophisms had better keep out of his way. In other words, though there may be notions or feelings whose tenure is provisional, there are others which humanity has set store by for ages, and shows no need or inclination to part with yet. It is the habit of heartlessly pecking at these that shows a soul that is *blasé*. Of late, for example, it has been a fashion with a small minority of British writers to assert their culture by a very supercilious demeanour towards an idea which ought, beyond all others, to be sacred in this island—the idea of Liberty. Listen to them when this notion or any of its equivalents turns up for their notice or comment, and the impression they give by their language is that in their private opinion it is little better than clap-trap. By all that is British, it is time that this whey-faced intellectualism should be put to the blush! Like any other thought or phrase of man, Liberty itself may stand in need of re-definition and re-explication from time to time; but woe to any time in which the vague old sound shall cease to correspond, in the actual feelings of men, with the measureless reality of half their being! From the depths of the past the sound has come down to us; after we are in our graves, it will be ringing along the avenues of the future; and, in the end, it will be the test of the worth of all *our* philosophy whether this sound has been inter-

cepted or deadened by it, or only transmitted the clearer.

What in the *blasé* habit of mind renders it so hurtful to the interests of literature is that it introduces into all departments a contentedness with the proximate—*i.e.* with the nearest thing that will do. For real power, for really great achievement in any department of intellect, a certain fervour of feeling, a certain avidity as for conquest, a certain disdain of the petty circle within the horizon as already one's own and possessed, or, at the least, a certain quiet hopefulness, is absolutely necessary. But let even a naturally strong mind catch the contagion of the *Blasé*, and this spur is gone. The near then satisfies—the near in fact, which makes History poor and beggarly; the near in doctrine, which annuls Speculative Philosophy, and provides instead a miscellany of little tenets more or less shrewd; the near in imagination, which checks in Poetry all force of wing. I believe that this defect may be observed very extensively in our current literature, appearing in a double form. In the first place, it may be seen affecting the personal literary practice of many men of ability and culture far beyond the average, making them contented on all subjects with that degree of intellectual exertion which simply clears them of the Trite and brings them to the first remove from commonplace, and thus gradually unfitting them for the larger efforts for which nature may have intended them. There are not a few such men—the cochin-chinas of literature, as one might call them; sturdy in the legs, but with degenerate power of flight. In the second place, the same cause produces in these men and in others, when they act as critics, a sense of irritation and of offended taste (not the less mean that it is perfectly honest), when they contemplate in any of their contemporaries the gestures and evolutions of an intellect more natural than their own. The feeling is that which we might suppose in honest poultry, regarding the movements of unintelligible birds overhead: such movements do, to the poultry, outrage all principles of correct ornithology. Let any one who wishes to understand more particularly what is meant, read the speeches of the Grecian chiefs in council in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, and then fancy how such a bit of writing would fare at the hands of many literary critics now-a-days, if it came before them anonymously. But it is, perhaps, as an influence tending to arrest the development of speculative thought, specially so called, that the distaste of so many literary men for all but the proximate operates most detrimentally. The habit of sneering at Speculative Philosophy, both name and thing, is a world too common among men who ought to know better. Sneer as they will, it has been true from the beginning of time, and will be true to the end, that the precise measure of the total intellectual worth of any man, or of any age, is the measure of the speculative energy lodged in him, or in it. Take our politics of the last twelve years for an example. How much of British political writing during these years has consisted in vilification of certain men, basing their theories on elementary principles, and styled visionaries or fanatics accordingly. And yet, if matters are well looked at, these very men are now seen to be the only men who apprehended tendencies rightly; they alone have not had to recant; and it is the others—the from-hand-to-mouth men in politics—that have turned out to be the fools.

Besides other partial remedies that there may be for the wide-spread and still spreading vice of the *Blasé* among our men of intellect, there may be in reserve, for aught we know, some form of that wholesale remedy by which Providence in many an instance hitherto has revived the jaded organisms of nations. Those fops in uniform, those loungers of London clubs and ball-rooms, who a few years ago used to be the types to our wits of manhood grown useless, from whose lips even their mother-speech came minced and clipped for very languor of life,—how in that Russian peninsula they straightened

themselves, the fighting English demigods! So, should it be the hap of our nation to find itself ere long in the probation of some such enterprise of all its strength, some such contest of life and death, as many foresee for it, little doubt that then, in the general shaking which shall ensue, fallacies shall fall from it like withered leaves, and meaner habits with them, and that then many a mind to which at present the sole competent use of pen or of voice seems to be in a splenetic service of small sarcasm, shall receive a noble rouse for the service of the collective need. Meanwhile, in these yet clear heavens, and ere the hurricane comes that shall huddle us together, it is for any one here and there that, having escaped the general taint of cynicism, has dared to propose to himself some positive intellectual labour of the old enthusiastic sort, to secure the necessary equanimity by pre-arranged and persevering solitude.

ANNALS OF AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY THE DEAN OF ELY.

This is the age of Reformatories. Judges have declared against the cruelty of awarding punishment, pure and simple, to those whose chief fault is utter neglect on the part of parents to teach them what is right, or diligence in teaching them what is wrong; clergymen have preached about it; Parliaments have voted upon it; public meetings have declared against it; and, what is still better, Mettray, Redhill, and hundreds of other similar asylums for young offenders have been established, and have proved the possibility, and therefore the duty, of reforming wicked boys, instead of severely whipping them, or confining them, or hanging them. So undeniable has the reformatory success been, that we have almost ceased to hear the plausible argument that bad boys are taken care of, and honest boys left to shift for themselves. The Christian instinct of warm-hearted people long ago burst through the bonds which this argument would lay upon them, and we now see clearly enough that the argument was only a sophism, and that the real answer to it is this, that wickedness is like a loathsome infectious disease, and that to remove a bad case to a hospital is not more a kindness to the patient than an act of mercy to the neighbourhood. In fact, the reformatory work done by the removal of a clever ringleader in wickedness is by no means to be measured by the benefit conferred upon the individual, or even by the advantage to society of having one knave transformed into an honest member; the reformation of your one knave probably breaks up a gang, and leaves many lads, who would soon have joined the same, to the more wholesome influence of their pastors and masters. Within my own knowledge, the establishment of a reformatory for a small number of boys, in the neighbourhood of a large city, almost immediately produced a marked effect upon the number of juvenile offenders brought before the magistrates.

Nevertheless, every one feels that a poor lad who has never been committed for stealing, but who is quite willing to steal if occasion offer, a young thief *in posse*, if not *in esse*, can make out something of a case against reformatories, if they shut their doors upon him as not being one of the brotherhood. Have you ever been in gaol? No. Are you a thief? Not by profession; and my doings in that way have been so small, that I scarcely deserve the name. I am afraid, my boy, you will not do for us.

But I have no objection to steal, says the boy; only try me, and you shall see that there is no bar to my becoming a thief to-morrow. Well, then, become a thief, and, when you are one, we will take you in hand and reform you.

There is enough of truth in this caricature to make us glad that there are such things as Industrial Schools and Boys' Homes, to which the passport is not juvenile crime, but rather juvenile misery and misfortune. In every large town there are many boys, (and girls too, but I am just now speaking of boys only,) who are not actually criminal, but who are very likely to become so in times of idleness, and under the influence of temptation; boys of careless parents, or bad parents; neglected orphans; boys brought up to no trade; boys who have never been educated, and who have forgotten even the smattering of knowledge they picked up at the National School; boys who play at pitch-farthing at street-corners, or hang about railway stations, or sweep crossings, or beg for coppers, or do anything else but work for an honest livelihood and prepare themselves to become honest men and good citizens. What is to be done for these boys? The true philosophy of healing involves a careful diagnosis of the disease. In this case the disease is, fundamentally, idleness; the cure is industry. The idleness is in a certain sense artificial; the industry must be artificial too.

It was with such views as these that, some years ago, a school was established in Cambridge under the name of the Cambridge Industrial School. The school is still flourishing and virtually doing a great deal of reformatory work. Many boys who have been in the school are now well-conducted, useful men; not a few owe to the training which they received in it all that they are, and all that they hope to be; and some of the cases are so striking, that I think many of the readers of this magazine will thank me for putting before them the simple annals of several poor lads, which they will find a little further on.

First, however, let me say a few words concerning the organization and principles of the school in question. I will speak of it with as much fairness as it is possible to speak of a child which you have nursed from the cradle, and watched through its teething and other infantine infirmities; and I would say, once for all, that whatever good may have come from the school, is due (under God) not so much to its organization as to the superlative qualifications for the work possessed by the master whom the managers were fortunate enough to engage. I can easily conceive that an Industrial School might be established, apparently upon the same principles as that at Cambridge, and might fail; I have no doubt there are fit men to be had; only it must be remembered that the qualifications are such as can hardly be gained by training. With regard to some of them, at least, the Industrial Master *nascitur, non fit.*

The Cambridge Industrial School was intended for about fifty boys; and sometimes there have been more than that number in attendance—generally less. The boys may or may not be criminal; inquiry is of course made as to their history, but no objection is made on the score of not possessing a certificate of roguery. The school has about six or seven acres of land in spade cultivation, and the working of this land is the staple occupation of the boys. The land is a cold, heavy clay, and was terrible work for the boys at first, but it has given way to the general reformatory influences of the place, and is now very manageable and docile. Besides the field or garden work, there is a workshop, in which the boys pursue the useful occupations of tailoring and shoemaking, becoming snips or snobs according to fancy—only with this reservation, that a boy who has once declared for breeches must not go to boots, nor *vice versâ*. Further industrial employment is afforded by a greenhouse; and there is a tolerably extensive piggery, the inmates of which may indeed be regarded as liberal subscribers to the institution, and amongst its most energetic supporters.

In addition to the workshop there are two rooms, one for the feeding of the mind, the other for that of the body. A certain portion of each day is passed in the former occupation, under the direction of the head master, who also superintends the outdoor exercises : this is an essential part of the plan—the field and the school act and react upon each other : the former is the place for exercising the virtues instilled in the latter, and any faults which appear in the field can be discussed and corrected afterwards in school. The feeding is confined to one meal a day. I do not mean that the boys eat no more ; but only one meal is provided by the school funds ; whatever else is necessary to support life the boys are obliged to find for themselves. Hence there is small temptation to enter the school on false pretences ; the maxim of little to eat and plenty to do, serves to keep away all those who are not proper subjects for the school's reformatory operations.

The admission is entirely free. In the first instance a small payment was demanded,—twopence per week ; and I remember the case of a sturdy boy who used to work hard at the school all day, and then go round with a basket calling "Trotters !" through the streets of Cambridge all the evening in order to pay his school fee and find himself breakfast. But it was found, after some experience, that the payment of twopence per week excluded many whom it was desirable, above all others, to take in, and the rule was consequently abrogated.

The school has been open for exactly ten years. During this period nearly 400 boys have passed through it. These have remained for longer or shorter times, as the case might be : some attending regularly for several years ; others coming for a time, then getting work, then returning when work is not to be had—a practice encouraged by the managers, and which has kept many a poor lad out of mischief ; others again coming for a short time, and then, on finding steady work and cleanliness too much for them, returning to idleness and dirt. Thirty-four are serving her Majesty in the army, fourteen in the navy, and for about fifty of the number good situations have been obtained through the agency of the school. I cannot pretend to weigh exactly the successes against the failures. I know that there have been some of the latter ; I am equally sure that there have been many of the former ; and even in cases which have seemed to the Committee and the master of the school quite hopeless, a seed may have been sown which should spring up afterwards. This was, in fact, demonstrated to be possible in a recent case. A boy, regarded as nearly the worst whom the school ever received, and who left the school without giving the master a ray of hope, has lately written a letter from India, in a new strain, announcing that he is acting as Scripture Reader in the regiment to which he belongs.

I ought to add that, during the ten years of the school's existence, the head master has been the same, the shoemaking-master the same, and the tailoring-master was the same till about two years ago, when he obtained preferment in one of the Colleges.

So much for the machinery of the school, which I have compressed into as short a space as possible, for fear of wearying my readers, and in order that I may carry them forward as quickly as possible to that part of my paper upon which I chiefly depend for any interest which may attach to it. Indeed I should hardly have ventured to draw the still life picture of the school, if I had not been able to add some sketches of the inmates, which can hardly fail to be deemed striking : some portions of the sketches will have the additional interest of being drawn by the industrial boys themselves.

I proceed, then, to give an account of some of the boys, and extracts from letters received from them : there are obvious reasons why, in some cases, the names ought not to be given, and, as they cannot be given in some, I shall withhold them in all, designating the boys by their numbers on the school register.

No. 1 was the first boy admitted

into the school. He was an intelligent lad, and as such had been employed as a monitor and assistant in a national school; he was tempted by his love of books to steal a considerable number belonging to the school library, and was ejected in consequence. Having thus lost his character, he was picked up by the Industrial School, where he remained for about two years, when he was recommended, in consequence of his good conduct, to a tradesman in Cambridge. He remained in his place for some time, but told his master from the first that he longed to be a soldier, and intended to enlist when a favourable opportunity offered. At length the opportunity came; he enlisted into a cavalry regiment, and served in the Crimea. From the Crimea he wrote the most affectionate letters to the school, with many inquiries about his former companions. At the close of the war he was selected as the *best-behaved private* of his regiment, and sent by Government for two years' training at Maidstone. He went out to India, after training, as corporal, and last Christmas was promoted to be a sergeant. I have several letters from him before me; in the last, dated Bangalore, he says, "I suppose the "school has a very smart appearance "by this time; and I do hope I shall "not be very long before I am able to "give you a call." In the midst of the terrible Crimean winter campaign, he found time to use his pencil, with which he was very clever, in drawing a picture of himself in his sentry-box, which he sent to the school with many inquiries concerning his old companions.

No. 16 is a very remarkable case. My first acquaintance with this boy was made, after evening service, in a church in which I had been officiating. He was brought before me as a culprit who had been disturbing the congregation, and was admonished and discharged. He was then quite a small boy. Growing in time to be a big one, he became a very rough and turbulent fellow; was known as the bully of the parish, and was the terror of all quiet and orderly folks. A country girl, who lived as servant with the master, threatened to give notice if No. 16 continued in the school; she said he was "such a terrible swearer, she could not bear it." This was when he first came to the school. After being in the school some months, he and another boy (now a well-conducted married man) had a pitched battle. The master threatened expulsion, and they both begged pardon, and promised to do so no more. Better days now dawned; No. 16 improved rapidly; in less than two years from his admission he was made assistant to the master, and proved most valuable. His great strength and determined character were now turned to good account; the roughest boys found their master; and when they told him that they could not leave off this or that bad habit, he was able to tell them, from his own experience, that he knew it could be done. He now became a Sunday-school teacher. This was too much for his old companions; they ridiculed him in the streets and pelted him. He told the master in distress, that he *must* turn upon them some day and give them a thrashing or get one himself. The master told him all his work would be undone if he did so, and No. 16 restrained himself. Any one who knew the fire of his eye and the strength of his arms would understand how much this forbearance cost him. One day a Colonial Bishop saw him superintend a large gang of boys at field-work, was struck by his skill and power of managing his gang, and carried him off as a catechist to his distant diocese, where he is doing honour to his Christian profession, and justifying the Bishop's choice. I have abundance of this young man's letters before me as I write. They are in every way well written; they are full of affection to his old master; they breathe a genuine missionary spirit; and, as I read them, I say to myself, Is it possible that the writer can be that wild, fierce lad, whom I remember ten years ago in the Industrial School?

No. 24, a fatherless lad, came to the

school a cripple, with crutch and stick. He was set upon his legs by the management of a medical gentleman, who chanced to call at the school and perceived his crippled condition; and the same operation was performed for him morally by the school: for, having earned a good character, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, by help of friends whom he had gained while at school, and on easy terms in consequence of the knowledge of the trade which he had already acquired. He is now a good workman, subscribes annually to the funds of the Industrial School, and helps to support a widowed mother.

No. 57 was a boy the complete treatment of whose case was beyond the appliances of the school. He had a bad father and an infamous stepmother, who taught him to steal. He came to the school as young as he could be according to the rules, but had already been in prison several times, and was in prison several times afterwards. Altogether, the magistrates had him before them fifteen times! Notwithstanding this tendency to steal, the master of the school spoke well of him, and, indeed, said that anything might be done with him, if he had only a fair chance; and when I went to see him in gaol, the governor gave the same account of him. The Industrial School had not the means of taking him entirely away from temptation for a time, and the good resolutions of the day were destroyed by the bad home influences of evening. After he had been liberated from gaol for the last time, a lady who supports a private reformatory, and whose name may be guessed by those versed in reformatory matters, but shall not be revealed by me, offered, in the kindest manner possible, to receive a boy from the school if there chanced to be one to whom an absolute removal to a reformatory would be beneficial. No. 57 was precisely the case and accordingly No. 57 was sent to the reformatory, in which he realized the best hopes that had been formed of him, and was eventually sent to America by his kind patroness, where he is flourishing as assistant in a large store, and seems likely to become a substantial Yankee. This boy frequently writes to the schoolmaster in the most affectionate terms.

I give one extract. Referring to a domestic affliction in the master's family, he writes:—"Gladly would I, if I was near you, do all I could for you; for I feel as if I could not do enough to pay for the kindness you always showed towards me: but I hope that I shall have the privilege, some time, to do you a kindness in some way or other. I was very glad indeed to hear such an account of ——. I know it must cheer your heart to hear such accounts of the boys that have been with you, and that you can see that your labour was not in vain. I know that, had you cast me off, I should have been a ruined man."

No. 60 is the son of a shoemaker in Cambridge, a first-rate workman, who had an unfortunate dislike to maintain his wife and family, and positively went to prison, and afterwards to the Union workhouse, rather than support them. The boy was very ill-behaved at times, intensely fond of smoking, and much addicted to bad language. However, he improved very considerably; and at length, through the efforts of the Committee, was apprenticed in Her Majesty's navy. He writes to the master with the same warm affection that characterises other letters of which I have spoken; and in one of his letters, from Plymouth, he says,—"I should very much like to come to Cambridge for two days, but I shall not have money enough, as I am very happy to tell you that I have done what I know I am right to do; that is, to assist my mother, which I have felt a great deal since I have been at sea; and I feel just as well as if I had the money myself, for I should only spend it in waste, and be no better for it. I have left £1 every month for this last twelvemonth, and that is ever since I have been able to do so."

No. 68 was a very bad boy before coming to the school. The master frequently received petitions that he would punish him for misdemeanours in the

parish where he lived; but this he deemed to be out of his jurisdiction; on one occasion, however, having committed an offence within the school, the master punished him very severely, and with such effect as to produce an almost immediate change. The lad's improvement was so marked, that the master felt justified in recommending him to a lady who wanted a servant-boy; he behaved himself in the situation admirably for three years, when he moved into a family of distinction, in which he is now living as butler, and from which he writes to the master with the feelings of a child to a father.

No. 110 came from the National School, to the great joy of the master of the same, who said that he could do nothing with him, nor make anything of him. However, he soon began to improve, and was taken out by Archdeacon Mackenzie, a warm friend of the school and member of its committee, to Natàl, where he is still, and bears an excellent character.

This list might be easily extended; but it is already long enough for its purpose. It does not prove that an industrial school is sufficient to reform all the juvenile population of a large town, but it certainly shows that it may be the means of doing great good, and that many a poor lad may be lifted by its agency from misery and criminality. Nor is it a very expensive piece of machinery: the only expensive part of the business is the supply of dinners to the boys, and, in the most extravagant times, I believe, the price of a dinner has never mounted up to twopence, while it has generally been much less: and the appearance of the school on the outskirts of the town, with its neat garden, and busy workshops, and gang of industrious lads, whose faces show clearly enough what would be their employment if they were not there, is a sight to do good to the hearts of the inhabitants. Indeed, if the question be regarded from an entirely financial point of view, and the expense of the school be set against the expense of prosecuting the boys and keeping them in gaol, I have no doubt that an industrial school far more than pays itself. Yet, after all, the success turns very much upon the master, as might be expected from the reason of the thing, and as any one would perceive, who visited the Cambridge Industrial School, or who examined the letters which I have had before me while writing this paper, and from which I have given a few extracts. It is the combination of extreme kindness of heart, and true Christian devotion to a great work, with a clear head and iron determination to be obeyed, that can alone ensure success. It is manifest from their own letters, that every one of the boys, whose cases I have chronicled above, look upon the master as their father, and upon the school as the home of their best feelings. The same sentiment has ever pervaded the school. Poor lads! many of them never knew much of parental kindness and of home affections, until they found these blessed influences there. What is to be done, said I one day to an Inspector of Schools, who was bemoaning the depravity of much of the juvenile population in his district—what is to be done to bring about an improvement? We must find a number of men, was the answer, like the master of your Industrial School.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT OF 1860.

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

In accordance with a custom established for some years past, the following lines were written, by request, before the event of the contest. Whether they had a Tyrtæan effect may be doubted: their prophetic attributes cannot be denied. The allusions are of a local nature, but the general interest excited by the race may justify their insertion. It may be well to remind our readers of the names of the oarsmen, and their position in the boat.

1. S. Heathcote, Trinity.
2. H. J. Chaytor, Jesus.
3. D. Ingles, Trinity.
4. J. S. Blake, Corpus.
5. M. Coventry, Trinity Hall.
6. B. N. Cherry, Clare.
7. A. H. Fairbairn, Trinity.
8. J. Hall, Magdalene.

J. T. Morland, Trinity, *Coxswain.*

Some twenty years back, o'er his nectar one day,
King Jove to the gods in Olympus did say:—
"Degenerate mortals, it must be confessed,
Grow smaller each year round the arm and the chest.
Not ten modern navvies together could swing
The stone that great Ajax unaided did fling.
They may talk of their Heenan, and Paddock, and Nat:
I'll bet that old Milo, though puffy and fat,
Would thrash the whole ring, should they come within range,
From slashing Tom Sayers to sneaking Bill Bainge.
I've determined, as plain as the staff of a pike,
To show to the world what a man should be like.
Go fetch me some clay: no, not that common stuff,
But the very best meerschaum—and fetch me enough.
I'll make eight hearty fellows, all muscle and bone,
Their average weight shall be hard on twelve stone;
With shoulders so broad, and with arms so well hung,
So lithe in the loins, and so sound in the lung;
And because I love Cambridge, my purpose is fixed, I
Will make them her crew in the year eighteen sixty."

Stand by me, dear reader, and list to my song,
As our boat round Plough-corner comes sweeping along.
I'll point out each hero, and tell you his name,
His college, his school, and his titles to fame.
No fear of a crowd; towards the end of the course
They have left all behind but a handful of horse.
To keep at their side on the gods you must call
For the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall.
One stroke, and they're on us. Quick! Left face and double!
Look hard at the bow; he is well worth the trouble.

'Tis Heathcote, the pride of First Trinity Club,
The boast of our eight, and the tale of our tub.
No Oxonian so gay but will tremble and wince
As he watches the oar of our gallant Black Prince.
Who can think on that morn without sorrow and pain
When valour proved futile, and skill was in vain?
As they watched the light jerseys all swimming about,
The nymphs of the Thames, with a splash and a shout,
Cried, "Thanks to rude Boreas, who, wishing to please us,
Has sent to our arms Harry Chaytor of Jesus."
Next comes David Ingles, and long may he live,
Adorned with each laurel our river can give.
Had the Jews seen our David but once on the throne,
They would not have thought quite so much of their own.
Deign then to accept this my humble petition,
And make me your chief and your only musician:
And so, when you've passed, as you will do with ease,
I'll sing you, my David, a Song of Degrees.
Oh, blame not the bard if at thought of his section
The blood in his temples with vanity tingles:
Who would not dare deeds worth a world's recollection
With a sergeant like Heathcote, a corporal like Ingles.
Old Admiral Blake, as from heaven he looks down,
Bawls out to his messmates—"You lubberly sinners,
Three cheers for my namesake! I'll bet you a crown
He'll thrash the Oxonians as I thrashed the Mynheers."
Here's Coventry next, but not Patmore, no, no!
Not an "angel" at all, but a devil to row.
Should Louis Napoleon next August steam over,
With scarlet-breeched Zouaves, from Cherbourg to Dover,
We'll send him to Coventry: won't he look blue,
And wish he was back with his wife at St. Cloud?
A problem concerning the man who rows six,
Puts many high wranglers quite into a fix:
James Stirling himself, as he candidly owns,
Can't conceive how a Cherry can have thirteen stones.
But oh for the tongue of a Dizzy or Cairns,
Thou fairest and strongest of Trinity's bairns,
To tell how your fellow-collegians in vain
Of the veal and the Peter-house pudding complain,
Of the greasy old waiters, and rotten old corks,
And the horrors that lurk 'twixt the prongs of the forks.
Men point to your muscles, and sinews, and thews, sir,
The wonder and envy of many a bruiser;
And say that our grumbling exceeds all belief,
So well have you thriven on Trinity beef.
But how shall I worthily celebrate you,
The hope of our colours, the joy of our crew?
Shall I sing of your pluck, or the swing of your back,
Or your fierce slashing spurt, most redoubtable Jack?
The world never saw such a captain and cargo
Since Jason pulled stroke in the good ship the Argo.
And oh, when you pass to the mansions above,
Look down on your Cambridge with pity and love

Then, on some future day of disaster and woe,
When the wash surges high, and our fortunes are low,
When Oxford is rowing three feet to our two,
And victory frowns on the flag of light blue,
Oh, then may our captain in agony call
On the 'varsity's guardian angel, Jack Hall!

You may search the whole coast from Land's End to North Foreland,
But where will you find such a steersman as Morland?
Just look at him peering, as sharp as a rat,
From under his rum little shaggy black hat.
Let all honest Cambridge men fervently pray
That our pet Harrow coxswain, for once in a way,
Though as valiant a sergeant as any we know,
On Saturday next may show back to the foe.

So at night, when the wine-cups all mantling are seen
(Whatever the mantling of wine-cups may mean),
With your temper at ease, and your muscles unstrung,
And your limbs 'neath the table right carelessly flung,
As you press to your lips the beloved nut-brown clay,
So cruelly widowed for many a day:
Oh, then as one man may the company rise,
With joy in their hearts, and with fire in their eyes,
Pour out as much punch as would set her afloat,
And drink long and deep to our conquering boat!

March 24th, 1860.

LOCH-NA-DIOMHAIR—THE LAKE OF THE SECRET.

A Highland Flight.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

I.

HOW WE SET OUT FOR IT—ICKERSON AND I.

Down on the little rustic landing-pier before Inversneyd Hotel, by Loch-Lomond edge, my friend Ickerson and I had sought a few minutes' breathing-time for private consultation in an unexpected dilemma; which, however absurd, was real. Ere many more minutes elapsed, our present refuge would be taken from us; though at that instant it was the sole spot, round the noisy falls made classical by Wordsworth, and the noisier place of entertainment for tourists, where we could hope to hear each other, or arrange our necessary plans of departure. A sudden occurrence had just rendered that departure indispensable, nay, required that it should be immediate; if possible, without even the delay we now made; above all, without so much as re-entering the door of the hotel. Yet not only was our modest bill to be settled, and the few travelling encumbrances of one of us to be regained from the lobby-table; we had also to consider our first steps of escape, the most critical of all, and for a brief space to deliberate as to the precise track that must be taken, by now recurring to our only clue in the matter. This clue was to be found in the letter of our mutual friend, Moir from London, whom we were to join at a certain spot

which he thus indicated and described: the letter was fortunately in my possession still, and over it were we here holding council. On Ickerson's part, with the help of "a few post-jentacular inhalations," as he in his colossal manner was pleased to phrase it, "from that fragrant weed which so propitiates clearness of thought, and tends to promote equanimity in action." For me, I was too conscious of the energy our situation demanded, to share any such indulgence. The action, not the equanimity, was what our peculiar circumstances then required. As the prompt cigar to the contemplative meerschaum, so were we to each other.

"To think," broke out my companion, meditatively, "that he should have taken the same direction as ourselves—joining these snobbish pedestrians, too, at such an early hour—and without Mrs. Blythe and the other ladies, whom—"

"Whom, you may depend upon it," I interrupted with impatience, "the droskies from the Trosachs Inn will bring up behind him, in ten minutes more, luggage and all. Then, do you see that smoke yonder, through the haze on the water?" I pointed emphatically down the lake. "That is the first steamer from Balloch, of course, which will soon pour on this spot a whole mob from Glasgow—yes, *Glasgow*," repeated I, significantly eyeing my friend. "I now see it all! He expected Glasgow friends, don't you recollect? He expected *one* in particular—have you forgot *whom?*" And it was evident, despite Ickerson's wished-for equanimity (strictly speaking, a disposition to *im*promptitude in cases of action), that he began to shudder; while my own uneasiness did not prevent me from pushing the advantage thus obtained over his too lethargic nature. "Yes; it was M'Killop, whom he must have come on to meet, and to concert with as to choice of summer quarters. The moment the steamer's paddles are heard, he'll be down to welcome him—M'Killop will see us at once, even if Trellington Blythe should not—both will recognise us—both be surprised—both be on the scent. After which, all is of course lost!"

"Horrible! True. Very disagreeable and awkward, I must say," responded my friend; for once lowering that censer-like appurtenance of his, with one of his least phlegmatic or provokingly-placid expressions of countenance. "For really, after all Dr. Blythe's own openness and manifest inclination to our society, we did leave him somewhat abruptly, perhaps, at the Trosachs yesterday forenoon; without making him aware, either, of the intention, which, by the way, my dear Brown," remarked Ickerson gravely, "I did not know till you stated it just before. Much less, that Moir had described his whereabouts to you."

A mild reproach was designed, but I affected unconsciousness of it; not even smiling as I echoed this remorseful strain. "The worst of it was," I reminded him, "it might seem a base advantage to take, that we walked off on a Sabbath afternoon, when the doctor and his family were absent at kirk, as became his public character and standing. I do not understand a Gaelic service, however orthodox my turn of mind, whereas *you*, you know, though suspected of latitudinarian views, are quite familiar with the tongue." At this home-thrust, again did Ickerson wince: he looked uncomfortably over his shoulder to the Inversneyd Hotel, where our learned fellow-citizen and late inmate at the Trosachs was despatching breakfast, all unconscious of our abject vicinity to him: then in front, toward the growing vapour which brought M'Killop, he gazed with a dismay far more apparent.

The truth was, I had felt doubtful up to the last moment of Ickerson. Happily, Sundays do fall amongst the Trosachs, and after unintentionally encountering the Blythe party there, we had availed ourselves without much consideration of that circumstance, together with our needing no vehicles, to take far more than the proper seventh-day's journey in advance of our estimable acquaintance. I myself had inferred,

too hastily, that he was to retrace his steps toward the direction of Loch Tay and Dunkeld. A most estimable person is Dr. Trellington Blythe, F.S.A. and Ph.D. Heid.; and at home we knew him particularly well, but never had suspected him of the condescension of a Highland tour, or of his betaking himself to fishing; much less of his looking out for good, retired summer quarters for himself and family, "in some secluded district of the mountain country, contiguous to water—within reach of agreeable acquaintance—yet not hackneyed, not hackneyed, sir." Such, nevertheless, had been his confidential words to us, in MacGregor's baronial-looking hostelry by Loch-Katrine, while we took our last evening rummer of Glen-Dronach toddy near him; he confining himself, as usual, to soda-water, and several times, with a frown, sniffing at the nicotine odour of Ickerson's clothes. For it must be said that the latter is singularly regardless of people's prejudices, even in sundry other uncouth traits: yet, strangely enough, there is a favour for him none the less universal among his acquaintances, Dr. T. B. included; still more, perhaps, Mrs. T. B., a very pretty-looking woman with highly æsthetic tastes. When agreeable society was referred to, that lady had not failed to glance our way; as if it were a pity we were but pedestrianizing in a transient manner, without aim or purpose beyond an occasional day's fishing near the road. In fact, we had not indicated any purpose at all. Far from Ickerson's knowing at the time that we had one, I was aware of his easy temperament, his too-passive or too-transient disposition, over which a superior will possessed great influence; and even to him also, I had as yet concealed my knowledge of our friend Moir's discovery; I had expressed an interest in the same scenery, towards Dunkeld, which the Blythes had in contemplation, with a similar desire to behold the tomb of Rob Roy in passing, and probably explore the rude vicinity of Loch Earn, then to witness the Celtic games of St. Fillan's. The reality was, I well knew the difficulty of escape from that peculiar instinct, if once set upon our track, which pertains to one whom I may call a philanthropic Beagle—delicacy forbidding the word Bore.

Yet here was Trellington Blythe again, after all my pains, most imminently at hand in the hotel coffee-room, snatching a hasty luncheon before he issued forth. Genially fraternizing with a whole band of eager tourists from the road, whose knapsacks, and wide-awakes, and volumes of Scott and Wordsworth, had scared us both as they rushed in upon the *débris* of our glorious Highland breakfast; though Ickerson had only gazed his supine dismay, indiscriminately regarding them, till I perceived the direr apparition behind, and drew him with me in our retreat by an opposite door. Somewhat unprepared for immediate renewal of active measures we were, it must be owned; at least in my friend's case. Since Ickerson's personal vigour and capacity for exertion, combined with a singular faculty for abstinence when needful, are proportionate to his stature and his thews, rendering, perhaps, indispensable on his part those few ruminative whiffs. I could well have spared, certainly, that formal replenishment of a meerschaum resembling a calumet, that careful replacement of the ashes, and that scrupulous ignition, that studious consciousness of every fume. Was it possible that he had hesitated to support me, till I had fortunately recollected the certain advent of M'Killop that very day?—did a hankering still possess him after the Egyptian fleshpots of Mrs. Blythe and her elegant cousins, heedless of the doctor's own educational theories, and his feeling remarks on nature? Could he so forget what was at stake in the prospect of that delicious solitude which Moir had lit upon, and to which at that moment we alone possessed the key? Could it possibly enter into his mind to avoid further ambiguity in the affair by his usual absurd candour, and, for the sake of future relations with the Trellington Blythes, to propose allowing them the opportunity, so much after their own

hearts, of sharing our expected delight? I declare, if so, that then and there I could savagely have quarrelled with him, despite our long, close friendship, had not the simple fact about Mr. M'Killop saved me. The editor of the *Daily Tribune* is a man whom, though I dislike, I do not fear. Whereas the intense repugnance towards him, almost the superstitious dread, entertained by Mark Ickerson, with all his equanimity, is something unaccountable. We were both aware that Mr. M'Killop had a wife and many daughters, that the parliamentary season was just about over, and the dearth of news to be made up for by sporting matters alone; so when it struck me like a flash of lightning that he too was on the outlook for summer quarters, with the desire to lodge his family where the *Tribune* might still be cared for amidst his own race and original language, need it be wondered that I avowed the conviction to Ickerson, or that Ickerson was utterly overcome?

Urged by haste, though inwardly triumphant, I had but to take out again our London friend's epistle from Loch-na-Diomhair; and for Ickerson's benefit, while he suspended his meerschaum anxiously, to retrace the considerate chart of our way which the postscript contained. Its first bearings and guide-marks were identically before us from that spot, far over amongst the sinewy mountain-shoulders which press from westward on the lake, reflected below more softly; above, too, in the Alps of Arrochar that overpeak these, remote beyond record even in that magic mirror. It was a blessed picture still farther in the unseen background, which the letter itself conjured up; the ecstatic affirmation from Frank Moir of an absolute Highland Arcadia undetected by guide-books, which, allowing for some accidental rose-colour of a personal kind, he was not yet too much cockneyfied to appreciate; while, to us, in our holiday escape from rote and toil, from the weary hack-round and daily trouble, it was a precious refreshment to hear of. To one of us, lately fagged to the utmost, and bitterly disciplined by experience, it was a longing, desperate necessity of the very life and brain, the heart and soul. We now certified ourselves there, that we had only to ferry across forthwith, then hold those peaks upon a certain side, and then the way afterwards was scarcely to be mistaken; until we should perceive that other mountain, of shape unique and indubitable position, which overshadowed the very entrance to the secluded glen of the Macdonochies. I myself, pure Goth as I was, had some practice in Highland wanderings; as to Ickerson, he was an Islesman, familiar from youth with the tongue of the Gael as with his school Latin or college Greek, almost his daily German; claiming distant Celtic blood, actually pretending, in his slow, elephantine, Teutonic humour, to "have a Tartan," with right to the kilt and eagle's feather. Though stamped by name and aspect, as by inner nature, true son of old Scandinavian sea-riders, having the noble viking always in him, sometimes the latent Berserkir like to flash forth; otherwise inexperienced, impractical, the mere abstracted quietist, who might use the eyes and help the active energy of a companion that knew the world.

It was hot already. By the nearest route it must be a good long afternoon's tramp for us, even from the opposite shore of Benlomond, where the light would glare and the heat would broil above us. As for fear of weather or change, it had varied too long before, for any fear of it now from *me;* although Ickerson looked up into the very brightness of the sky, and away at some mist about the distinctest mountains, saying, in his queer, quasi-prophetic manner, that it would rain to the west. I only set some store by him in the matter, because he none the less resolutely put up his pipe, stretched his large limbs, and rose, professing himself ready. *He*, indeed! the half-abstracted, half-sagacious monster of good luck that I have often found him!—it was not *he* who needed to go back into the hotel lobby, facing the full glare of those spectacles in the sunlight,

before we could again abscond; for he invariably had borne his fishing-rod about with him in the compendious form of that huge walking-staff which he now struck upon the ground so promptly, and his plaid was always over his shoulder, enveloping in one fold that simple oilskin parcel of his. It was not he who had become responsible to the waiter for our charges, nor who had left his well-compacted *impedimenta*, with every essential of pedestrian comfort, on the hall table; and despite his solemn consternation at the reiterated statement, it is impossible to get rid of a belief, from one scarce perceptible twinkle of his eye, that the hypocrite enjoyed it. "Being conscious of my own deficiences in the practical department," said he, with that provoking Orcadian accent, occasionally similar to a snuffle, "I have to guard against them, or rather, my worthy aunt and cousins have;" uplifting and surveying his whole outfit with an air of innocent satisfaction. "But would *he*—the doctor, I mean—seeing *you* alone, my dear Brown, do you think, be so eager to accost you as you suppose? To wish to—that is, to persevere in having you of his party—that is to say, I—as you feel it disagreeable—perhaps he may not, in fact, care for your proximity and a—a—what particular exploration you might contemplate?"

It is true, as the fellow naïvely showed himself aware, Ickerson was the chief magnet to the Blythe party in general; nor am I sure to this moment that the inestimable doctor likes me at bottom. Well knowing, therefore, that I could trust myself alone, even with Trellington Blythe, I at once cut the knot by providing that my companion should forthwith skirt the lake towards the ferry-boat, while I, at every hazard, would boldly rush up to the hotel. Struck by a sudden thought at Ickerson's departure, however, I lingered instead upon the pier, as the steamer came plashing up. Already the doctor's voice was conspicuous from the other side, hurrying down among other tourists; but the sharp-prowed "Lady-of-the-Lake" was quicker than he or I had calculated; sending an eddy before her to my very feet, when, with a roar, and a hiss, and a clamour, she came sheering round to float broadside in. The first face I discerned was that of M'Killop of the *Daily Tribune*, high on one paddle-box, through the steam which contrasted with his sandy whiskers, carpet-bag and umbrella in hand, firmly looking for the shore. His eye was in a moment upon me; but the motley crowd were scarce begun to be disgorged, ere, with a presence of mind I still plume myself upon, I had turned and hastened up in the van of the confusion; meeting right in the face, of course, as if newly arrived from Glasgow, with the good Trellington Blythe. It was the work of a few seconds to make my hurried and broken explanation as he stumbled against me—to mutter a reply to his alarmed inquiry about Ickerson—to nod assent to his hope of further leisure together in the hotel—and then, leaving him to meet his friend, to dash in for my indispensables, settle with the waiter, and once more escape, breathless, to the ferry-place. There the stout-built Highland boatmen, of pudgy shapes, with foxy faces, were at their oars. Ickerson was seated, calmly waiting, beside a rustic female of carroty locks, with a suckling baby, whose unreserved relations he mildly regarded, in his own placid, all-tolerating, catholic manner, dabbling his hand alongside the while.

Why must we thus wait still, though? Why, leaving the honorary stern sheets vacant, and the helm untouched, must I pass into the forepart also, beside nursing rustics? "Somepotty is be coming," it seems, from the boatman, "off impoartanze." Was the place bespoken then? Was it engaged beforehand? They stare at me. "Aye, shis two day, Hoo, Aye!" "Some superior person," gravely whispers Ickerson, "from Glasgow, by the steamer." We were mutually appalled by the same idea: especially as I saw M'Killop's form with the doctor, over the edge of the little pier, absorbed in conversation behind the throng, in rear of a whole stalking procession of

females with hats and feathers. Doubtless the M'Killop family! All so near, that, as we crouch, we can hear the sound of their voices across the smooth little bay; and, out of sight myself, I can still see the distincter, warmer reflection of that able editor's gestures—nay, what was not before visible, the very under-brim of his furry hat, the bristling sandiness under his full chin. He had, on a sudden, a staring-white paper in his hand, and, looking at it curiously, gave it to Trellington Blythe, who peered into it also; till they both looked round and round. Yet, to our joy, we were unobserved; indeed, as they were departing towards the hotel, we saw further proof that it was none of them the boat delayed for. A groom from the steamer, carrying a gun-case, leading two fine setters, came and stepped into the boat beside us: followed at greater leisure by two gentlemen, both young, one pleasant-faced and with a military air, his accents English; the other under-browed and Celtic, though darkly handsome, with a sulky hauteur, jealous and half awkward, that checked his friend's designed complaisance towards ourselves. We sat unheeded, therefore; while at an abrupt motion of the hand from that glooming young Gael, the rowers stretched out, and he took the tiller to steer us across for Bealach-More. Strange to say, it was the Englishman who wore a costume like a chief's, while the Celt wore the fashionable garb of to-day.

"The Macdonochy, nevertheless," murmured Ickerson to me. "The young chief, that is to say, of the Macdonochies." I stared. It was to the land of the Macdonochies we were bound. "*Which?*" I whispered back—"He with the kilt and feather?" "No. With the long Noah's-ark frock-coat, the peg-top trousers, the Zouave cap, and first-rate boots—on that starboard sole of which, displayed so unconsciously, you perceive in small nails the advertisement of 'Duncan and Co., Princes Street, Edinburgh.'" There was in Ickerson, as I hinted, a slow, subterranean, subacid humour; and he noticed things unexpectedly. I leant back, musing on the doubtful likelihood of Loch-na-Diomhair remaining an oasis long; while the Macdonochy sulked at us, and talked loud to his better-bred companion, using French phrases; then once or twice superciliously drawled to the boatmen a hideous sentence of authority, interspersed with what seemed a Gaelic oath; to which they, rowing, droned humbly back.

As we leapt upon the other shore of Loch-Lomond, the road lay before us; wild enough at best; parting, within sight, to a wilder one, up a stern pass, through which brawled a headlong river. At the parting, stood a well-equipped dog-cart, waiting. But neither help nor guidance was I inclined to, even from the looks of the best-mannered friend of the Macdonochies; and in the wilder of the two ways I recognised the "short cut," of which Moir's letter spoke. Ickerson, after another of his mystical looks overhead and up the mountains, silently acceded. So we escaped from the Macdonochy also, and took the short cut by the pass.

II.

OUR JOURNEY THITHER.

Wild, grim, desolate, it was soon, as the sternest valley of Rephidim. Away on either hand, drearier in their very formlessness, began to slant without sublimity the worn grey hill-sides, from waste to waste. Chaotic shatterings and tumblings here and there, driven back upon forgotten Titans, had long come to an end in utter stillness; where the lichen and moss were the sole living things, creeping insensibly over some huge foremost boulder, bald and blind with storm that had been. In the sultry, suffocating heat of that Glen-Ogie, the very rocks gave out a faint tinkling, as when calcined limestone cools slowly; nothing else sounded but our own feet, slipping or crackling. For Ickerson was especially taciturn, yet in haste; nor at the same time abstracted, as I could have pardoned his becoming. Thus his un-

social mood annoyed the more; no sneer at Ossian, nor lure to the pipe, or to the flask of Glenlivet I bore, could draw him out. The fellow's tone and manner became positively uncomfortable, when, grasping me by the arm with a hand which is like a vice, he bade me turn and look along Glen-Ogie. We were in the bottom of it. There was nothing particular to see. That way—the other also, towards which he kept that staff of his pointed like a divining rod—was but a wild, inarticulate, rugged ascent, with dry rifts and gullies on both sides, a wrinkling off through stony beds of vanished torrents into unknown chasms; then up, as where avalanches had rolled down, or volcanic eruptions had passed. Where had the hazy sweltering sun retreated? Where were our own shadows—where the clouds—on what side, the east, west, north, or south—and *which* the vista of Glen-Ogie we had descended, *which* the perspective of it we were yet to ascend? To tell the truth, for all I know, we might then have steadily proceeded backward, even passing the last nondescript clachan of human burrows as a new one, and reaching Loch-Lomond as if it were our lake in prospect, till we ferried across to the supposed welcome of Moir, and should find the embrace of Trellington Blythe, with the exulting recognition of M'Killop! For a moment I was in Ickerson's hands: so that if he had smiled, I could have dashed him from me. But in the most earnest spirit of companionship, which never shall I forget, he thrust his staff before him like a sword, and without a word we rushed upward together. One glimpse was all I wanted now of the double-headed summit of Ben-Araidh, with its single cairn of stones.

At length, with something like a cry of satisfaction, my friend sprang up before me from the rocky trough, out upon a heathery knoll. Beside us was a small round mountain-tarn, fed by a quick little burn from above, which again stole out into wide-rolling moor. Over its own vast brown shoulder I caught sight of the bare grey top I looked for; slightly swathed, between, with a slight wreath of mist. Here we quenched our thirst; here we gave ourselves up, at ease, to the untroubled rapture of the pause at that high spot, our journey's zenith. The rest was plain before us; and Ickerson took out his meerschaum once more, and smoked tranquilly again.

Too well does he meditate, my friend Ickerson, and pour forth at length the tenor of his meditations; in rhapsody that takes indeed the colour of sublime phenomena around him, yet too much assimilates to the other vapour he breathes forth, till it is apt to lull one into dreams. Had it not been to avoid this, I do not think, in circumstances still requiring care, that I should have been tempted to join my rod together and leave him a little, to try the upward course of the brook. To *him*, forsooth, it may be the easiest thing to put away inveterate thoughts at will: they never haunted or terrified him. There was always a fund of latent power in the fellow, which he never troubled himself to draw upon; because, perhaps, he was six feet two without his shoes, with a bone, muscle, and length of arm that set him above need of much sparring practice with our friend Francalanza. I soon heard him, but in the distance; his eyes closed, his incense ascending, his knees up—eventually, as I looked over my shoulder, raising by turns his delighted feet, in real enjoyment of the glorious hush—with the supposition, doubtless, that the silent pea-coat beside him was a drowsy companion. Alas! ye dogging remembrances, ye jading and worldly consciousnesses—ye could not so easily be left. I followed the upward vein of the brook, in its deep water-course, broken and fern-fringed; and it is strange, though childish, how a few minutes, which self-control could not compose to peace, will glide away in puerile sport and device. Rest!—rest, said we? Flight from thought, or from the pertinacity of words and artifices? No—'tis a new, eager, wild refuge of pursuit, exultingly compensative by revenge for what you have feared and fled from before: pitiless in its first savage longings for the scent, the chase, capture,

blood, and for bootless relentings after. Soon the zest grows unsatisfied: you would fain be lulled away more thoroughly, on, on, by some strong salmon-rush into deeper abysses—instead of upward to the dribbling source of minnows and tadpoles—rather outward to the frith and sea, among old former hazards and contentions. Suddenly, too, the very dragon-fly lost its charm—the paltry trout scorned me in their turn, ceasing to rise at all. What was it? Ah. I had thought as much. Thunder in the stifling air—thunder in those bronze-like tints of the mountain-shoulders, and in the livid cloud beyond Ben Araidh; though his summit still showed the distincter, above a snow-white shroud in the lower cleft.

Mist had been spreading unawares below, but the living burn rushed all the livelier down beside me, a certain clue to regain the tarn—and if I had all at once felt a slight uncertainty of recollection about our friend's road-map, my recent ascent above the obscurer atmosphere was fortunate for the moment. Composedly enough, therefore, I was about to verify my impressions by Moir's careful letter, when I was greatly annoyed to find it was no longer in my possession. Ickerson's thoughtless habits occurred to me, and a redoubled anxiety now urged the precipitate speed I at once put forth to rejoin him, down the course of the stream; impatient of every turn by which it wound, now glittering upward to a levin-flash, now sullenly plunging downward from the thunder-echoes. Not for myself did I shudder *then*, but for him—him, Ickerson, my heedless friend, doubly dear to me in those moments of remembrance. For well did I know what was the character of a Highland "speat" from the hills. The welter and roar of its foaming outlet was along with me, neck and neck, among the mist and the wind-stirred bracken, right to the shore of that wild black tarn, sulkily splashing where dry heath had been. Heavens! Was my foreboding realized so darkly! Not a trace of him—he was gone—his very couching-place obliterated and flooded.

I shouted; a hope striking me. He had most probably underrated *my* experience or presence of mind. What extravagant conceptions might he not form, indeed, of my possible course of conduct—fancying me still on my way apart; yet himself never thinking of that clue which the stream had supplied me. If he were wet, he had no flask of Glenlivet to support him, as I still had; and with one more hasty gulp from it, I took the hill, dashing after him; once or twice positively sure of the traces of his great, huge-soled, heavy and soaking steps.

Over the heathery brow, down to the sheltered hollow of a fresh rivulet; for I thought his voice came up to me, stentorian, through the blast. At all events, some distance off, there was in reality the fern-thatched roof of a hut to be descried; scarce distinguishable but for a slight wreath of smoke, curling against the misty mountain-breast. I shouted, too, as I made for it. Some shepherd's shealing, of course, or hunting bothy, lodged in that secluded covert; for which he had doubtless sped in supposed chase of me! This much I could have sworn of poor Ickerson.

Alas! Utterly still and deserted it stood; not a voice answering mine as I sprang in. Ickerson would have stayed there, hoping for help, if his foot had ever crossed the threshold. So did not I, however. The fancied smoke had been but a wreath of mist; I marked only for an instant the weird and obsolete aspect of the uncouth hermitage, manifestly built long ago, over the very cataract of a boiling torrent; at once bridge and dwelling, but for ages left solitary, like a dream of the bewildering desert. Then I turned to speed back again, at least with the certainty that Ickerson had not reached so far.

Powers above! Was I certain of anything, though? *Why*, as I climbed again, to return—glad to feel now the mist cleared—why did I reach the same hill-brow so slowly this time, though with all my energies on the strain; rising at last, too, amidst such a hissing storm-blast? I could see far, from ridge

to ridge of grey bent-grass, islanded in mist—along, up, through shimmering water-gully and shaded corrie. Where was I going—what was that, yonder, so slowly letting the vapour sink from it; as a gleam of watery sunlight clove in, shearing aside the upper clouds? A cairn of stones—solitary on a bare grey rocky cone, riven and rifted. I was on the mountain-shoulder itself, making hard for the top of Ben-Araidh!

A shudder for myself, it must be confessed, ran through me. For a brief space of time I dropped my head, giving way to some unmanly depression of heart. Quickly I felt, however, that after all I was not lost. I had only escaped beyond track, and those dogging thoughts were at my ear no longer. Taking out my small watch-seal compass, I carefully surveyed the point in view, studying the precise bearings, and taking fresh determination in with the act. Giving up Ickerson, well-nigh for a few minutes forgotten, I took a new course; and steadily, but rapidly, for bare hope of life, began to plunge direct down for that spot disdained so lately—that uncouth and mysterious booth of unknown antiquity.

Staggering down for it at last in vain, slipping, sometimes reeling on, then squelching into a quagmire, I yielded in the end. I collected myself to perish. It was warm, positively warm below there, beside the marshy navel of that hollow in the valley, of which I had not before seen the least likeness. There, soft white lichens and emerald heaths, and pale coral-like fungous water-growths, were marbled and veined together, into a silent whirl of fairy moss, lovelier than any sea-shell of Singapore. I looked at it, seeing not only how beautiful, but how secret it was. A great secret it began to tell me as I sat. It was Loch-na-Diomhair, I thought, which we had so foolishly been in quest of. *There* was perfect welcome, and peace, and our friend Moir—so that I could have slept, but that a little black water-hen, or a dab-chick, out of a contiguous pool, emerged up suddenly, with a round bright eye, squeaking at me, and not plopping down again. By the expression of its eye, I saw that it was Ickerson, and I clutched my rod, summoning up the last strength for vengeance; with stupid fancy, too, that I heard behind me, in the wind, voices, yelps of dogs, bloodhounds, led on by some one who had lost the trail.

As in a dream, there came to my very neck the grip of a hard hand; before I could once more stumble onward. While close at my ear there panted a hot breath, followed by a harsh voice that woke me up, but had no meaning in its yells. Was I thought deaf, because I understood it not, or because I stared at a bare-headed, red-haired savage in a rusty philabeg, with the hairiest red legs imaginable, clutching me: for whom I flatter myself, nevertheless, that in ordinary circumstances I was more than a match. As the case stood, I yielded up my sole weapon with a weak attempt at scorn only. Needless were his fellow-caterans, springing and hallooing down from every quarter of the hill, at his cry of triumph. With a refinement of barbarism, a horn of some fiery cordial, flavouring of antique Pictish art, was applied to my feeble lips; to save them the pains, no doubt, of carriage to their haunt. Reviving as it was to every vital energy, I could have drained it to the bottom, heedless of their fiendish laughter, but that some one rushed up breathless, forcing it away. I looked up and saw, as a dark presentiment had told me, Ickerson himself. A train of dire suspicions poured upon my mind while I heard his explanations, while I came back to sober reality. Never had his vague political theories squared with my own practical views: had his Celtic leanings entangled him in some deep-laid plot, of which Moir and he were accomplices—I the silly victim, unless a proselyte? Nay—his genuine delight, his affectionate joy convinced me I could depend upon him yet, as he fell upon my neck like Esau, informing me how simple the facts had been. Too tutelary only, if not triumphant, that manner of statement about the sheep-drivers on the hill who had seen me, of the actual

distillers who were present, the supposition that I was the English gauger, and the safe vicinity, amidst that drenching rain, of the smuggling-bothy. There is a coolness, there is a depth about the character of Mark Ickerson, which even yet I have to fathom. He now used the Erse tongue like a truncheon: and in all he said, did those heathery-looking Kernes place implicit faith; conducting us to their den with welcome, nay resuming their operations before us, in which he even went so far as to join zealously. Indeed, for my own part, I have an impression that there is considerable vivacity in the Gaelic language, and that it has a singular power of communicating social and mirthful ideas. I now look back upon my enjoyment of its jests or lyric effusions with a feeling of surprise; except as indicative of an habitual courtesy, and of a certain aptness in me to catholic sympathies with all classes or races of men.

We were not going, however, to live perpetually in a mist, which bade fair to continue up there; neither was it desirable that Ickerson should become permanently an illicit distiller, speaking Gaelic only. Happily there was of the party a man, of course accidentally present, and by no means connected with systematic fraud against the excise, who could guide us in fog or rain, by day or night, to our destination; himself, it turned out, a Macdonochy, though rejoicing more in the cognomen of "Dochart." How or in what manner, along with this Dochart, we emerged gradually from the mist upon a wet green knoll of fern and juniper, fairly into the splendour of the west, striking down Glen-Samhach itself,—how we all three descended with augmented spirits, till the long expanse of the lake glittered upon our sight, and then the scattered smoke of huts grew visible,— it were difficult, if it had been judicious, to relate. There is to this hour something confused about that memorable short cut altogether, more especially as to its close. Only, that some one, probably Ickerson, struck up a stave of a song, German or Gaelic, in the refrain of which we all joined, not excepting the elderly Dochart.

All at once we were close upon the schoolmaster's house, a homely enough cottage, where Moir's head-quarters had been established; at one end of the clachan, before you reach the lake. He had made himself at home as usual; and, though surprised at our despatch, of course welcomed us gladly. A pleasant, lively young fellow, Frank Moir: former college-mate of us both, though but for a term or two, ere he turned aside to commerce. And who can enjoy the Highlands like a London man born north of Tweed; or enjoy, for that matter, a tumbler or so of genuine Highland toddy, with the true peaty flavour from up some Ben-Araidh; conversing of past days and present life, to more indigenous friends? We too relished it to the utmost. The pursuers were left behind us, unable to follow. Finally, Ickerson and I, on two boxed-in beds of blanket over heather—at the end next the cowshed, with the partition not up to the rafters between us and its wheezy occupants, slept the sweetest sleep of many months.

III.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR CATASTROPHE.

That first whole day of untroubled, silent, secluded safety, upon the sunlit waters of Loch-na-Diomhair, how indescribable was it! We heeded little the first day, how our sporting successes might be ensured; excepting Moir only, to whom nature is rather the pretext for fishing, than *vice versâ* as with most intellectual workers, like us who followed his guidance. A boat, at any rate, was the first desire of all three; and as a boat was at the schoolmaster's command, we put it to immediate use. "This day, O Moir," says Ickerson, in his quaint way, "let Brown indulge that idle vein of his—while *we* revel, rather, in the exertion so congenial to us. Yesterday, he perhaps had enough of that. Nevertheless, let him take the oars to himself, that we may troll these waters as he enjoys his visions—see

what a sweep of blue loch! Yea, past the lee of the trees, yonder, what a favouring ripple of a breeze—too soon to be lost, I fear me!"

The sly pretender, he had an advantage over me yet. It was not I, but he, who inclined to inert dreaming; as we floated forth on an expanse as yet distinguishable by very little from other lakes, with no features of extraordinary beauty; but solitary, bare, spreading on wider till it folded between two promontories of wild hill. And then, with the first buoyant sense of depth—of liquid force taken hold upon by the oar in a conscious hand, to be wrestled with at least for exercise—what refreshment, what exultation at your measureless might, your endless outgoings, your inexhaustible sources, O ye abundant and joyous waters! Anywhere—anywhere with ye, for Loch-Diomhair is but a name, that in itself would soon disappoint us. And Ickerson, too, cheated of his evasive resort to the rod and its lazy pleasures, is held in emulous unison with me, by the ash-stave he has not time to lay aside; till insensibly we are trying our strength together, and our power to modulate it harmoniously, while Moir's will becomes ours, as he stands erect before us, but backward—his minnow spinning astern, his eye intent, hand ready, the ends of his somewhat sumptuous neckerchief fluttering with the swift smooth motion. A sudden jerk at last, a whirr, the running reel is tremulous with his first sea-trout of the season, which shows play in good earnest, making straight for open water through yonder reeds by the point, where no line twisted by tackle-maker's hands will bear the strain.

At that, no Yankee whaling-captain can shout more excitedly, or more unreasonably demand superhuman exertions, than Moir; when he required our double speed on the instant, to do all but overtake the fin-borne fugitive, tail-propelled for its dear life; that he might save the first tug upon his line as he shortened it quickly, with a subtile art! Yet we justified his expectations, Ickerson and I, putting forth the strenuousness of Mohawks upon the chase; so that down, down, in the nearer profound beneath us, our sea-trout must sound himself perforce, then, after a sullen pause, come up exhausted, to show but a few more freaks of desperation, and, turning its yellow side to the sun, yield to the insidious pole-net at last. A solid three-pounder at the least, plump, lustrous, red-spotted; the pledge, merely, of a splendid future in Loch-Diomhair. We rejoiced over it, drank over it the first quaich of that day's mountain-dew, and were thenceforth vowed to the engrossing pursuit in which Frank Moir revelled. Little matter was it then, save for this object, how magnificent the reach of open water visible, lost in distant perspective; with here and there a soft shore of copse, rising into a hill of wood; a little island dotting the liquid space: on either side, the shadowy recesses of glens looking forth, purple-mouthed; midway to one hand, the great shoulders and over-peering top of Ben-Araidh, supreme over all, beginning faintly to be reflected as the breeze failed. But there was one grim, grey, castellated old house, projected on a low point, which our friend denoted to us; the abode of the Macdonochy, who looked forth with jealous preservation-law upon the sport of strangers. Nearer to us, he showed, as we were glad to find, the more modest yet wealthier residence of that English merchant, Mr. St. Clair, who had purchased there of late his summer retreat: and the St. Clairs were far more liberal of their rights, although it was said the young Macdonochy had become an intimate at their lodge, aspiring greedily to the hand of its fair heiress.

Hence we turned our prow that way, and, still rowing stoutly, were fain to pass the hotter hours near shore, with oars laid by; trying for heavy pike in the sedge-fringed bay. It was in order to find a pole in the nearest fence, on which Ickerson's plaid might be spread as a sail, that he himself deliberately landed; showing, I must say, a cool heedlessness of legality, such as his recent still-life might have tended to produce.

He came back in his leisurely style, slowly relaxing his features to a smile, as he held up a glazed card of address, which he bore in triumph, along with the paling-slab. We had, indeed, heard voices; and now found that Ickerson had fallen into sudden altercation with a groom attended by two setters. The groom looked after him as he stepped into the boat, with the timber shouldered still; and I recognised the attendant of our two fellow-passengers across Inversneyd ferry. It was not merely that he had been awed by Ickerson's stalwart dimensions: the truth was, that Ickerson, when detected by him in a felonious act, had characteristically insisted on giving his own card to the groom, whom he commanded to bear it to the party of sportsmen he saw at hand. Thereupon, the young English officer, already known to us both by sight, had come forward smiling; to waive further excuses, to make recognition of Ickerson, and give in his turn his titular piece of paste-board; apologizing, also, for his awkward constraint on the previous occasion. He had discovered that Ickerson and he had mutual acquaintances in town, with whom the former was, as usual, a favourite; and knowing him thus by reputation beforehand, now wished the pleasure of cultivating this opportunity, so long as our friend should be in the neighbourhood. He was Captain St. Clair, Ardchonzie Lodge: at which retreat, throughout the sporting season now opened, the captain and his father would be delighted to profit by Mr. Ickerson's vicinity, with that of any friends of his who might incline to use the boats, or to shoot upon the moor. And before Ickerson left, in short, he had blandly reciprocated these advances, sociably engaging for us all that we would use the privilege at an early day; so that the hospitality of the St. Clairs, with the facilities and amenities of Ardchonzie Lodge, might fairly be considered open to us three. The luck of Ickerson, I repeat, is something inexplicable. What a number of friends he has, without any trouble to him; and what a flow of acquaintances, ever partial, ever discovering their mutuality, so as to increase, and be interconnected! Appearing improvident, uncalculative, unworldly—yet how does the world foster and pet him, playing, as it were, into his hands. Even his facile nature will not explain it—nor that diffuse, impersonal, lymphatic, self-unconsciousness, which makes all sorts of people fancy him theirs while they are with him. He must have some deep-seated ambition, surely, which he has marvellous powers to conceal. But at all events we returned together towards our quarters at the schoolmaster's, in the clachan of Glen-Samhach, full of Elysian prospects for many a day's rustication there. Loch-Diomhair was Utopia indeed—the very expanse we had sighed for, of Lethean novelty, of strange and deep Nepenthe, amidst a primitive race, who knew us not; a rudely-happy valley, where the spirit of nature alone could haunt us, asking none of our secrets in exchange for hers.

At our re-entrance to the humble lodging, as the dusk fell, my first glance caught upon an object on the table where our evening repast was to be spread. It was a letter—a letter addressed in some hand I recognised, to me. To *me*, of course, these ghastly pursuers always come, if to any; and a vague foreboding seemed to have warned me as I crossed the threshold. It had not come by post, however: it was no pursuing proof-sheet, nor dunning reminder, no unfavourable criticism, or conventional proposal. Simply, what bewildered me, till I read some words in the envelope—an inclosure of Frank Moir's letter from that spot to me, which I had read to Ickerson at Inversneyd, and supposed him to have retained. I had forgot it again till I now saw it, and saw—by the pencilled note of Dr. Trellington Blythe—what the fact had been. I had dropped it in my haste on the little landing-pier, and it had attracted the sharp eye of Mr. M'Killop as it lay. It was Mr. M'Killop who, with a degree of inadvertence, as Dr. Blythe's note explained, had read the letter before he looked at the address—

a thing which our excellent friend, the doctor, seemed to repudiate, but could not regret; because it had been the accidental occasion of a great benefit, and an expected pleasure. They would have a speedy opportunity of explaining in person. They had themselves brought the letter to Glen-Sambach. They were in search of lodgings near. Glen-Sambach and Loch-Diomhair were (they found) the very place—the precise kind of locality—for which Mrs. Blythe had been longing. They were near me, in short—and to-morrow they would do themselves the satisfaction, &c. Any friends of mine, and so on, would be an accession to their modest circle, in that sequestered scene, so well depicted by my enthusiastic correspondent, whom they hoped soon to number among their acquaintances.

This was an emergency indeed requiring the utmost vigour and tact, with unflagging resolution, to disentangle ourselves from it once more; nay, if promptly taken, to render it the outlet of a complete and trackless escape. Not that I myself hesitated for a moment; since it was no other than the Blythe and M'Killop connection I now fled from—while Glen-Sambach and Loch-Diomhair, shared with them, became as the suburbs of that public which the *Daily Tribune* sways, bringing all *its* odious issues after. Like the gold-diggings of Kennebec or Bendigo would soon be our fancied El Dorado; the greater its charm, the sweeter its secresy and solitude, the more speedily to be gone for ever.

Happily, it was evident that they knew nothing yet of Ickerson's continuance with me. Fortunately, too, Moir did not need to fear their subsequent displeasure. All that I had to overcome was the sudden vividness of anticipation they had both conceived, the latter especially, from the cordial proffer of young St. Clair. It was a glowing vision for me to break yet; if I did not break it, how much more painfully would it be dissipated by the claim on our society, with all its advantages and openings, which Trellington Blythe would amiably employ, and M'Killop firmly expect—nay, enforce. To me the prospect lost every tint when thus re-touched; yet if *they* cared to try it, to fail me and remain behind, they were welcome, I said, —so revealing the whole direness of the case.

Had it not been for Ickerson's dread of the editor, before mentioned, I suspect he would now have shown defection; nay, even then, but for the said acquaintance with the courteous St. Clairs, which, if they two remained, he must now cultivate. He has no repugnance like mine, I suspect, for the Blythe circle. As for Frank Moir, he is an eager sportsman, otherwise a mere man of the world; and he swears by Ickerson in higher matters. The influence possessed by Ickerson over him and others of the same stamp is curious to me. Ickerson did not reason on the matter; he did not even trouble himself to paint M'Killop: giving but one significant shrug of his vast shoulders, one expressive grimace, then taking up his staff and plaid to follow me. Then Moir, shouldering his portmanteau for the first boy that could be found at hand, gave in a reluctant adhesion, and came with him; while I obscurely accounted for the change to our host, the intelligent but simple-minded pedagogue of the Macdonochies.

It was a misty moonrise, through which, as we silently set forth, we were soon lost to the most prying eyes in the clachan. Instead of suffering our friend's portmanteau to be delivered to any gillie whatever, I was ready for the burden myself. Whither we were going I did not say, not even knowing: only taking the way which led likeliest to some ultimate coach-road; while truly it may be said, that, for a time, I had two silent, unsupporting followers—one sullen, the other wrapt in most unsociable meditation—till the moon rose bright upon our rugged path, the lake shimmering along beneath us through dreamy haze, silence lying behind upon the unseen glen. A new valley was opening up through the mountains, where the high road to the grand route lay plainly

marked, as a turnpike bar reassured me soon. The milestones to Campbelltown pledged our security thenceforward.

"Ickerson," I said then, "I am willing to give up this leadership. Observe, I confess my past oversights. I own that, but for me, this would not have occurred. There are other spots than Loch-Diomhair, doubtless, where we may escape, to realise jointly what we have severally at heart. Henceforth, nevertheless, I relinquish all ambiguity or subterfuge to your utmost desire. I will eschew short cuts. Let us go with the common stream, if you will, and take our unpurposed pleasure as we find it. Let us even visit, under your guidance, the tomb of Highland Mary, and inscribe our initials, if there is room for them, on the walls of the birth-place of Burns. Or, if Moir inclines, let him head us to the glorious sport of the Sutherland lochs, and the favourite Findhorn of St. John. I will gladly yield the burdensome post of command to either, who undertakes our common security from M'Killop and—and the Blythes."

How clear is that consciousness of superior will which alone enables us to lead onward! When I thus seemed to surrender it, neither Ickerson nor Moir felt capable of the function. They jointly confessed it by their looks, and successively repudiated the charge: which I then resolutely took again.

How I justified it, and how we spent the holiday-season in joyous companionship, refreshed for new work, is not to the point. Suffice it to say, that I had learnt how the Blythes avoid the common track, and the M'Killops follow them; thus, however, turning aside the vulgar current, and so leaving the old channels free.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE,

THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

All persons conversant with art matters of late have been aware that this distinguished artist has for five or six years past been engaged upon a work entitled as above, in executing which he had spared neither time, labour, study, nor expense, in order to put before the world a picture produced exactly in his own ideal—such a one indeed as should display those convictions respecting art which he is known to have made the rule of his life, and has followed out, notwithstanding difficulties and real dangers such as would have utterly defeated most men, or at least modified an ordinary strength of purpose. Conceiving an idea of the great advantages that would result from painting any picture in the very locality where the incident chosen happened, and choosing a Scriptural theme such as this, Mr. Hunt was fortunate in the circumstantial immutability of character and costume which has prevailed to a great extent in the East from the time of the Saviour until now. In the East traditions linger for ages such as in this more mutable West would have vanished long ago. By the light of this irregular history many customs have been elucidated, the comprehension of which is highly essential to the faithful and observant study of a subject relating to the life of Christ. That a picture to be duly honoured in execution should be painted on its own ground, so to speak, being the leading conviction of the artist's mind, there remained nothing for him but to proceed to Jerusalem when he decided upon this subject. Accordingly this was done, and during a stay of more than eighteen months Mr. Hunt's whole attention was devoted to the study of the material he required, to the getting together of accessorial matter, and actual execution of a consi-

derable part of this picture. The greater portion of four succeeding years has been given to its completion, and the result is now before the world.

It will be right to premise that Mr. Hunt's opinions in art, which opinions were convictions, and, what is far more, convictions put into action, led him to journey to Jerusalem, not only to study the best existing examples of the physical aspect of the race he had to paint, but to obtain such material in the way of costume as could only be obtained there. To do this fully, he acquired before departing a sound knowledge of the very history he had to illustrate. Thus prepared, his journey was so far profitable that we believe there is not one single incident in the action of the picture, or single point of costume shown—from the very colour of the marble pavement of the Temple, the jewellery worn, or instruments carried by the personages represented—for which he has not actual or analogical authority. How deep this labour has gone will be best conceived when we say that the long-lost architecture of the second Temple has been brought to a new life in his work. Based upon the authorities existing, the whole of the architecture shown in the picture may be styled the artist's invention, not in any way a wild flight of imagination, but the result of thoughtful study, and the building up of part by part, founded upon the only true principle of beauty in such designs—that is, constructive fitness. The whole edifice is gilded or overlaid with plates of gold, the most minute ornaments are profoundly studied, extremely diversified, yet all in keeping with the characteristics of Eastern architecture, that derived its archetypes from an Oriental vegetation, and decoratively employed the forms of the palm, the vine, and pomegranate. But let it not be considered that these mere archæological matters have absorbed the artist beyond their due; so far from this is the case, that the design itself is not without a modern instance of applicability to the life of every man, and the "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" is as much an exhortation to us as it was a reply to the parents of Christ.

The unflinching devotion shown by the painter, and the inherent nobility of his principles of art, have then this great merit in them, that the result stands before us almost with the solemnity of a fact. It seems life that has been lived, and a potent teaching for us all, not only to show the way in which our labours should be performed—by that by which Mr. Hunt has executed his—but, by the vividness and vitality of his representation, the first step of Christ's mission produces a fresh, and, it may be, deeper impression upon the mind, than that which most men have to recall the memories of their youth to enter on. This he holds, and we also, to be the true result of art. Let us consider to what purpose he has applied these principles, and how the end of this long labour can be said to fulfil them.

The distinguishing executive character of the picture that strikes the eye at first, is luminous depth and intensity of colour, the perfect truth of *chiaro-scuro* that gives relief and roundness to every part—to which its solidity of handling aids potentially — the whole truthful effect being enhanced, when, upon examination, we discern the minute and elaborate finish that has been given to the most trifling details. The whole has the roundness and substantiality of nature, utterly unmarred by that want of balance in parts observable in the productions of the less accomplished painters of the Pre-Raffaelite school, whose shortcomings in this respect have, notwithstanding the earnestness and energy displayed by many among them, rendered the title "Pre-Raffaelite" almost opprobrious. Let us now turn to the picture itself.

The Temple.—A brief vista of gilded columns closed at the end by a lattice-work screen of bronze open to the external air. The immediate locality, an outer chamber of the building, one valve of the entrance door put wide back, showing without the courtyard, with masons at work selecting a stone,

maybe the "stone of the corner;" over the wall the roofs of the city, and far off the hill country. Within, and seated upon a low dewân, scarcely raised from the floor, are the elders of the Temple, seven in number, arranged in a semicircle, one horn of which approaches the front of the picture. Behind them stand four musicians, whose grouping repeats the generally semicircular disposition of the figures. A flight of doves gambol in the air without; several have entered the building, and fly over the heads of the family of Christ, who stand by the doorway facing the priest and elders. Mary, who has just discovered her Son, tenderly embraces, and with trembling lips presses her mouth towards his face. Lovely is the eager yearning of her eyes, the lids dropped, the irides dilated and glittering with tearful dew that has gathered itself into a drop to run down her cheek. Her skin is fair and young, her features moulded appropriately on the pure Jewish type in its finest and tenderest character. The bold fine nose, the broad, low, straight forehead, straight eyebrows —a royal feature; wide-lidded eyes—reddish with anxiety; the pure fine-lined cheek—a little hollowed, but a very little—and rounded, clear-cut chin, make a countenance as noble as it is beautiful. But far beyond the mere nobility of structural perfectness, the expression is the tenderest of the utmost outpouring of a heart that has yearned, and travailed, and hungered long. That long, long three days of searching has marked her cheek and sunk her eyes, and although the red blood of joy runs now to its surface, this does but show how pale it was before. Could I but tell you in my poor words how her mouth tells all this, how it quivers with a hungry love, arches itself a little over the teeth, its angles just retracted, ridging a faint line, that is too intense for a smile, upon the fair, sweet maternal cheek! Forward her head is thrust, the whole soul at the lips urgent to kiss. There is a spasm in the throat, and the nostrils breathe sharply, but all the joyful agony of the woman—the intensity of the maternal *storgé*—seeks at the lips the cheek of her Son. For this the eyes sheathe themselves with levelled lids—for this the body advances beyond the hasty feet. It is but to draw him nearer that one eager hand clasps his removed shoulder, and the other eager hand raises that which the Son has put upon its wrist, pressing it against his mother's bosom.

The feet of all three are bared. Joseph stands looking down on both; Mary's shoes, held by the latchet, are slung over Joseph's shoulder by one hand; his other hand has been upon the arm of Jesus, until the eager, trembling fingers of the mother slid beneath, displacing it in her passionate haste. Christ has been standing before the elders when his parents entered, and then turned towards the front, so that we see his face full. It is an oval, broadened at the top by a noble, wide, high-arched forehead, surmounting abstracted and far-off seeing eyes that round the eyelids open, wistfully and thoughtfully presaging, yet radiant with purpose, though mournful and earnest. They express the thought of his reply, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He is heedful of his mission—half abstracted from the embrace. The action of his right hand, drawing tighter the broad leathern girdle of his loins, and the almost passive way in which his fingers rest upon the wrist of Mary, express this, while the firmly-planted feet, one advanced, although his body sways to his mother's breast, indicate one roused to his labour and ready to enter upon the journey of life. The beauty of the head of Christ takes the eye at once—not only through the totally original physical type the artist has adopted, but by the union of healthy *physique* with intellectual nobleness, fitting the body for the endurance of suffering. There is a marked difference between Hunt's idea of the corporeal appearance of our Lord and that usually chosen by the painters, who have shown him as a delicate valetudinary—for such is the character imparted by their allowing a certain feminine quality to overweigh the robustness required for

the simple performance of his labours. He is here a noble, beautiful boy of about twelve, broad-chested, wide-shouldered, active-limbed, and strong to bear and do. The head sustains this character, the forehead being as we have before said, the eyes blue, clear yet tender, with all their strength of purpose that does but recognise sorrow. The mouth, pure, sweet, small, yet pulpy and full, is compassionate and sympathising. The nostrils are full without breadth. The complexion fair, yet rich, and charged with healthy blood. If we give attention to the eyes, their beauty and nobility become distinct: the broad lids are lifted, so that the gaze is open and upon vacancy. From the forehead the hair springs like a flame gathered about the countenance, parted at the centre, and laid back to either side; the sunlight from without is caught amongst its tips, and breaks in a golden haze like a glory. So placed, this is ever the case with hair of that character. There remains for us to point out one exquisite subtlety of expression in this head: it is this, the near warmth of the Virgin's face causes the side of Christ's countenance to flush a little, and one eyelid to droop and quiver, almost imperceptibly, but still plainly enough to be read.

Let us point out that this is no tender, smiling Virgin, like that of many of the old masters, blandly regarding a pretty infant—a theme of mere beauty—but a tearful, trembling, eager, earnest mother finding the lost Lamb and the devoted Son. Rightly has Mr. Hunt nationalized her features to the Jewish type. Nor is Christ like the emaciated student usually chosen for a model. Here the intensity of the artist's thought appears. He has been penetrated with the idea of service, use, and duty; no making of a pretty picture has been his aim, but rather, in showing us how the noblest and most beautiful submitted to duty, he would teach us our own. This is Christ of the preaching, Christ of the crown of thorns, Christ of the cross, Christ of the resurrection and the life eternal, the soldier and the Son of God. Beautiful is the son of the King; he is dressed in the colours of royalty of the house of Judah; even his poor robe is a princely garment of stripes of pale crimson and blue—the ordained fringe is about its lower hem. The broad leathern belt that goes about his loins is of blood red, and marked with a cross in front, an ornament in common use in the East from time immemorial, being the symbol of life even with the ancient Egyptians; it is placed appropriately upon the girdle of Christ. These three form the principal group placed towards the left of the picture. Facing them are the rabbis and elders, to whom we now turn.

These are arranged in a sort of semicircle, as was said above, one of its horns retreating into the picture. The men are of various ages and characters; all the principal heads were painted at Jerusalem, from Jews whose countenances suggested to the artist the character he wished to represent. The eldest of the rabbis sits in front, white-bearded, blind, and decrepit; with his lean and feeble hands he holds the rolls of the Pentateuch against his shoulder; the silver ends of the staves on which this is rolled, with their rattling pendants and chains, rise beside his head; the crimson velvet case is embroidered with golden vine-wreaths and the mystic figure of the Tetragrammaton; over this case is an extra covering or mantle of light pink, striped with blue, intended to protect the embroidery. As all appurtenances of this holy roll of the law were held sacred and beneficent, there is placed a pretty little child at the feet of the rabbi, armed with a whisk to brush off the flies—that is, Beelzebub, from the cover of holy rolls. Behind stands an older boy, furtively invoking a blessing on himself by kissing the mantle of silk. Blind and half imbecile is the oldest rabbi; but he who sits next to him, a mild old man, with a gentle face of faith, holds a phylactery in his hand. Let us here explain that a phylactery is not at all one of those placards which it was the custom of the old painters to put over the foreheads of the Pharisees,

&c. inscribed with huge characters, but really a small square wooden box, bound round the head by a leathern belt, and containing the written promises of the old dispensation. Such is the phylactery the second rabbi holds in one hand, while he presses the other upon the wrist of his neighbour, and seems to be asserting that, whatever might be the nature of the reasonings of Christ, they at least had these promises that were written within the phylactery upon which they might both rely.

Next comes another, in the prime of life, who, having entered eagerly into the dispute with the Saviour, unrolls the book of the prophecies of Daniel, whereby to refute the argument. He is interested, disputatious, and sceptical; leans forward to speak passionately, half impatient of the interruption caused by the entrance of Joseph and Mary, to which the attention of several of the other rabbis is given. His feet are drawn up close beneath him upon the dewân, a characteristic action of such a temperament when excited: those of the elder rabbis are placed at ease upon the floor, but with varying and appropriate attitudes. There is a hard look upon this man's face—set passion in his mouth, resolute anger in his eye, and a firm, sharp gripe of the hands upon the roll he holds; this is finely in keeping. Over his shoulder, from the second row, leans a musician, one of the house of Levi, speaking to him, and with pointed finger making a comment on the words of Christ, at whom he is looking. The fourth rabbi, who is also concerned in this dialogue, wears a phylactery on his forehead. We presume Mr. Hunt intended by this to indicate a supererogation of piety in this individual, the phylactery, in strict propriety, being only worn at time of prayer. He recounts the arguments, and, holding a reed pen in one hand, presses its point against a finger of the other, as one does who is anxious to secure the premises before he advances further. The overweening character of this man is thus indicated; let the observer note how the artist makes the action of each person to be with an entire *consent* of the attitude of his whole body, by this man's assumption of repose and dignity shown in his leaning back on the dewân. The fifth rabbi, an old, mild-visaged man, whose long white beard, divided in two parts, falls nearly to his girdle, sits more erect; his feet, drawn up beneath him, are planted flatly before. He holds a shallow glass vessel of wine in his hand that has been poured out by an attendant behind. He looks at the reunion of the Holy Family, and suspends his drinking to observe them. A sixth elder leans forward to look also, placing his hand upon the back of the dewân. The seventh and last is as distinct in character and action as all the rest are. Like the fifth, he has an ink-horn in his girdle; he is corpulent, self-satisfied, and sensuously good-natured; he raises his hand from his knee to express an interest in the transaction before him; he sits cross-legged, and quite at ease, nevertheless. This individual completes the semicircle of the rabbis, and brings us again to the figure of Christ.

Returning now to the other side of the picture: Immediately above the disputatious rabbi, and leaning against one of the gilded columns, is a youth holding a sistrum in his hand—one of the rings strung upon its wires about to drop from his fingers. He is handsome, supercilious-looking, and fair-complexioned. Leaning upon his shoulder is another youth, also a musician, bearing a four-stringed harp; the face of the last is quite in contrast to that of his companion, having an ingenuous sweetness and gentleness of character about it that is almost fascinating. Eagerly thrusting his face against the column, and peering over the head of the last, is a third youth, whose large, well-open eyes, broad features, and inquisitive look, support his active anxiety to see what is going forward, admirably.

In the extreme distance of the vista of columns, a money-changer is seen weighing gold in a balance. A father has brought his firstborn to the Temple, accompanied by his wife, who bears the child in her arms; the husband has

across his shoulder the lamb of sacrifice, while a seller of lambs, from whom this has just been purchased, counts the price in the palm of one hand, and with the other presses back an anxious ewe that would follow her offspring. In another part, a boy is seen with a long scarf driving out the fugitive doves that have entered the Temple. At the door, a lame and blind beggar is chanting a prayer for alms.

Thus far we have spoken of the incidents of the design, the character and expressions of the personages, and general appearance of this marvellous picture. We have endeavoured also to indicate what have been the artist's purposes and motives, and the difficulties of its execution. It remains now to speak of the manner in which he has carried this out, especially in regard to the noble qualities of colour and drawing. For the last, let it suffice that the minutest detail has been wrought out; the very hands of the men are a perfect accompaniment to their eyes and physical aspect; those of the oldest rabbi are pallid, full-veined, and slow pulses seem to circulate in them. Mary's are elegantly slender—a little sunken, but very beautiful. Each fold in every garment is "accounted for," and duly studied from nature. The Virgin's dress is grey, dust-stained with travel. She has an under-garment of white, and a girdle, whose red fringes show at the open side, tossed up with the eagerness of her actions. An elegant head-dress of white, striped with red, falls back on her shoulders. Joseph's body-coat is like that of Christ, crimson and purple in very narrow stripes; over this is a brown and white burnoose, such as the Arabs wear to this day. The provision for a journey, a row of figs, is strung to his girdle. The rabbis have all the over-garment proper to Pharisees, of pure white, except that worn by the chief, which is barred with broad and narrow bands of black upon the sleeves; a dress styled the "Tillith," worn only when bearing the Torah, or rolls of the law. The most removed has his under-garment amber-coloured, striped with blue, and a deep-blue robe beneath all. He that is about to drink wears an exquisite turquoise green-blue vest of sheeny texture, that gathers brightness in the shade; this is girt to him by a girdle of white and red. The young musicians wear green garments and turbans of rich crimson, and purple and green, harmoniously blended so as to create exquisite colour. The roof of the Temple is gilt like the columns, elaborately decorated with alternate pines, vine-branches, and pomegranates, and lighted from without by small openings, filled with stained glass. The door of the Temple, visible over Joseph's head, bears plates of hammered gold riveted upon it; upon these is discernible a great circle, from whose centre radiates an ornament of papyrus plant, the intersections filled with the unopened buds of the same: *guttæ* of gold are drawn on the flat surface of the door. The pavement of the Temple is of a deep-tinted marble, in broad veins of a palish blood-colour and white.

It is now time to announce our conviction that Mr. Holman Hunt, who has ever been the steadfast centre of the Pre-Raffaelite movement, has in this noble work successfully laid down his idea of art; that by so doing he has put a crown on to his previous labours; and that the result is likely to be a great extension of those principles—now, perhaps, for the first time fairly elucidated—to which is mainly due the remarkable and inestimable advance that has of late years taken place in English art.

OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS:

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE OF "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

O CHRIST-CHILD, Everlasting, Holy One,
Sufferer of all the sorrow of this world,
Redeemer of the sin of all this world,
Who by Thy death brought'st life into this world—
O Christ, hear us!

This, this is *Thou*. No idle painter's dream
Of aureoled, imaginary Christ,
Laden with attributes that make not God;
But Jesus, son of Mary; lowly, wise,
Obedient, subject unto parents, mild,
Meek—as the meek that shall inherit earth,
Pure—as the pure in heart that shall see God.

O infinitely human, yet divine!
Half clinging child-like to the mother found,
Yet half repelling—as the soft eyes say
"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not
That I must be about my Father's business?"
As in the Temple's splendors mystical,
Earth's wisdom hearkening to the all-wise One,
Earth's closest love clasping the all-loving One,
He sees far off the vision of the cross,
The Christ-like glory and the Christ-like doom.

Messiah! Elder Brother, Priest and King,
The Son of God, and yet the woman's seed;
Enterer within the veil; Victor of death,
And made to us first fruits of them that sleep;
Saviour and Intercessor, Judge and Lord,—
All that we know of Thee, or knowing not
Love only, waiting till the perfect time
When we shall know even as we are known—
O Thou Child Jesus, Thou dost seem to say
By the soft silence of these heavenly eyes
(That rose out of the depths of nothingness
Upon this limner's reverent soul and hand)
We too should be about our Father's business—
O Christ, hear us!

Have mercy on us, Jesus Christ, our Lord!
The cross Thou borest still is hard to bear;
And awful even to humblest follower
The little that Thou givest each to do
Of this Thy Father's business; whether it be
Temptation by the devil of the flesh,
Or long-linked years of lingering toil obscure,

Uncomforted, save by the solemn rests
On mountain-tops of solitary prayer;
Oft ending in the supreme sacrifice,
The putting off all garments of delight,
And taking sorrow's kingly crown of thorn,
In crucifixion of all self to Thee,
Who offeredst up Thyself for all the world.
O Christ, hear us!

Our Father's business:—unto us, as Thee,
The whole which this earth-life, this hand-breadth span
Out of our everlasting life that lies
Hidden with Thee in God, can ask or need.
Outweighing all that heap of petty woes—
To us a measure huge—which angels blow
Out of the balance of our total lot,
As zephyrs blow the winged dust away.

O Thou who wert the Child of Nazareth,
Make us see only this, and only Thee,
Who camest but to do thy Father's will,
And didst delight to do it. Take Thou then
Our bitterness of loss,—aspirings vain,
And anguishes of unfulfilled desire,
Our joys imperfect, our sublimed despairs,
Our hopes, our dreams, our wills, our loves, our all,
And cast them into the great crucible
In which the whole earth, slowly purified,
Runs molten, and shall run—the Will of God.
O Christ, hear us!

SPIRITUALISTIC MATERIALISM:—MICHELET.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

The future historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will have considerable difficulty in ticketing M. Michelet according to his proper class and order. Is he to rank among the historians? He has written many volumes of so-called histories, but which are generally valuable and interesting precisely by that in them which is not really historic. Is he a naturalist? He has taken to natural history in later life; but his two pleasant volumes on "The Bird," and "The Insect," contain the blunders of a tyro, nor should I advise any student to assert anything as a fact in nature, because M. Michelet has stated it. Is he a pure physiologist? His latest productions turn largely on physiological considerations; yet I suspect that a real physiologist will be as little disposed to admit him for such, as a lawyer would deem him a jurist in virtue of his volume "On the Origins of French Law." Is he a political writer? His lectures had to be stopped by command of Government; yet I doubt if even his invocation to the "Holy Bayonets of France" ever raised him in any one madcap's mind to the rank of a political leader. Is he a philosopher? He certainly has translated the "Scienza Nuova" of Giambattista Vico; but I pity the man who should seek to evolve

a connected philosophy from his writings. Is he a theologian? a religious innovator? He has seemed everything by turns—at one time writing "Luther's Memoirs;" at another professing his attachment to the "poor old Catholic Church;" at a third attacking Jesuitism in the name of Voltaire; at last setting up Egyptian mythology as the most perfect of religious symbols.

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Reuben's lot seems to have been his. With marvellous gifts of style, an imagination of singular vivacity, active faculties of observation, occasional keen flashes of insight, very considerable and varied acquirements, quick sympathies at once with the beautiful and with the good, and the most sincere desire for the welfare of his fellow-creatures,—with powers, in a word, sufficient for the creation of half-a-dozen masterpieces, and much of that universal aptitude which, if it be not genius itself, seems yet as it were the bulb out of which it springs,—M. Michelet has not produced, and I believe will not leave behind him, one single great work —one really beautiful—one really good one; although he will leave few which are not replete with interest; not one which does not present us with beautiful thoughts, attractive pages, often chapters at a time.

Yet M. Michelet's influence over his generation in France has been considerable, and has not ceased to be such. Not a little, probably, on this account, that few men have opened a greater number of new paths, for the time being, to their countrymen. He brought back to them, from Italy, the great Neapolitan thinker, Vico. He was for France one of the first discoverers of modern Germany. He first, in his Roman History, popularized some of the Niebuhrian views as to Roman origins. Older professors stood aghast; the book and its fellows were for a time nearly as much tabooed in the history classes of French colleges as a novel, or were only used in otherwise desperate cases, to kindle an interest in the subject. Learned men, the very pillars of the universities — those survivors of an earlier age, trained either by Jesuit or Jansenist, before the first Revolution and Empire had deprived Frenchmen, for a time, of the leisure to learn Greek, —stood utterly aghast at the pranks of a young professor of the Normal School, who talked of Sanscrit poetry and Welsh triads; quoted at first hand the legendary romances of the middle ages; gave extracts from Dante; referred to Walter Scott; and constantly mixed up the experiences of the present with the narratives of the past. Still Michelet's works,—although of course read with avidity wherever they were treated, or supposed to be treated, as forbidden fruit,—did not bear their full effect at the comparatively early age at which the ordinary French college is usually frequented. The school-boy in all countries is in general an essentially practical creature. He soon found that for scholastic purposes—for the cram of examinations—Michelet's works were of far less use to him than much duller ones, but better stored with the right facts, and more methodically treated. It was at a later age, and in that much higher theatre of the "Collége de France," where the vulgar stimulus of competition disappears, and the student learns for the sake of learning, that the brilliant eloquence of the man really took hold of the Parisian youth. Here the variety at once, and the mobility of Michelet's mind—which will preserve for him a kind of youth even in his dotage—seemed exactly to correspond with the like qualities in his hearers. Here was a man who appeared to have handled everything, looked into everything, thought about everything, sympathized with almost every human tendency; who brought up the past into pictures as living as those of the present; who yet was essentially a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, full of national prejudices and national vanities, carried away with all the dominant impulses of the day. Who can wonder that when he came to deliver, simultaneously with his colleague, M. Quinet, his famous course

upon the Jesuits, crowds, such as never had attended a professor before since the days of the middle ages, thronged his lecture-hall even more than that of Quinet, till the two professors grew to be almost a power in the state, and had to be silenced by authority?

The enormous popularity which the lecturer thus reached may be considered as opening the second period of his career. Though not, I repeat it, a genuine historian, yet his works hitherto have all an historical character; they are full of materials for history, historical sketches, curiosities of history. Now, the turbulence of the partisans of monasticism, which had interrupted his and Quinet's courses, seems to have stung him up into a politician, a dealer mainly with the things of the present; and though he may write history so-called (that of the "Revolution," forming the last volumes of his "History of France"), this he will be henceforth above all, not indeed as a partisan, but as one of those who, wandering on the border land between the political and what may be called the psychical realm, contribute often far more powerfully towards impressing a general direction upon the public mind than does the mere politician, who points it to a definite aim. The "Jesuits," which reached four editions in six weeks, "Priests, Women, and Families," the "History of the Revolution," the "People," belong to this period.

Then came the strange downfall of the liberties of France under the weight of a dead man's name, the sudden hushing of her most eloquent voices, except from beyond the sea, at the blare of the imperial trumpet. Michelet was silent, or nearly so, like others for awhile, and then spoke out as a student, not of historic facts, but of actual organisms. His book, "The Bird," opens what may be called the physiological portion of his career. So remarkable a transformation, exhibited by a man on the shady side of fifty, is a singular phenomenon in literary history, and many, foreigners especially, could scarcely believe that there was not a second "J. Michelet" at work with his pen. There was no mistaking, however, the artist's hand. "The Bird" displays all the qualities of style, and more than all the poetical fancy, of Michelet's best historical days. It begins by telling "how the author was led to the study of nature." "The "time is heavy, and life, and work, and "the violent catastrophes of the time, "and the dispersion of a world of intel-"ligence in which we lived, and to "which nothing has succeeded. The "rude labours of history had once for "their recreation teaching, which was "my friendship. Their halts are now "only a silence. Of whom should I "ask moral refreshment unless of "nature?" The health of one dear to him, a passionate observer of nature, made him leave Paris, at first for a mere suburban home, from whence he returned to town every day. But the turmoil of the great city, its abortive revolutions, sent him farther off. He took up his quarters near Nantes, and here he wrote the latter part of his "History of the Revolution," already wakening up to the beauty and interest of nature, already longing for leisure to study her. But the climate was too damp, and drove him, in ill-health, further south. He now "placed his moveable nest in a fold of the Apennines, at two leagues of Genoa." And here, with no company but lizards, and living the life of a lizard himself, he felt a revolution take place within him. He seemed to see all living creatures claiming their place in the great democracy. Such, he tells us, was his renovation, "that late *vita nuova* which gradually brought me to the natural sciences."

"The Bird," however, is still a work of mere natural history rather than of physiology. It deals with the outside of living nature; with form, colour, habits; with these mostly in reference to man as a prototype; whatever of anatomy occurs in it is derived from the study of Dr. Auzoux's models. "The Insect" travels over much of the same ground, though in a lower stratum of life, but opens up another field. The author tells us how he bought a micro-

scope, how he placed under it a woman's finger, a spider's leg; how coarse appeared the structure of that which to us is living satin, how the repulsive coarseness of the latter opened out into marvellous beauty. It is from this point that the naturalist grows into the physiologist. The microscope is a cruel teacher; no one who has once experienced the fascination of its powers can stop over outward form, but must pierce the mysteries of structure; and the study of structure, except in a few transparent organisms generally of the lowest class, means disruption, dissection. Whilst even apart from structure, the world of form and life which the microscope unveils to us is one so well-nigh entirely extra-human,—the limbs which unite us to it are so few and so loose,—those which unite its members among themselves so many and so prominent,—that the temptation is strong for a fervid, fickle mind to be altogether carried away by the new spectacle,—to change altogether the pivot of its contemplations; and instead of seeing in the creature the shadow of the man, to see in man henceforth only the more highly organized creature. Hence already in this volume pages painful and repulsive to read.

And now we come to the more essentially physiological works of the ex-professor of history. "*L'Amour*,"—now at its fourth edition,—represents the climax of this period. I hardly know how to characterize this work fairly for an English public, so immoral would it be if written by an Englishman, so essentially does it require to be judged from a French point of view. I hardly know how even to give an adequate idea of it, so greatly does it depart from any standard within reach of English hands by which it can be decently measured. I am convinced that never was a book written with honester intentions. The writer is full of good impulses; his object, as he sets it forth in the first page of his introduction, is a noble one,—"Moral enfranchisement by true love." That object he seeks to carry out by exhibiting to us the picture of the married life of a nameless couple, from the wedding-day to the grave. The book teems with tender and delicate passages, though placed in startling contact with the coarse and the trivial. There are pages in it which it is impossible to read without emotion. But the whole is sickly; nauseous. As one closes the book, one seems to be coming out of some stifling boudoir, leaving an atmosphere mawkish with the mingled smell of drugs and perfumes, heavy with the deadly steam of life. You miss in the "true love" of the book both the free buoyancy of health, and (except in a page here and there) the noble martyrdom of real suffering. Its aim seems to be to coax men into purity, by showing them a virtue more voluptuous than vice, into tenderness towards woman by dwelling on her infirmities. The whole sense and substance of the book seems to be this,—Given, an enlightened young Frenchman of the nineteenth century, with a competent knowledge of anatomy, a fair income, large ideas of the perfectibility of the species, kindly feelings towards religion in general, and what may be called a bowing acquaintance with the idea of God, on the one hand, and on the other, a sickly Parisian girl, brought up in a Romish convent or quasi-convent,—how the one is to make the best of the other?

Looked at in this way—remembering the writer's popularity—not forgetting that he speaks with the authority of sixty years of life, I do not mean to say that the book is not likely to do some good to the class for which it is written. That class is a narrow one. It has been said ere this, in France, that M. Michelet's ideal "woman" would require from 15,000 to 45,000 francs a year to keep her. To the great bulk of the French population his book itself would be as Greek; and, indeed, it is quite amusing to see how entirely the writer ignores the possibility that the red-cheeked country girl, whom he assigns for servant to his ideal couple in their suburban home, should ever have a claim to "true love" on her own account. He admits himself, that whilst

he does not write for the rich, he does not write either "for those who have "no time, no liberty, who are mastered, "crushed by the fatality of circumstances, "those whose unceasing labour regulates "and hastens all their hours. What "advice can one give to those who are "not free?" But the class of men whom he addresses no doubt does exist, and is but too numerous for the health and well-being of the French body-politic; nor are samples of it, God knows, wanting amongst ourselves. It must have startled some of these to be told, by a man whose voice has often charmed them, who is one of themselves by his intellectual training and sympathies, who starts from no old-world notions of right and duty, but from the last new discoveries in medical science, that marriage, and faithful love in marriage, are to give them their "moral enfranchisement." Certainly, as compared with the coarse cynicism, or the still coarser attempts at morality, of the French novel or the French press under the imperial *régime*, M. Michelet's work, unreadable as it is in the main for Englishwomen,—certainly unfit to be read by English girls,—may well stand out as a very model of purity.

The indications indeed, which it gives, of the growth of immorality under that *régime*—tallying as they do entirely with information from other quarters—are most painful. I do not speak of such facts as M. Michelet quotes from statistics, and which any one may verify there, ominous though they be; a stationary or decreasing population; an increasing number of young men unfit for military service, marriages rapidly diminishing, widows ceasing to re-marry, female suicides multiplying. Most of these facts might be paralleled elsewhere; some amongst ourselves. I refer to those details, evidently founded upon actual facts, which are given in the chapters entitled "The Fly and the Spider," and "Temptation," as to the corruption of female friendships, the abuse of official power, the utter, expected, absence of moral strength, even in the pure of life.

"For the best, it is through their husband himself that for the most part they are attacked." If he be powerful, M. Michelet shows us "ladies in honourable positions, esteemed, often pious, active in good works, whom she has seen at charitable gatherings," coming to the virtuous wife in order to present some "young son, an inte- "resting young man, already capable of "serving the husband, devoted to his "ideas, quite in his line;" who has been "a solitary student," "needs the polish of the world." He shows us female friends assiduously praising the young man into favour; the lady's maid soon breaking the ice, to tell her mistress, whilst doing her hair, that he is dying of love. Formerly, M. Michelet asserts, Lisette had to be bought. No need now. She knows well that the lady being once launched in such adventures, having given a hold upon her, and let a secret be surprised, she herself will be her mistress's mistress, will be able to rule and rob uncontrolled.

The case is still worse, if the husband, instead of protecting, needs protection, if he is a small official waiting for promotion, a worker in want of a capitalist to push him. Here the female friend (who seems by M. Michelet's account to be the modern Diabolos of France, *vice* Satan superannuated) works upon the young woman, now by dwelling on her husband's inferiority to herself, now by insisting on his need of help from some one who should have strength and credit to lift him at last from the ground. A meeting is arranged somehow between the lady and the future protector, both duly instructed beforehand; the young woman seldom fails to justify what has been said of her by some slight act of coquetry, which she deems innocent, and in her husband's interest . . . . Audacity, a half-violence, often carries the thing . . .

"You say no. You believe that "such odious acts are only to be seen "in the lowest classes. You are quite "mistaken. *It is very common* . . . A "number of facts of this kind have

"come to my knowledge, and by most "certain channels." . . . . She cries, she will tell all, she does nothing . . . "My "dear, in your husband's name, I be- "seech you, say nothing. He would "die of grief. Your children would be "ruined, your whole life upset. That "man is so powerful to do harm. He "is very wicked when he hates, and is "provoked. But, one must admit it, "he is zealous also for those he loves, "he will do everything for your family, "for the future of your children."

And so the nauseous tale of corruption through family interest rolls on. The young woman is entrapped into writing a letter, which henceforth establishes her shame. Now, "She is "spoken to in another tone. Command "succeeds entreaty. She has a master, "—on such a day, at such an hour, "here or there, she is bid to come, and "she comes. The fear of scandal, I "know not what fascination, as of a "bird towards the snake, draw her "back in tears. She is all the prettier. "The promises are little remembered.

"When he has had enough, is she "free at least? Not a whit. The "female friend has the paper. . . . She "must go on, sold and resold, must "endure a new protector, who she is "told will do more, and often does yet "nothing. Fearful slavery, which lasts "while she is pretty and young, which "plunges her deeper and deeper, de- "bases, perverts her."

Now, it would be too much to say that such tales are without analogy amongst ourselves. There were a few years ago, there may still be, factories in Lancashire and Cheshire, where the young master, or even more so the overlooker, views the female hands simply as a harem, of which he is the sultan. There are still agricultural parishes where no girl field-worker's virtue is safe against the squire's bailiff or gamekeeper. There are sweater's dens in London where living wages are utterly out of the reach of the poor tailoress, unless she be also the favourite for the time being. But in the classes to which M. Michelet assigns the tale, it could not occur without filling journalists' pens with fire instead of ink, from John O'Groats to the Land's End. The leprosy of half-starved officialism has not tainted us so far as to endure such things. The moloch of competition has not yet in the trading world, even if it have in the working, claimed female virtue for its holocausts. Whilst England is free England, such enormities by the influential protector, capitalist, or official are, thank God, as unheard of, as in free France they some day will be.

But it is not only through its incidental revelations of these effects of the poison of a despotic centralization, both in corrupting the relations between man and man, and in taking away all fear on the one side, all confidence on the other, in the might of justice and public morality that this book is valuable. It is far more so as a testimony, all the more precious because unconscious, to that which M. Michelet in his nineteenth century enlightenment well-nigh completely ignores,—God's Bible, Christ's Gospel. M. Michelet exalts physiology, half proscribes the Bible. He forgets that there is a certain amount of physiological knowledge which is absolutely essential to the understanding of the Bible, and which no mother who really reverences God's word will withhold, in due time, from her daughter. But the moral truths which he evolves from physiological teaching are all, as far as I can see, anticipated in the Bible. If M. Michelet has satisfied himself by means of physiology that man is a monogamic animal, so much the better. But he who believes that from the mouth of Wisdom herself proceeded the words: "And they twain shall be one flesh," knows as much as he. If M. Michelet has learned from medical men that woman is not the impure creature that unnatural middle-age asceticism made of her, so much the better. But he who has read in Genesis that she was made man's "help-meet,"—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh,—can never be tempted, unless bewildered with lying traditions or puffed up with

false spiritual pride, to think otherwise of her. If he insist that by her constitution she has a constantly recurrent cause of disease within her, St. Paul's words, "the *weaker* vessel," command of stronger man all the deference and indulgence to which M. Michelet would persuade him. In short, mix together the few texts I have alluded to, with those other ones of Gen. ii. 25, and Gen. iii. 16, and dilute them with an infinite quantity of French fine writing, and you have the whole of "L'Amour," so far as it has any moral worth whatever. And he who chooses to meditate upon the "Song of Songs," both in itself, as the divine sanction of sensuous love as being the only adequate mirror of spiritual, and in its position in the sacred volume between Ecclesiasticus, the book of worldly experience, and Isaiah, the book of prophetic insight, as indicating the link which earthly love supplies between the two, will feel that 450 pages of French prose are but a poor exchange for its lyric lessons.

What is wanting indeed to M. Michelet's "true love"? Not self-contemplation; not the effort to be self-wrapped. But everything below—everything above. The rock of a divine command on which man or woman can stand and say, I ought, and to the Tempter, Thou shalt not. The sense of an Almighty Love by whom each is upheld, on whose bosom each may sink, and feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms." The light of a Word made Flesh, who has suffered all our sufferings, borne all our sins. The help of a Spirit of Truth, who will guide us into all truth, though through never so much of doubt, and darkness, and despair. The beholding of the joy of a divine marriage, of the redeemed church with its Saviour, of which every smallest wedded joy of earth is a ray, towards which every truth of pure human love is an aspiration. The abiding and restful sense of subordination in harmonic unity, link after link in a divine chain; a subordination that lifts and does not lower, that joins and not divides; gathering up successively all desire into a nobler object, all life into a mightier focus,—man the head of the woman,—Christ the head of man,—God the head of Christ.

And for want of these, his whole purpose makes shipwreck. He promises woman her enfranchisement; but it is only to jail her within her own physical constitution, with her husband for turnkey. He lavishes his fancy on what may be called the lyrics of the flesh; but he does not trust that poor flesh for a moment; he is always watching it, spying it; his "medication" of heart or body presupposes and leaves it as frail and false as any Jesuit folio of casuistry. It has been well said, indeed, of the work by M. Emile Montégut that it is essentially a Romanist book, which had been unwritable and incomprehensible anywhere else than in a Roman Catholic country. The whole, in fact, of M. Michelet's work affords evidence of that "invincible ignorance"—to use a term of Romish theology—of Christ and of the Bible which Romanism leaves behind it in most souls, if it should come to depart from them. M. Michelet has no doubt read the Bible; he is familiar with religious works, both Protestant and Romish; he has himself written "Memoirs of Luther." And yet it may not be too much to say that he has never once seen Christ. This is even more evident in his last work, "La Femme," of which I have now to say a few words.

"La Femme" is in some parts a mere repetition, in many a dilution, of "L'Amour." It is on the whole less mawkish, but more wearisome. The writer's dissective tendencies rise in it to absolute rapture. A child's brain becomes in his pages "a broad and mighty camellia," "the flower of flowers," "the most touching beauty that nature has realized." But the work covers in some respects a new field. The hypothetical wife whom he exhibited in "L'Amour" was after all, as I have said, some existing Frenchwoman brought up in Romanism, having, according to the writer, everything to

unlearn from her free-minded husband, but at the same time most willing to do so. This last trait, however, it would seem, was so far from reality as to spoil the picture. The second work then comes in to supply the true female ideal.

The great fact of the time, M. Michelet tells us, patent to all, is, that man lives apart from woman, and that more and more. Woman is left behind by man. Even a drawing-room divides into two —one of men, one of women. The attempt to make men and women speak together only creates a silence. They have no more ideas in common—no more a common language. In his introduction, the most valuable part of the volume, M. Michelet inquires rapidly into the social and economical causes of this alienation, quoting many interesting, some harrowing and hideous facts. Imagine this for instance, as to the venal tyranny of the theatrical press, in a country such as France, where political freedom is gagged:—An actress comes to a theatrical critic, to ask him why he is always writing her down. The answer is that she was somewhat favourably treated at first, and ought to have sent some solid mark of gratitude. —"'But I am so poor; I gain next to "nothing; I have a mother to main- "tain.' 'What do I care? take a lover.' "'But I am not pretty—I am so sad— "men are only in love with cheerful "women.' 'No, you won't bamboozle "me; you are pretty, young lady, it is "only ill-will: you are proud, which "is bad. You must do as others—you "must have a lover.'" M. Michelet seems to speak of this from personal experience. I wish he had added that he had flung the hound of a penny-a-liner out of window.

Taking up, then, in the nineteenth century the work of Fénelon in the seventeenth, M. Michelet adopts for special subject the education of girls, with a view to filling the gap between the sexes. "Woman," he tells us, "is a religion." The education of a girl is therefore "to harmonize a religion," whilst that of a boy is "to organize a force." In his views on the subject of female education, much will be found that is suggestive and beautiful. But the main point still remains—if woman *is* a religion, how is she to have one? "She must have a faith," we are told by the writer; logic would seem to require that that faith should be in her own self. What it is to be is really most difficult to discover. Towards ten or twelve, her father is to give her some select readings from original writers; narratives from Herodotus; the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; "some beautiful narrations from the Bible," the Odyssey, and "our modern Odysseys, our good travellers." Even before these, it would seem, she should have some "sound "and original readings . . . . some of "the truly ethereal hymns of the Vedas, "such and such prayers and laws of "Persia, so pure and so heroic, join- "ing to these several of the touching "Biblical pastorals—Jacob, Ruth, To- "bit," &c. The Bible itself must be kept aloof. Most of its books seem to M. Michelet to have been written after dark at night. God forbid that one should trouble too soon a young heart with the divorce of man from God, of the son from his father; with the dreadful problem of the origin of evil! . . . The book is not soft and enervating like the mystics of the middle ages; but it is too stormy, thick, restless. "Another motive again, which would "make me hesitate to read this too soon, "is the hatred of nature which the Jews "express everywhere. . . . This gives "to their books a negative, critical cha- "racter; a character of gloomy austerity, "which is yet not always pure . . ." Better read "in the Bible of light, the "Zend Avesta, the ancient and sacred "complaint of the cow to man, to recall "to him the benefits which he owes "her . . ."

The subject is too grave for joking. But only imagine bringing up a girl upon cow-laments from the Zend Avesta, and keeping the Bible from her hands! Is it possible too for a man to read more completely into a book his own prejudices against it? Where, except in the in-

human asceticism of the Romish middle ages, or in extreme Scotch Calvinism, do you find any trace of that "hatred of nature" which M. Michelet fathers upon the Bible? From the first page to the last, it is the book of nature almost as much as it is the book of man. Hatred of nature! No, the intensest sympathy which can yet consist with man's dignity, as God's vice-king over nature, made to have dominion over fish and fowl, cattle and creeping thing; over "all the earth," which he is not only commanded to "replenish," but to "subdue." He is to sympathise with nature under every aspect, from every point of view; as comprised with him in that creation, of whose absolute order and beauty it is written that "God saw everything that "He had made, and behold it was very "good;" as suffering, guiltless, through his fall, and cursed for his sake alone; as "groaning and travailing in pain together" with him for a common deliverance, as assured of a common perfection in the New Heaven and the New Earth. It is not enough that he is taught by Prophet, Psalmist, Apostle—by none more assiduously than by the Saviour Himself—to look on the face of nature as a mirror wherein are revealed the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. He is called on to look on her as a fellow-servant; her obedience is repeatedly contrasted with his revolt. "The stork in the heavens knoweth "her appointed times; and the turtle, "and the crane, and the swallow observe "the time of their coming; but my "people know not the judgment of the "Lord." "The ox knoweth his owner, "and the ass his master's crib, but "Israel doth not know, my people doth "not consider." Nay, she is more than a fellow-servant, she is a fellow-worshipper. Prophet nor Psalmist can satisfy their raptures of devotion, unless they call upon her to share them: "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O "earth, and break forth into singing, "O mountains." "Let the heaven re-"joice, and let the earth be glad; let the "field be joyful, and all that therein is; "yea let all the trees of the wood rejoice "before the Lord." "Praise the Lord "upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; "fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy "wind fulfilling his word; mountains "and all hills, fruitful trees and all "cedars, beasts and all cattle, worms "and feathered fowls." . . . "Let every-"thing that hath breath praise the "Lord." If this be hatred of nature, may every one of us enter more and more into the infinite fervent charity of such hatred! Is it not more likely to lift the soul of girl or boy than the sentimental self-consciousness of some ancient Parsee cow, mooing over her own ill-requited services? Will any worship of the bull Apis ever give such a sense of the real preciousness of animal life, as that last verse of the Book of Jonah: "Should I not spare "Nineveh, that great city, wherein are "more than six-score thousand persons, "that cannot discern between their right "hand and their left hand; *and also* "*much cattle?*"

I suspect the physiological period of M. Michelet's career will be the last. Read in the light of his two latest works, I think his earlier ones—the "Introduction to Universal History" for instance—bear testimony that the whole tendency of his mind has always been towards the spiritualistic materialism, as I prefer to call it—the "mystic sensualism," as it has been called by a French Protestant critic—of which "L'Amour," and "La Femme," are the direct exponents. In "La Femme" we cannot fail to perceive a senile garrulity, which marks that the writer has fully passed the climax of his genius, a climax which may perhaps be fixed at "The Bird." I have generally felt compelled, in translating from him, to abridge also. I doubt if he has much henceforth to tell us that is new. Indeed, the moral side of "La Femme," is already to be found fully indicated in the much earlier "Priests, Women, and Families."

I have called the doctrine of these works "materialism." I know that none would protest more strongly against the application to them of such a term than the writer. "I have

spent all my life," he tells us, "in claiming the rights of the soul against the nauseous materialism of my time." Again and again he uses the term as one of the utmost reproach. And yet the books are essentially materialistic. The physical organization of woman is made practically the standard of her capacity for perceiving right and wrong. Love is made, in fact, its own end, although announced as a means of moral enfranchisement. Nothing is shown to the woman above the man, unless it be, and in such proportions as he chooses to show it her, some misty idea of the great harmony, "in which we should wish to die as much as to live, in the just and regular law of the All." Through this "all" may indeed hover the name of God, but more as a ghost deprived of its last resting-place, than as He that Is. The writer may indeed tell us that he "cannot do without God;" that "the "momentary eclipse of the high central "idea darkens this marvellous modern "world of sciences and discoveries;" that the unity of the world is love; that woman feels the infinite "in the loving "cause and the father of nature, who "procreates her from the good to the "better." Yet what is this beyond mere Pantheistic Hindooism, drenched in verbiage? Heine, we are told, called M. Michelet a Hindoo. One feels tempted to say, Let him be so in good earnest. God for god, I prefer Vishnu to the thin shadow of him which flits through M. Michelet's pages. Any one of his avatars would be preferable for me to that repulsive Egyptian myth of Isis, (a mother by her twin brother ere her birth), which M. Michelet tells us has never been exceeded, which he offers as food to the "common faith" of husband and wife. Again, he may give us a chapter, and a very touching one too, on "love beyond the grave," in which he exhibits to us the departed husband discoursing on immortality to his widow. But after all, what assurance have we that such a colloquy is any more, was even meant to be any more, than a piece of sentimental ventriloquism? The pledge of immortality is not one that can be given by mortal to mortal. "Because I live, ye shall live also." When He who is the Source and Lord of life tells us so, we may believe and hope. "Because I died, thou shalt live." Can even the madness of unsatisfied love make more than a temporary plaything of such an assurance?

But I have called the doctrine of these works, spiritualistic materialism. I do not care for the strangeness of the expression, if by means of it I can only waken up those who are content to rest upon the traditions, opinions, prejudices of past days, to some sense of the strange and new things with which they have now to deal. If they would be prepared to combat whatever is evil and deadly in the doctrine of which I am speaking, let them utterly put out of their minds all conceptions of a materialist as of a man wallowing in sensual indulgencies, denying the very idea of right; or even as of a hard-minded logician, treating as impossible all that he cannot see, scoffing at faith as at a child grasping for the moon, or for his own image in the mirror. Michelet, indeed, proclaims himself a spiritualist; he "cannot do without God;" faith in a spirit of love, if scarcely of truth, breathes throughout his pages. What I have ventured to term his materialism comes forth in the name and on behalf of morality; for the restoration of the purity of marriage, of the harmony of the family. As the frank and eloquent witness against the corruptions of that purity and harmony in our social state, he deserves all our sympathy and respect. We may not, thank God, have reached yet in free Protestant England that depth of cold cynicism which he indignantly exhibits to us, when he repeats, as an ear-witness, the advice of a husband and a father living in the country, to a young man of the neighbourhood: "If you are to remain here, "you must marry, but if you live in "Paris, it is not worth while. It is too "easy to do otherwise." But that is all the greater reason why we should in time beware, lest we should ever be carried away, on the same or other

slopes, to the same gulf. We have nothing, God knows, to boast of. Penitentiaries, I fear, receive generally but the heaviest dregs of the seething caldron of female vice. Midnight tea-meetings will, I fear, do little more than skim off a little froth from its surface. Neither the one nor the other either lessen the demand, or even attack the supply in its sources,—in those ill-paid labours which the cursed thirst for cheapness tends to multiply,—in that money-worship which makes wealth as such honourable, and poverty the worst of shames,—in those plutonomic doctrines which are erected into a faith for states or for individuals, and which tend to supplant everywhere duty by interest, the living force of "Thou shalt" by the restraining doubt "Will it pay?" Michelet has at least the merit of attempting a radical cure for the evil. He addresses man rather than woman; and he is right. He seeks to conquer lust by love; and he is right. His folly lies in treating earthly love as if it could be its own centre, its own self-renewing source.

That folly has been pointed out ere this in France itself by manlier and nobler pens than his own. M. Emile Montégut, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," for December 1858, has complained of the absence in M. Michelet's ideal marriage of the true freedom of the soul, "of those great moral and religious laws" which formerly presided over it; has told him that love, as he represents it, wounds the dignity of man, enervates, effeminates him; that the home he paints is little more than the "retreat of two selfish voluptuaries." These are hard words, harder than I have ventured to use. And yet the French critic concludes, as I would fain do myself, with expressing the hope that M. Michelet's writings may not be without their use,—that they may have some effect for good on many "an opaque and dried-up brain," on many "a dry vain heart," on many poor creatures prone to brutality, to sensual ferocity, to barbarous selfishness. Indeed already and long ere this, as M. Michelet tells us himself, the witness which he has borne for moral purity has not been without its fruits. Whilst he was yet professor, a young man one morning burst into his room, to give him the news that the masters of certain cafés, of certain other well-known houses, complained of his teaching. Their establishments were losing by it. Young men were imbibing a mania of serious conversation, forgetting their habits. The students' balls ran risk of closing. All who gained by the amusements of the schools deemed themselves threatened by a moral revolution.—How many of our preachers could say as much?

For us, Englishmen,—bound as we are in charity to indulgence towards M. Michelet by the almost invariable mistakes which he makes whenever he speaks of us or of our country,—we need not fear, I take it, even the worst influences of his teaching; it is too essentially French to affect us. We may fear however, and we ought to fear, that refined materialism of which it is one of the symptoms, which confounds worship with a certain religiosity, replaces faith by sentiments, and affects to see God in nature everywhere, but in nature only. Crown him, girdle him, smother him with flowers, the Nature-god is at bottom but a bundle of cruel forces and lawless lusts,—the Krishna of the sixteen thousand gopis is the same, through whose flaming jaws Arjuna saw generation after generation of created beings rush headlong to destruction. But against such Pantheism, overt or latent, in the gristle or in the bone, there is no better preservation than the *Pantheism*, if I may use the term, of Christianity. None will ever be tempted to worship nature less, than he who has learnt to see her divine in God.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW GROUND.

My readers have now been steadily at Oxford for six months without moving. Most people find such a spell of the place without a change quite as much as they care to take; moreover it may do our hero good to let him alone for a number, that he may have time to look steadily into the pit which he has been so near falling into, which is still yawning awkwardly in his path; moreover, the exigencies of a story-teller must lead him away from home now and then. Like the rest of us, his family must have change of air, or he has to go off to see a friend properly married, or a connexion buried; to wear white or black gloves with or for some one, carrying such sympathy as he can with him, that so he may come back from every journey, however short, with a wider horizon. Yes; to come back home after every stage of life's journeying with a wider horizon, more in sympathy with men and nature, knowing ever more of the righteous and eternal laws which govern them, and of the righteous and loving will which is above all, and around all, and beneath all, this must be the end and aim of all of us, or we shall be wandering about blindfold, and spending time and labour and journey-money on that which profiteth nothing. So now I must ask my readers to forget the old buildings and quadrangles of the fairest of England's cities, the caps and the gowns, the reading and rowing, for a short space, and take a flight with me to other scenes and pastures new.

The nights are pleasant in May, short and pleasant for travel. We will leave the ancient city asleep, and do our flight in the night to save time. Trust yourselves then to the story-teller's aerial machine. It is but a rough affair, I own, rough and humble, unfitted for high or great flights, with no gilded panels, or dainty cushions, or C-springs—not that we shall care about springs, by the way, until we alight on terra firma again—still, there is much to be learned in a third-class carriage if we will only not look for the cushions and fine panels, and forty miles an hour travelling in it, and will not be shocked at our fellow-passengers for being weak in their h's and smelling of fustian. Mount in it, then, you who will after this warning; the fares are holiday fares, the tickets return tickets. Take with you nothing but the poet's luggage,

> "A smile for Hope, a tear for Pain,
> A breath to swell the voice of Prayer,"

and may you have a pleasant journey, for it is time that the stoker should be looking to his going gear!

So now we rise slowly in the moonlight from St. Ambrose's quadrangle, and, when we are clear of the clock-tower, steer away southwards, over Oxford city and all its sleeping wisdom and folly, over street and past spire, over Christ Church and the canons' houses, and the fountain in Tom quad; over St. Aldate's and the river, along which the moonbeams lie in a pathway of twinkling silver, over the railway sheds—no, there was then no railway, but only the quiet fields and footpaths of Hincksey hamlet. Well, no matter; at any rate, the hills beyond and Bagley Wood were there then as now: and over hills and wood we rise, catching the purr of the night-jar, the trill of the nightingale, and the first crow of the earliest cock pheasant, as he stretches his jewelled wings, conscious of his strength and his beauty, heedless of the fellows of St. John's, who slumber within sight of his perch, on whose hospitable board he shall one day lie prone on his back, with

fair larded breast turned upwards for the carving knife, having crowed his last crow. He knows it not; what matters it to him? If he knew it, could a Bagley Wood cock-pheasant desire a better ending?

We pass over the vale beyond; hall and hamlet, church and meadow, and copse folded in mist and shadow below us, each hamlet holding in its bosom the materials of three-volumed novels by the dozen, if we could only pull off the roofs of the houses and look steadily into the interiors; but our destination is farther yet. The faint white streak behind the distant Chilterns reminds us that we have no time for gossip by the way; May nights are short, and the sun will be up by four. No matter; our journey will now be soon over, for the broad vale is crossed, and the chalk hills and downs beyond. Larks quiver up by us, "higher ever higher," hastening up to get a first glimpse of the coming monarch, careless of food, flooding the fresh air with song. Steady plodding rooks labour along below us, and lively starlings rush by on the look-out for the early worm; lark and swallow, rook and starling, each on his appointed round. The sun arises, and they get them to it; he is up now, and these breezy uplands over which we hang are swimming in the light of horizontal rays, though the shadows and mists still lie on the wooded dells which slope away southwards.

Here let us bring to, over the village of Englebourn, and try to get acquainted with the outside of the place before the good folk are about and we have to go down among them, and their sayings and doings.

The village lies on the southern slopes of the Berkshire hills, on the opposite side to that under which our hero was born. Another soil altogether is here, we remark in the first place. This is nobu chalk, this high knoll which rises above —one may almost say hangs over—the village, crowned with Scotch firs, its sides tufted with gorse and heather. It is the Hawk's Lynch, the favourite resort of Englebourn folk, who come up—for the view, for the air, because their fathers and mothers came up before them; because they came up themselves as children—from an instinct which moves them all in leisure hours and Sunday evenings, when the sun shines and the birds sing, whether they care for view or air or not. Something guides all their feet hitherward; the children, to play hide-and-seek and look for nests in the gorse-bushes; young men and maidens, to saunter and look and talk, as they will till the world's end—or as long, at any rate, as the Hawk's Lynch and Englebourn last—and to cut their initials, inclosed in a true lover's knot, on the short rabbit's turf; steady married couples, to plod along together consulting on hard times and growing families; even old tottering men, who love to sit at the feet of the firs, with chins leaning on their sticks, prattling of days long past to any one who will listen, or looking silently with dim eyes into the summer air, feeling perhaps in their spirits after a wider and more peaceful view which will soon open for them. A common knoll, open to all, up in the silent air, well away from every-day Englebourn life, with the Hampshire range and the distant Beacon Hill lying soft on the horizon, and nothing higher between you and the southern sea, what a blessing the Hawk's Lynch is to the village folk, one and all! May Heaven and a thankless soil long preserve it and them from an inclosure under the Act!

There is much temptation lying about, though, for the inclosers of the world. The rough common land, you see, stretches over the whole of the knoll, and down to its base, and away along the hills behind, of which the Hawk's Lynch is an outlying spur. Rough common land, broken only by pine woods of a few acres each in extent, an occasional woodman's or squatter's cottage and little patch of attempted garden. But immediately below, and on each flank of the spur, and half-way up the slopes, come small farm inclosures breaking here and there the belt of wood lands, which generally lies between the rough wild upland and the cultivated

country below. As you stand on the knoll you can see the common land just below you at its foot narrow into a mere road, with a border of waste on each side, which runs into Englebourn Street. At the end of the straggling village stands the church with its square tower, a lofty grey stone building, with bits of fine decorated architecture about it, but much of churchwarden Gothic supervening. The churchyard is large, and the graves, as you can see plainly even from this distance, are all crowded on the southern side. The rector's sheep are feeding in the northern part nearest to us, and a small gate at one corner opens into his garden. The rectory looks large and comfortable, and its grounds well cared for and extensive, with a rookery of elms at the lawn's end. It is the chief house of the place, for there is no resident squire. The principal street contains a few shops, some dozen perhaps in all; and several farm houses lie a little back from it, with garden in front, and yards and barns and orchards behind; and there are two public houses. The other dwellings are mere cottages, and very bad ones for the most part, with floors below the level of the street. Almost every house in the village is thatched, which adds to the beauty though not to the comfort of the place. The rest of the population who do not live in the street are dotted about the neighbouring lanes, chiefly towards the west, on our right as we look down from the Hawk's Lynch. On this side the country is more open, and here most of the farmers live, as we may see by the number of homesteads. And there is a small brook on that side too, which with careful damming is made to turn a mill, there where you see the clump of poplars. On our left as we look down, the country to the east of the village, is thickly wooded; but we can see that there is a village green on that side, and a few scattered cottages, the farthest of which stands looking out like a little white eye, from the end of a dense copse.

Beyond it there is no sign of habitation for some two miles; then you can see the tall chimneys of a great house, and a well-timbered park round it. The Grange is not in Englebourn parish—happily for that parish, one is sorry to remark. It must be a very bad squire who does not do more good than harm by living in a country village. But there are very bad squires, and the owner of the Grange is one of them. He is, however, for the most part, an absentee, so that we are little concerned with him, and in fact, have only to notice this one of his bad habits, that he keeps that long belt of woodlands, which runs into Englebourn parish, and comes almost up to the village, full of hares and pheasants. He has only succeeded to the property some three or four years, and yet the head of game on the estate, and above all in the woods, has trebled or quadrupled. Pheasants by hundreds are reared under hens, from eggs bought in London, and run about the keepers' houses as tame as barn-door fowls all the summer. When the first party comes down for the first *battue* early in October, it is often as much as the beaters can do to persuade these pampered fowls that they are wild game, whose duty it is to get up and fly away and be shot at. However, they soon learn more of the world—such of them, at least, as are not slain—and are unmistakeable wild birds in a few days. Then they take to roosting farther from their old haunts, more in the outskirts of the woods, and the time comes for others besides the squire's guests to take their education in hand, and teach pheasants at least that they are no native British birds. These are a wild set, living scattered about the wild country; turf-cutters, broom-makers, squatters, with indefinite occupations and nameless habits, a race hated of keepers and constables. These have increased and flourished of late years; and, notwithstanding the imprisonments and transportations which deprive them periodically of the most enterprising members of their community, one and all give thanks for the day when the owner of the Grange took to pheasant breeding. If the demoralization stopped

with them, little harm might come of it, as they would steal fowls in the homesteads if there were no pheasants in the woods—which latter are less dangerous to get, and worth more when gotten. But, unhappily, this method of earning a livelihood has strong attractions, and is catching; and the cases of farm labourers who get into trouble about game are more frequent season by season in the neighbouring parishes, and Englebourn is no better than the rest. And the men are not likely to be much discouraged from these practices, or taught better, by the farmers; for, if there is one thing more than another that drives that sturdy set of men, the Englebourn yeomen, into a frenzy, it is talk of the game in the Grange covers. Not that they dislike sport; they like it too well, and, moreover, have been used to their fair share of it. For the late squire left the game entirely in their hands. "You know best how much game your land will carry without serious damage to the crops," he used to say. "I like to show my friends a fair day's sport when they are with me, and to have enough game to supply the house and make a few presents. Beyond that it is no affair of mine. You can course whenever you like; and let me know when you want a day's shooting, and you shall have it." Under this system the yeomen became keen sportsmen; they and all their labourers took an interest in preserving, and the whole district would have risen on a poacher. The keeper's place became a sinecure, and the squire had as much game as he wanted without expense, and was, moreover, the most popular man in the county. Even after the new man came, and all was changed, the mere revocation of their sporting liberties, and the increase of game, unpopular as these things were, would not alone have made the farmers so bitter, and have raised that sense of outraged justice in them. But with these changes came in a custom new in the country—the custom of selling the game. At first the report was not believed; but soon it became notorious that no head of game from the Grange estates was ever given away, that not only did the tenants never get a brace of birds or a hare, or the labourers a rabbit, but not one of the gentlemen who helped to kill the game ever found any of the bag in his dog-cart after the day's shooting. Nay, so shameless had the system become, and so highly was the art of turning the game to account cultivated at the Grange, that the keepers sold powder and shot to any of the guests who had emptied their own belts or flasks at something over the market retail price. The light cart drove to the market-town twice a week in the season, loaded heavily with game, but more heavily with the hatred and scorn of the farmers; and, if deep and bitter curses could break patent axles or necks, the new squire and his game-cart would not long have vexed the country side. As it was, not a man but his own tenants would salute him in the market-place; and these repaid themselves for the unwilling courtesy by bitter reflections on a squire who was mean enough to pay his butcher's and poulterer's bill out of their pockets.

Alas, that the manly instinct of sport which is so strong in all of us Englishmen—which sends Oswell's single-handed against the mightiest beasts that walk the earth, and takes the poor cockney journeyman out a ten miles' walk almost before daylight on the rare summer holiday mornings, to angle with rude tackle inreservoir or canal—should be dragged through such mire as this in many an English shire in our day. If English landlords want to go on shooting game much longer, they must give up selling it. For if selling game becomes the rule, and not the exception (as it seems likely to do before long), good-bye to sport in England. Every man who loves his country more than his pleasures or his pocket—and, thank God, that includes the great majority of us yet, however much we may delight in gun and rod, let Mr. Bright and every demagogue in the land say what they please—will cry, "Down with it," and lend a hand to put it down for ever.

But, to return to our perch on the Hawk's Lynch above Englebourn village. As I was saying just now, when the sight of the distant Grange and its woods interrupted me, there is no squire living here. The rector is the fourth of his race who holds the family living—a kind, easy-going, gentlemanly old man, a Doctor of Divinity, as becomes his position, though he only went into orders because there was the living ready for him. In his day he had been a good magistrate and neighbour, living with, and much in the same way as, the squires round about! But his contemporaries had dropped off one by one; his own health had long been failing; his wife was dead; and the young generation did not seek him. His work and the parish had no real hold on him; so he had nothing to fall back on, and had become a confirmed invalid, seldom leaving the house and garden even to go to church, and thinking more of his dinner and his health than of all other things in earth or heaven.

The only child who remained at home with him was a daughter, a girl of nineteen or thereabouts, whose acquaintance we shall make presently, and who was doing all that a good heart and sound head prompted in nursing an old hypochondriac and filling his place in the parish. But though the old man was weak and selfish, he was kind in his way, and ready to give freely, or to do anything which his daughter suggested for the good of his people, provided the trouble were taken off his shoulders. In the year before our tale opens he had allowed some thirty acres of his glebe to be parcelled out in allotments amongst the poor; and his daughter spent almost what she pleased in clothing-clubs, and sick-clubs, and the school, without a word from him. Whenever he did remonstrate, she managed to get what she wanted out of the house-money, or her own allowance.

We must make acquaintance with such other of the inhabitants as it concerns us to know in the course of the story; for it is broad daylight, and the villagers will be astir directly. Folk who go to bed before nine, after a hard day's work, get into the habit of turning out soon after the sun calls them. So now, descending from the Hawk's Lynch, we will alight at the east end of Englebourn, opposite the little white cottage which looks out at the end of the great wood, near the village-green.

Soon after five on that bright Sunday morning, Harry Winburn unbolted the door of his mother's cottage, and stepped out in his shirt-sleeves on to the little walk in front, paved with pebbles. Perhaps some of my readers will recognise the name of an old acquaintance, and wonder how he got here; so I shall explain at once. Soon after our hero went to school, Harry's father had died of a fever. He had been a journeyman blacksmith, and in the receipt, consequently, of rather better wages than generally fall to the lot of the peasantry, but not enough to leave much of a margin over current expenditure. Moreover, the Winburns had always been open-handed with whatever money they had; so that all he left for his widow and child, of worldly goods, was their "few sticks" of furniture, £5 in the Savings'-bank, and the money from his burial-club, which was not more than enough to give him a creditable funeral—that object of honourable ambition to all the independent poor. He left, however, another inheritance to them, which is in price above rubies, neither shall silver be named in comparison thereof,—the inheritance of an honest name, of which his widow was proud, and which was not likely to suffer in her hands.

After the funeral, she removed to Englebourn, her own native village, and kept her old father's house, till his death. He was one of the woodmen to the Grange, and lived in the cottage at the corner of the wood in which his work lay. When he too died, hard times came on Widow Winburn. The steward allowed her to keep on the cottage. The rent was a sore burthen to her, but she would sooner have starved than leave it. Parish relief was out of the question for her father's child

and her husband's widow; so she turned her hand to every odd job which offered, and went to work in the fields when nothing else could be had. Whenever there was sickness in the place, she was an untiring nurse; and, at one time, for some nine months, she took the office of postman, and walked daily some nine miles through a severe winter. The fatigue and exposure had broken down her health, and made her an old woman before her time. At last, in a lucky hour, the doctor came to hear of her praiseworthy struggles, and gave her the rectory washing, which had made her life a comparatively easy one again.

During all this time her poor neighbours had stood by her as the poor do stand by one another, helping her in numberless small ways, so that she had been able to realize the great object of her life, and keep Harry at school till he was nearly fourteen. By this time he had learned all that the village pedagogue could teach, and had in fact become an object of mingled pride and jealousy to that worthy man, who had his misgivings lest Harry's fame as a scholar should eclipse his own before many years were over.

Mrs. Winburn's character was so good, that no sooner was her son ready for a place than a place was ready for him; he stepped at once into the dignity of carter's boy, and his earnings, when added to his mother's, made them comfortable enough. Of course she was wrapped up in him, and believed that there was no such boy in the parish. And indeed she was nearer the truth than most mothers, for he soon grew into a famous specimen of a countryman; tall and lithe, full of nervous strength, and not yet bowed down or stiffened by the constant toil of a labourer's daily life. In these matters, however, he had rivals in the village; but in intellectual accomplishments he was unrivalled. He was full of learning according to the village standard, could write and cipher well, was fond of reading such books as came in his way, and spoke his native English almost without an accent. He is one-and-twenty at the time when our story takes him up, a thoroughly skilled labourer, the best hedger and ditcher in the parish; and, when his blood is up, he can shear twenty sheep in a day without razing the skin, or mow for sixteen hours at a stretch, with rests of half an hour for meals twice in the day.

Harry shaded his eyes with his hand for a minute, as he stood outside the cottage drinking in the fresh pure air, laden with the scent of the honeysuckle which he had trained over the porch, and listening to the chorus of linnets and finches from the copse at the back of the house, and then set about the household duties, which he always made it a point of honour to attend to himself on Sundays. First he unshuttered the little lattice-window of the room on the ground-floor; a simple operation enough, for the shutter was a mere wooden flap, which was closed over the window at night, and bolted with a wooden bolt on the outside, and thrown back against the wall in the daytime. Any one who would could have opened it at any moment of the night; but the poor sleep sound without bolts. Then he took the one old bucket of the establishment, and strode away to the well on the village-green, and filled it with clear cold water, doing the same kind office for the vessels of two or three rosy little damsels and boys, of ages varying from ten to fourteen, who were already astir, and to whom the winding-up of the parish chain and bucket would have been a work of difficulty. Returning to the cottage, he proceeded to fill his mother's kettle, sweep the hearth, strike a light, and make up the fire with a faggot from the little stack in the corner of the garden. Then he hauled the three-legged round table before the fire, and dusted it carefully over, and laid out the black japan tea-tray with two delf cups and saucers of gorgeous pattern, and diminutive plates to match, and placed the sugar and slop basins, the big loaf and small piece of salt butter, in their accustomed places, and the little black teapot on the hob to get properly warm. There was little more to be done indoors, for

the furniture was scanty enough; but everything in turn received its fair share of attention, and the little room, with its sunken tiled floor and yellow-washed walls, looked cheerful and homely. Then Harry turned his attention to the shed of his own contriving which stood beside the faggot-stack, and from which expostulatory and plaintive grunts had been issuing ever since his first appearance at the door, telling of a faithful and useful friend who was sharp set on Sunday mornings, and desired his poor breakfast, and to be dismissed for the day to pick up the rest of his livelihood with his brethren porkers of the village on the green and in the lanes. Harry served out to the porker the poor mess which the wash of the cottage and the odds and ends of the little garden afforded; which that virtuous animal forthwith began to discuss with both fore-feet in the trough—by way, I suppose, of adding to the flavour—while his master scratched him gently between the ears and on the back with a short stick till the repast was concluded. Then he opened the door of the stye, and the grateful animal rushed out into the lane, and away to the green with a joyful squeal and flirt of his hind quarters in the air; and Harry, after picking a bunch of wall-flowers, and pansies, and hyacinths, a line of which flowers skirted the narrow garden walk, and, putting them in a long-necked glass which he took from the mantelpiece, proceeded to his morning ablutions, ample materials for which remained at the bottom of the family bucket, which he had put down on a little bench by the side of the porch. These finished, he retired indoors to shave and dress himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENGLEBOURN VILLAGE.

Dame Winburn was not long after her son, and they sat down together to breakfast in their best Sunday clothes—she, in plain large white cap, which covered all but a line of grey hair, a black stuff gown reaching to neck and wrists, and small silk neckerchief put on like a shawl; a thin, almost gaunt, old woman, whom the years had not used tenderly, and who showed marks of their usage—but a resolute, high-couraged soul, who had met hard times in the face, and could meet them again if need were. She spoke in broad Berkshire, and was otherwise a homely body, but self-possessed and without a shade of real vulgarity in her composition.

The widow looked with some anxiety at Harry as he took his seat. Although something of a rustic dandy, of late he had not been so careful in this matter as usual; but, in consequence of her reproaches, on this Sunday there was nothing to complain of. His black velveteen shooting-coat and cotton plush waistcoat, his brown corduroy knee breeches and gaiters sat on him well, and gave the world assurance of a well-to-do man, for few of the Englebourn labourers rose above smock-frocks and fustian trousers. He wore a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his neck, and his shirt, though coarse in texture, was as white as the sun and the best laundress in Englebourn could manage to bleach it. There was nothing to find fault with in his dress therefore, but still his mother did not feel quite comfortable as she took stealthy glances at him. Harry was naturally rather a reserved fellow, and did not make much conversation himself, and his mother felt a little embarrassed on this particular morning.

It was not, therefore, until Dame Winburn had finished her first slice of bread and butter, and had sipped the greater part of her second dish of tea out of her saucer, that she broke silence.

"I minded thy business last night, Harry, when I wur up at the rectory about the washin'. It's my belief as thou'lt get t'other 'lotment next quarter-day. The doctor spoke very kind about it, and said as how he heerd as high a character o' thee, young as thee bist, as of are' a man in the parish, and as how he wur set on lettin' the lots to they as'd do best by 'em; only he said as the farmers went agin givin' more nor an

acre to any man as worked for *them*, and the doctor, you see, he don't like to go altogether agin the vestry folk."

"What business is it o' theirs," said Harry, "so long as they get their own work done? There's scarce one on 'em as hasn't more land already nor he can keep as should be, and for all that they want to snap up every bit as falls vacant, so as no poor man shall get it."

"'Tis mostly so with them as has," said his mother, with a half-puzzled look; "Scriptur says as to them shall be given, and they shall have more abundant." Dame Winburn spoke hesitatingly, and looked doubtfully at Harry, as a person who has shot with a strange gun, and knows not what effect the bolt may have. Harry was brought up all standing by this unexpected quotation of his mother's; but, after thinking for a few moments while he cut himself a slice of bread, replied :—

"It don't say as those shall have more that can't use what they've got already. 'Tis a deal more like Naboth's vineyard for aught as I can see. But 'tis little odds to me which way it goes."

"How canst talk so, Harry?" said his mother reproachfully; "thou know'st thou wast set on it last fall, like a wapse on sugar. Why, scarce a day past but thou wast up to the rectory, to see the doctor about it; and now thou'rt like to get it, thou'lt not go aginst 'un."

Harry looked out at the open door, without answering. It was quite true that, in the last autumn, he had been very anxious to get as large an allotment as he could into his own hands, and that he had been for ever up towards the rectory, but perhaps not always on the allotment business. He was naturally a self-reliant, shrewd fellow, and felt that if he could put his hand on three or four acres of land, he could soon make himself independent of the farmers. He knew that at harvest-times, and whenever there was a pinch for good labourers, they would be glad enough to have him; while at other times, with a few acres of his own, he would be his own master, and could do much better for himself. So he had put his name down first on the doctor's list, taken the largest lot he could get, and worked it so well, that his crops, amongst others, had been a sort of village-show last harvest-time. Many of the neighbouring allotments stood out in sad contrast to those of Harry and the more energetic of the peasantry, and lay by the side of these latter, only half worked and full of weeds, and the rent was never ready. It was worse than useless to let matters go on thus, and the question arose, what was to be done with the neglected lots. Harry, and all the men like him, applied at once for them; and their eagerness to get them had roused some natural jealousy amongst the farmers, who began to foresee that the new system might shortly leave them with none but the worst labourers. So the vestry had pressed on the doctor, as Dame Winburn said, not to let any man have more than an acre, or an acre and a half; and the well-meaning, easy-going, invalid old man couldn't make up his mind what to do. So here was May come again, and the neglected lots were still in the nominal occupation of the idlers. The doctor got no rent, and was annoyed at the partial failure of a scheme which he had not indeed originated, but for which he had taken much credit to himself. The negligent occupiers grumbled that they were not allowed a drawback for manure, and that no pigstyes were put up for them. "'Twas allers understood so," they maintained, "and they'd never ha' took to the lots but for that." The good men grumbled that it would be too late now for them to do more than clean the lots of weeds this year. The farmers grumbled that it was always understood no man should have more than one lot. The poor rector had led his flock into a miry place with a vengeance. People who cannot make up their minds breed trouble in other places besides country villages. However quiet and out-of-the-way the place may be, there is always some *quasi* public topic which stands, to the rural Englishman, in the place of treaty, or budget, or reform-bill. So the great allotment question, for the time,

was that which exercised the minds of the inhabitants of Englebourn; and until lately no one had taken a keener interest in it than Harry Winburn. But that interest had now much abated, and so Harry looked through the cottage-door, instead of answering his mother.

"'Tis my belief as you med amost hev it for the axin'," Dame Winburn began again, when she found that he would not re-open the subject himself. "The young missus said as much to me herself last night. Ah! to be sure, things 'd go better if she had the guidin on 'em."

"I'm not going after it any more, mother. We can keep the bits o' sticks here together without it while you be alive; and if anything was to happen to you, I don't think I should stay in these parts. But it don't matter what becomes o' me; I can earn a livelihood anywhere."

Dame Winburn paused a moment, before answering, to subdue her vexation, and then said, "How can 'ee let hankerin' arter a lass take the heart out o thee so? Hold up thy head, and act a bit measterful. The more thou makest o' thyself, the more like thou art to win."

"Did you hear ought of her, mother, last night?" replied Harry, taking advantage of this ungracious opening to speak of the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"I heered she wur going on well," said his mother.

"No likelihood of her comin' home?"

"Not as I could make out. Why, she hevn't been gone not four months. Now, do'ee pluck up a bit, Harry; and be more like thyself."

"Why, mother, I've not missed a day's work since Christmas; so there ain't much to find fault with."

"Nay, Harry, 'tisn't thy work. Thou wert always good at thy work, praise God. Thou'rt thy father's own son for that. But thou dostn't keep about like, and take thy place wi' the lave on 'em since Christmas. Thou look'st hagged at times, and folk 'll see it, and talk about thee afore long."

"Let 'em talk. I mind their talk no more than last year's wind," said Harry abruptly.

"But thy old mother does," she said, looking at him with eyes full of pride and love; and so Harry, who was a right good son, began to inquire what it was which was specially weighing on his mother's mind, determined to do anything in reason to replace her on the little harmless social pinnacle from which she was wont to look down on all the other mothers and sons of the parish. He soon found out that her present grievance arose from his having neglected his place as ringer of the heavy bell in the village peal on the two preceding Sundays; and, as this post was in some sort corresponding to stroke of the boat at Oxford, her anxiety was reasonable enough. So Harry promised to go to ringing in good time that morning, and then set about little odds and ends of jobs till it would be time to start. Dame Winburn went to her cooking and other household duties, which were pretty well got under when her son took his hat and started for the belfry. She stood at the door with a half-peeled potato in one hand, shading her eyes with the other, as she watched him striding along the raised footpath under the elms, when the sound of light footsteps and pleasant voices coming up from the other direction made her turn round, and drop a curtsey as the rector's daughter and another young lady stopped at her door.

"Good morning, Betty," said the former; "here's a bright Sunday morning at last, isn't it?"

"'Tis indeed, miss; but where hev'ee been to?"

"Oh, we've only been for a little walk before school-time. This is my cousin, Betty. She hasn't been at Englebourn since she was quite a child; so I've been taking her to the Hawk's Lynch to see our view."

"And you can't think how I have enjoyed it," said her cousin; "it is so still and beautiful."

"I've heer'd say as there ain't no such a place for thretty mile round," said Betty proudly. "But do 'ee come in,

tho', and sit'ee down a bit," she added, bustling inside her door, and beginning to rub down a chair with her apron; "'tis a smart step for gentlefolk to walk afore church." Betty's notions of the walking powers of gentlefolk were very limited.

"No, thank you, we must be getting on," said Miss Winter; "but how lovely your flowers are. Look, Mary, did you ever see such double pansies? We've nothing like them at the rectory."

"Do'ee take some," said Betty, emerging again, and beginning to pluck a handful of her finest flowers; "'tis all our Harry's doing; he's mazin partickler about seeds."

"He seems to make everything thrive, Betty. There, that's plenty, thank you. We won't take many, for fear they should fade before church is over."

"Oh, dont'ee be afeard, there's plenty more; and you be as welcom as the day."

Betty never said a truer word; she was one of the real open-handed sort, who are found mostly amongst those who have the least to give. They or any one else were welcome to the best she had.

So the young ladies took the flowers, and passed on towards the Sunday-school.

The rector's daughter might have been a year or so older than her companion; she looked more. Her position in the village had been one of much anxiety, and she was fast getting an old head on young shoulders. The other young lady was a slip of a girl just coming out; in fact, this was the first visit which she had ever paid out of leading strings. She had lived in a happy home, where she had always been trusted and loved, and perhaps a thought too much petted.

There are some natures which attract petting; you can't help doing your best to spoil them in this way, and it is satisfactory therefore to know (as the fact is) that they are just the ones which cannot be so spoilt.

Miss Mary was one of these. Trustful, for she had never been tricked; fearless, for she had never been cowed; pure and bright as the Englebourn brook at fifty yards from its parent spring in the chalk, for she had a pure and bright nature, and had come in contact as yet with nothing which could soil or cast a shadow! What wonder that her life gave forth light and music as it glided on, and that every one who knew her was eager to have her with them, to warm themselves in the light and rejoice in the music.

Besides all her other attractions, or in consequence of them for anything I know, she was one of the merriest young women in the world, always ready to bubble over and break out into clear laughter on the slightest provocation. And provocation had not been wanting during the last two days which she had spent with her cousin. As usual, she had brought sunshine with her, and the old doctor had half-forgotten his numerous complaints and grievances for the time. So the cloud, which generally hung over the house, had been partially lifted, and Mary, knowing and suspecting nothing of the dark side of life at Englebourn rectory, rallied her cousin on her gravity, and laughed till she cried at the queer ways and talk of the people about the place.

As soon as they were out of hearing of Dame Winburn, Mary began—

"Well, Katie, I can't say that you have mended your case at all."

"Surely you can't deny that there is a great deal of character in Betty's face?" said Miss Winter.

"Oh, plenty of character: all your people, as soon as they begin to stiffen a little and get wrinkles, seem to be full of character, and I enjoy it much more than beauty; but we were talking about beauty, you know."

"Betty's son is the handsomest young man in the parish," said Miss Winter; "and I must say I don't think you could find a better-looking one anywhere."

"Then I can't have seen him."

"Indeed you have; I pointed him out to you at the post-office yesterday.

Don't you remember? he was waiting for a letter."

"Oh, yes! now I remember. Well, he was better than most. But the faces of your young people in general are not interesting—I don't mean the children, but the young men and women—and they are awkward and clownish in their manners, without the quaintness of the elder generation, who are the funniest old dears in the world."

"They will all be quaint enough as they get older. You must remember the sort of life they lead. They get their notions very slowly, and they must have notions in their heads before they can show them on their faces."

"Well, your Betty's son looked as if he had a notion of hanging himself yesterday."

"It's no laughing matter, Mary. I hear he is desperately in love."

"Poor fellow! that makes a difference, of course. I hope he won't carry out his notion. Who is it, do you know? Do tell me all about it."

"Our gardener's daughter, I believe. Of course I never meddle with these matters, but one can't help hearing the servants' gossip. I think it likely to be true, for he was about our premises at all sorts of times until lately, and I never see him now that she is away."

"Is she pretty?" said Mary, who was getting interested.

"Yes, she is our belle. In fact, they are the two beauties of the parish."

"Fancy that cross-grained old Simon having a pretty daughter. Oh, Katie, look here, who is this figure of fun?"

The figure of fun was a middle-aged man of small stature, and very bandy-legged, dressed in a blue coat and brass buttons, and carrying a great bass-viol bigger than himself, in a rough baize cover. He came out of a footpath into the road just before them, and on seeing them touched his hat to Miss Winter, and then fidgeted along with his load, and jerked his head in a deprecatory manner away from them as he walked on, with the sort of look and action which a favourite terrier uses when his master holds out a lighted cigar to his nose. He was the village tailor and constable, also the principal performer in the church-music which obtained in Englebourn. In the latter capacity he had of late come into collision with Miss Winter. For this was another of the questions which divided the parish—the great church-music question. From time immemorial, at least ever since the gallery at the west end had been built, the village psalmody had been in the hands of the occupiers of that Protestant structure. In the middle of the front row sat the musicians, three in number, who played respectively a bass-viol, a fiddle, and a clarionet. On one side of them were two or three young women, who sang treble—shrill, ear-piercing treble,—with a strong nasal Berkshire drawl in it. On the other side of the musicians sat the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and other tradesmen of the place. Tradesman means in that part of the country what we mean by artizan, and these were naturally allied more with the labourers, and consorted with them. So far as church-going was concerned, they formed a sort of independent opposition, sitting in the gallery, instead of in the nave, where the farmers and the two or three principal shopkeepers—the great landed and commercial interests—regularly sat and slept, and where the two publicans occupied pews, but seldom made even the pretence of worshiping.

The rest of the gallery was filled by the able-bodied male peasantry. The old worn-out men generally sat below in the free seats; the women also, and some few boys. But the hearts of these latter were in the gallery,—a seat on the back benches of which was a sign that they had indued the *toga virilis*, and were thenceforth free from maternal and pastoral tutelage in the matter of church-going. The gallery thus constituted had gradually usurped the psalmody as their particular and special portion of the service: they left the clerk and the school children, aided by such of the aristocracy below as cared to join, to do the responses; but, when singing time came, they reigned supreme. The slate

on which the Psalms were announced was hung out from before the centre of the gallery, and the clerk, leaving his place under the reading desk, marched up there to give them out. He took this method of preserving his constitutional connexion with the singing, knowing that otherwise he could not have maintained the rightful position of his office in this matter. So matters had stood until shortly before the time of our story.

The present curate, however, backed by Miss Winter, had tried a reform. He was a quiet man, with a wife and several children, and small means. He had served in the diocese ever since he had been ordained, in a hum-drum sort of way, going where he was sent for, and performing his routine duties reasonably well, but without showing any great aptitude for his work. He had little interest, and had almost given up expecting promotion, which he certainly had done nothing particular to merit. But there was one point on which he was always ready to go out of his way, and take a little trouble. He was a good musician, and had formed choirs at all his former curacies.

Soon after his arrival, therefore, he, in concert with Miss Winter, had begun to train the children in church-music. A small organ, which had stood in a passage in the rectory for many years, had been repaired, and appeared first at the school room, and at length under the gallery of the church; and it was announced one week to the party in possession, that, on the next Sunday, the constituted authorities would take the church-music into their own hands. Then arose a strife, the end of which had nearly been to send the gallery off in a body, headed by the offended bass-viol, to the small red-brick little Bethel at the other end of the village. Fortunately the curate had too much good sense to drive matters to extremities, and so alienate the parish constable, and a large part of his flock, though he had not tact or energy enough to bring them round to his own views. So a compromise was come to; and the curate's choir were allowed to chant the Psalms and Canticles, which had always been read before, while the gallery remained triumphant masters of the regular Psalms.

My readers will now understand why Miss Winter's salutation to the musical Constable was not so cordial as it was to the other villagers whom they had come across previously.

Indeed, Miss Winter, though she acknowledged the Constable's salutation, did not seem inclined to encourage him to accompany them, and talk his mind out, although he was going the same way with them; and, instead of drawing him out, as was her wont in such cases, went on talking herself to her cousin.

The little man walked out in the road, evidently in trouble of mind. He did not like to drop behind or go ahead without some further remark from Miss Winter, and yet could not screw up his courage to the point of opening the conversation himself. So he ambled on alongside the footpath on which they were walking, showing his discomfort by a twist of his neck every few seconds (as though he were nodding at them with the side of his head) and perpetual shiftings of his bass viol, and hunching up of one shoulder.

The conversation of the young ladies under these circumstances was of course forced; and Miss Mary, though infinitely delighted at the meeting, soon began to pity their involuntary companion. She was full of the sensitive instinct which the best sort of women have to such a marvellous extent, and which tells them at once and infallibly if any one in their company has even a creased rose-leaf next their moral skin.

Before they had walked a hundred yards she was interceding for the rebellious Constable.

"Katie," she said softly, in French, "do speak to him. The poor man is frightfully uncomfortable."

"It serves him right," answered Miss Winter, in the same language; "you don't know how impertinent he was the other day to Mr. Walker. And he won't give way on the least point, and leads

the rest of the old singers, and makes them as stubborn as himself."

"But do look how he is winking and jerking his head at you. You really mustn't be so cruel to him, Katie. I shall have to begin talking to him if you don't."

Thus urged, Miss Winter opened the conversation by asking after his wife, and, when she had ascertained "that his missus wur pretty middlin," made some other common-place remark, and relapsed into silence. By the help of Mary, however, a sort of disjointed dialogue was kept up till they came to the gate which led up to the school, into which the children were trooping by twos and threes. Here the ladies turned in, and were going up the walk, towards the school door, when the Constable summoned up courage to speak on the matter which was troubling him, and, resting the bass viol carefully on his right foot, called out after them,

"Oh, please marm! Miss Winter!"

"Well," she said quietly, turning round, "what do you wish to say?"

"Wy, please marm, I hopes as you don't think I be any ways unked 'bout this here quire-singin as they calls it—I'm sartin you knows as there aint amost nothing I wouldn't do to please ee."

"Well, you know how to do it very easily," she said when he paused. "I don't ask you even to give up your music and try to work with us, though I think you might have done that. I only ask you to use some psalms and tunes which are fit to be used in a church."

"To be shure us ool. 'Taint we as wants no new-fangled tunes; them as we sings be aal owld ones as ha' been used in our church ever since I can mind. But you only choose thaay as you likes out o' the book, and we be ready to kep to thaay."

"I think Mr. Walker made a selection for you some weeks ago," said Miss Winter; "did not he?"

"'Ees, but 'tis narra mossel o' use for we to try his 'goriums and sich like. I hopes you wunt be offended wi' me, miss, for I be telling nought but truth." He spoke louder as they got nearer to the school door, and, as they were opening it, shouted his last shot after them, "'Tis na good to try thaay tunes o' his'n, miss. When us praises God, us likes to praise un joyful."

"There, you hear that, Mary," said Miss Winter. "You'll soon begin to see why I look grave. There never was such a hard parish to manage. Nobody will do what they ought. I never can get them to do anything. Perhaps we may manage to teach the children better, that's my only comfort."

"But, Katie dear, what *do* the poor things sing? Psalms, I hope."

"Oh yes, but they choose all the odd ones on purpose, I believe. Which class will you take?"

And so the young ladies settled to their teaching, and the children in her class all fell in love with Mary before church time.

The bass viol proceeded to the church and did the usual rehearsals, and gossipped with the sexton, to whom he confided the fact that the young missus was terrible vexed. The bells soon began to ring, and Widow Winburn's heart was glad as she listened to the full peal, and thought to herself that it was her Harry who was making so much noise in the world, and speaking to all the neighbourhood. Then the peal ceased as church-time drew near, and the single bell began, and the congregation came flocking in from all sides. The farmers, letting their wives and children enter, gathered round the chief porch and compared notes in a ponderous manner on crops and markets. The labourers collected near the door by which the gallery was reached. All the men of the parish seemed to like standing about before church, though poor Walker, the curate, did not appear. He came up with the school children and the young ladies, and in due course the bell stopped and the service began. There was a very good congregation still at Englebourn; the adult generation had been bred up in times when every decent person in the parish

went to church, and the custom was still strong, notwithstanding the rector's bad example. He scarcely ever came to church himself in the mornings, though his wheel-chair might be seen going up and down on the gravel before his house or on the lawn on warm days; and this was one of his daughter's greatest troubles.

The little choir of children sang admirably, led by the schoolmistress, and Miss Winter and the curate exchanged approving glances. They performed the liveliest chant in their collection, that the opposition might have no cause to complain of their want of joyfulness. And in turn Miss Wheeler was in hopes that out of deference to her the usual rule of selection in the gallery might have been modified. It was with no small annoyance, therefore, that, after the Litany was over and the tuning finished, she heard the clerk give out that they would praise God by singing part of the ninety-first Psalm. Mary, who was on the tiptoe of expectation as to what was coming, saw the curate give a slight shrug with his shoulders and lift of his eyebrows as he left the reading-desk, and in another minute it became a painful effort for her to keep from laughing as she slyly watched her cousin's face; while the gallery sang with vigour worthy of any cause or occasion—

> "On the old lion He shall go,
> The adder fell and long;
> On the young lion tread also,
> With dragons stout and strong."

The trebles took up the last line, and repeated—

> "With dragons stout and strong;"

and then the whole strength of the gallery chorused again,

> "With dra-*gons* stout and strong,"

and the bass viol seemed to her to prolong the notes and to gloat over them as he droned them out, looking triumphantly at the distant curate. Mary was thankful to kneel down to compose her face. The first trial was the severe one, and she got through the second psalm much better; and by the time Mr. Walker had plunged fairly into his sermon she was a model of propriety and sedateness again. But it was to be a Sunday of adventures. The sermon had scarcely begun when there was a stir down by the door at the west end, and people began to look round and whisper. Presently a man came softly up and said something to the clerk; the clerk jumped up and whispered to the curate, who paused for a moment with a puzzled look, and, instead of finishing his sentence, said in a loud voice, "Farmer Grove's house is on fire!"

The curate probably anticipated the effect of his words; in a minute he was the only person left in the church except the clerk and one or two very infirm old folk. He shut up and pocketed his sermon, and followed his flock.

It proved luckily to be only farmer Grove's chimney and not his house which was on fire. The farmhouse was only two fields from the village, and the congregation rushed across there, Harry Winburn and two or three of the most active young men and boys leading. As they entered the yard the flames were rushing out of the chimney, and any moment the thatch might take fire. Here was the real danger. A ladder had just been reared against the chimney, and, while a frightened farm-girl and a carter-boy held it at the bottom, a man was going up it carrying a bucket of water. It shook with his weight, and the top was slipping gradually along the face of the chimney, and in another moment would rest against nothing. Harry and his companions saw the danger at a glance, and shouted to the man to stand still till they could get to the ladder. They rushed towards him with the rush which men can only make under strong excitement; but the foremost of them caught a spoke with one hand, and, before he could steady it, the top slipped clear of the chimney, and

ladder, man, and bucket came heavily to the ground.

Then came a scene of bewildering confusion, as women and children trooped into the yard—"Who was it?" "Was he dead?" "The fire was catching the thatch." "The stables were on fire." "Who done it?"—all sorts of cries, and all sorts of acts except the right ones. Fortunately, two or three of the men, with heads on their shoulders, soon organized a line for handing buckets; the flue was stopped below, and Harry Winburn, standing nearly at the top of the ladder, which was now safely planted, was deluging the thatch round the chimney from the buckets handed up to him. In a few minutes he was able to pour water down the chimney itself, and soon afterwards the whole affair was at an end. The farmer's dinner was spoilt, but otherwise no damage had been done, except to the clothes of the foremost men; and the only accident was that first fall from the ladder.

The man had been carried out of the yard while the fire was still burning; so that it was hardly known who it was. Now, in answer to their inquiries, it proved to be old Simon, the rector's gardener and head man, who had seen the fire, and sent the news to the church, while he himself went to the spot, with such result as we have seen.

The surgeon had not yet seen him. Some declared he was dead; others, that he was sitting up at home, and quite well. Little by little the crowd dispersed to Sunday's dinners; and, when they met again before the afternoon's service, it was ascertained that Simon was certainly not dead, but all else was still nothing more than rumour. Public opinion was much divided, some holding that it would go hard with a man of his age and heft; but the common belief seemed to be that he was of that sort "as'd take a deal o' killin," and that he would be none the worse for such a fall as that.

The two young ladies had been much shocked at the accident, and had accompanied the hurdle on which old Simon was carried to his cottage door; after afternoon service they went round by the cottage to inquire. The two girls knocked at the door, which was opened by his wife, who dropped a curtsey and smoothed down her Sunday apron when she found who were her visitors.

She seemed at first a little unwilling to let them in; but Miss Winter pressed so kindly to see her husband, and Mary made such sympathising eyes at her, that the old woman gave in, and conducted her through the front room into that beyond, where the patient lay.

"I hope as you'll excuse it, miss, for I knows the place do smell terrible bad of baccer; only my old man he said as how—"

"Oh, never mind, we don't care at all about the smell. Poor Simon! I'm sure if it does him any good, or soothes the pain, I shall be glad to buy him some tobacco myself."

The old man was lying on the bed with his coat and boots off, and a worsted nightcap of his wife's knitting pulled on to his head. She had tried hard to get him to go to bed at once, and take some physic, and his present costume and position was the compromise. His back was turned to them as they entered, and he was evidently in pain, for he drew his breath heavily and with difficulty, and gave a sort of groan at every respiration. He did not seem to notice their entrance; so his wife touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Simon, here's the young ladies come to see how you be."

Simon turned himself round, and winced and groaned as he pulled off his nightcap in token of respect.

"We didn't like to go home without coming to see how you were, Simon. Has the doctor been?"

"Oh, yes, thank'ee, miss. He've a been and feel'd un all over, and listened at the chest on un," said his wife.

"And what did he say?"

"A zem'd to zay as there wur no bwones bruk—ugh, ugh," put in Simon, who spoke his native tongue with a buzz, imported from farther west, "but

a couldn't zay wether or no there warn't som infarnal injury—"

"Etarnal, Simon, etarnal!" interrupted his wife; "how canst use such words afore the young ladies?"

"I tell'ee, wife, as 'twur infarnal—ugh, ugh," retorted the gardener.

"Internal injury?" suggested Miss Winter. "I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Zummat inside o' me like, as wur got out o' place," explained Simon; "and I thenks a must be near about the mark, for I feels mortal bad here when I tries to move;" and he put his hand on his side. "Hows'm'ever, as there's no bwones bruk, I hopes to be about to-morrow mornin', please the Lord—ugh, ugh!"

"You mustn't think of it, Simon," said Miss Winter. "You must be quite quiet for a week, at least, till you get rid of this pain."

"So I tells un, Miss Winter," put in the wife. "You hear what the young missus says, Simon?"

"And wut's to happen Tiny?" said the contumacious Simon scornfully. "Her'll cast her calf, and me not by. Her's calving may be this minut. Tiny's time wur up, miss, two days back, and her's never no gurt while arter her time."

"She will do very well, I dare say," said Miss Winter. "One of the men can look after her."

The notion of any one else attending Tiny in her interesting situation seemed to excite Simon beyond bearing, for he raised himself on one elbow, and was about to make a demonstration with his other hand, when the pain seized him again, and he sank back groaning.

"There, you see, Simon, you can't move without pain. You must be quiet till you have seen the doctor again."

"There's the red spider out along the south wall, ugh, ugh," persisted Simon, without seeming to hear her; "and your new g'raniums a'most covered wi' blight. I wur a tacklin' one on 'em just afore you cum in."

Following the direction indicated by his nod, the girls became aware of a plant by his bed-side, which he had been fumigating, for his pipe was leaning against the flower-pot in which it stood.

"He wouldn't lie still nohow, miss," explained his wife, "till I went and fetched un in a pipe and one o' thaay plants from the greenhouse."

"It was very thoughtful of you, Simon," said Miss Winter; "you know how much I prize these new plants: but we will manage them; and you mustn't think of these things now. You have had a wonderful escape to-day for a man of your age. I hope we shall find that there is nothing much the matter with you after a few days, but you might have been killed, you know. You ought to be very thankful to God that you were not killed in that fall."

"So I be, miss, werry thankful to un—ugh, ugh;—and if it plaase the Lord to spare my life till to-morrow mornin',—ugh, ugh,—we'll smoke them cussed insects."

This last retort of the incorrigible Simon on her cousin's attempt, as the rector's daughter, to improve the occasion, was too much for Miss Mary, and she slipped out of the room lest she should bring disgrace on herself by an explosion of laughter. She was joined by her cousin in another minute, and the two walked together towards the rectory.

"I hope you were not faint, dear, with that close room, smelling of smoke?"

"Oh, dear no; to tell you the truth, I was only afraid of laughing at your quaint old patient. What a rugged old dear it is. I hope he isn't much hurt."

"I hope not, indeed; for he is the most honest, faithful old servant in the world, but so obstinate. He never will go to church on Sunday mornings; and, when I speak to him about it, he says papa doesn't go, which is very wrong and impertinent of him."

To be continued.

THE PAPAL EXCOMMUNICATION: A DIALOGUE.

A. I HAVE been talking with our friend G——, the Roman Catholic convert, about the Excommunication. It is all in vain. He will not see that the nineteenth century is different from the thirteenth.

B. In what respects do *you* think them different?

A. Looking at facts, not at theories—not determining which is worst or which is best—I should say that invisible terrors had a power for the one which they have not for the other.

B. On what facts would you rest that opinion?

A. They are obvious enough, I should suppose. That G—— should be unable to see them causes me little surprise. Facts were always coloured for him by the fancy which looked at them. Whatever might be his prevailing notions at the time determined,—not his judgment of the events which he read of, or which were passing before him,—but their very form and nature.

B. I am afraid G—— is not a very exceptional observer. The *siccum lumen* is a rare gift. Let us ask for it, but not be sure that we have attained it. What facts in the thirteenth century were you thinking of?

A. I know that, if I used any general phrase, such as "the mediæval period," or "the dark ages," you would take me to task; so I tried to be definite.

B. Let us be a little more definite still. You would not complain of me, would you, if I fixed on the first sixteen years of that century for a comparison with our own?

A. Certainly not. I should have fancied that *I* was unfair in selecting the palmiest days of the Papacy, the glorious era of Innocent III., for the support of my position.

B. I willingly accept it. And, to make the trial fair, let the scene be laid in Italy. What say you of the relations between Innocent and Venice as illustrated by the story of the fourth Crusade?

A. No doubt the great Republic, having fixed its eyes on its old Greek enemy, showed a strange indifference to the thunders of the Vatican, and preferred the spoils of Constantinople to those of Jerusalem. One must always make exceptions for commercial cupidity and ambition. There *is*, I confess, a link between the two ages. The same causes produce the same effects. England has inherited the Venetian scorn for the invisible.

B. The sea I should have thought was not exactly the school for learning that scorn. The mystery of invisible force, its victory and its terrors, is suggested to the sailor and the trader, almost as strikingly as to the landsman.

A. You are playing with the words "invisible force" and "invisible terrors." What have the winds and waves, what have men's triumphs over them, to do with Excommunication?

B. I might respond, What have cupidity and ambition to do with Excommunication? Those also are invisible forces. You may hold that they enable Nations to despise the vague and unreal. I think they cause Nations to tremble before the vague and unreal. On the other hand, whatever there is in the sailor or merchant which does not merely grasp at pelf and dominion; whatever shows him his subjection to eternal laws; whatever makes him conscious of human strength and weakness; whatever teaches him to recognise a fellowship which seas and difference of customs do not break; this lifts him above the mere show of invisible authority by giving him an apprehension of its reality.

A. The Merchant City, whatever may be the reason, was the one which could in that day defy the terrors of the Vatican, could compel the Latin Church to accept Constantinople as a boon from the very hands which she had pronounced accursed for touching it. What an opposite spectacle do King John and England present!

B. How, opposite? England in the thirteenth century trembled when graves were left unclosed, children unbaptized, couples unmarried. England in the nineteenth century could bear such spectacles no better. But if a majority of the Clergy yielded to the commands of him who issued the Interdict—if John with his weight of merited unpopularity shook with good reason before the decree which permitted any subject whose coffers he had robbed, or whose wife he had defiled, to strike him dead; was not Magna Charta won in defiance of the curse which was launched against those who touched the Pope's vassal? did not Stephen Langton teach the nobles to express their sacrilegious claims, and to word them so that serfs should afterwards be the better for them? Was there no mockery of Excommunication in the thirteenth century? Did the mockery only come from men enlightened by commerce? Did it not come from those who felt that they were called by God to assert their rights as members of a Nation? Did not the priests who had received their nomination from Innocent, bear their full part in it?

A. I do not know that G—— could be much better pleased with your reading of history than with mine. Goneril leaves poor Lear his fifty knights in the good old armour; Regan will not even allow him these.

B. I do not think the solemn lessons of the past must be expanded or contracted to suit the convenience of Protestant or Romanist commentators, to flatter the prejudices of the idolator of the Middle Ages or of the Victorian Age. We want these lessons for our warning and our encouragement. Woe to us if we twist them so that they shall be useless for either purpose! If I think you conceded too much to your ultramontane friend in admitting that an Excommunication was sure to be effectual six centuries ago, I think you were unjust to him in saying that it *must* be ineffectual now.

A. You do not mean that you think the present one will be effectual in Romagna, in Tuscany, in Piedmont?

B. I hope and trust not. But my trust and hope rest upon another ground than the notion that Italians or Englishmen of this day are made of different stuff from their forefathers. I want them both to believe that they are made of the same stuff. I can look for no good to one or the other if they lose that faith.

A. And you honestly hold that men living amidst the noise of spinning-jennies and the endless movement of printing-presses can be affected by invisible terrors as those were who lived when women were thrown into the water to see whether their floating would convict them of witchcraft?

B. I should have thought the printing-press had brought us much more within the scope and sense of invisible agencies than the ordeal ever could have brought our ancestors.

A. How?

B. The woman is visible; the water or hot iron is visible; the sentence of death is visible. From Printing House Square there issues a power which goes through the length and breadth of the land. No one can tell whence it proceeds or what it is. But it is felt in every limb of the English body politic; whether it is an energy for health or for destruction, it is surely invisible, indefinable, mysterious.

A. Again I must ask you, what has this to do with Excommunication?

B. Again I must answer you; it has everything to do with Excommunication. It is Excommunication which all people in all circles, little and great, dread. They fear the awful sentence which may go forth from their circle, or from the dictator of it, cutting them off from its privileges and its fellowship. The fear of public opinion, the fear of newspapers, is nothing else than the fear that from them should issue the decree of Excommunication. Your nineteenth century is not rid of this fear in the very least degree. No one of your English classes is free from it. Read any United States newspaper, and see whether you will escape from it by flying into that more ad-

vanced state of civilization. De Tocqueville explained nearly thirty years ago that that was the very region in which social Excommunication was most tremendous.

A. But the Papal Excommunication is different in kind from this Social Excommunication. One belongs to the present only; the other to the unknown future.

B. I do not admit a difference in *kind.* The Social Excommunication is altogether uncertain, indefinite. Those who utter it do not know exactly how much they intend by it. They admit degrees of exclusion, in some cases a possibility of restoration; in some utter, irremediable banishment. How much is involved in that depends upon the nature and permanence of the society itself.

A. And, therefore, the Papacy, assuming the Church to be a permanent society existing in both worlds—binding all ages, past, present, and future together—of necessity regards utter exclusion from its society as the loss of every blessing that men or nations can inherit. Such an exclusion past ages thought it possible for a man to pronounce; what I maintained in my conversation with G—— was that our age does not hold it to be possible. Do you demur to that proposition?

B. I remember reading a pamphlet by a more eminent convert than your friend G——, written whilst he was a clergyman in the English Church. In it he told those who were attacking him for his opinions, that he despised their threats. But he added—

"*Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis.*"

His minor gods were the twenty-four bishops of the English Church; Jupiter was the Archbishop of Canterbury. He learnt to think that the cardinals more properly represented the former; that there was a thunderer in the Vatican more terrible than the thunderer of Lambeth. In his heart of hearts he confessed another power higher than any of these; he feared them because he identified them with that power. Whenever Nations in the old time confessed the might of the Papal Excommunication, it was because they identified the power which went forth in it with that higher Power; whenever they resisted the Papal Excommunication it was because they could not identify one with the other. The *Jupiter* in the Vatican might be their enemy. But He who sat above the water-flood was not their enemy: would only show Himself their enemy, would only exclude them from his fellowship and from the fellowship of the good and true in all ages, if they shrunk from the duty which He called them to do; would uphold them against all visible and invisible foes if they stood forth like brave, earnest, faithful men, and utterly defied and set at nought those who bade them be cowardly and untrue. My hope and belief is that Tuscany, Parma, Romagna, Piedmont, have learnt and are learning more and more deeply this lesson. It is not that they disbelieve in the invisible Power which their fathers believed. They *have* been disbelieving in invisible Power; they *have* been worshipping visible Power. *Now* they are awakening to a sense of the invisible; *now* they are conscious that the invisible is fighting for them against the visible; *now* they are sure that the Jupiter whom they may trust as a friend, whom they must fear as an enemy, is a God of Righteousness; the Deliverer of man and nations out of the house of bondage; always the enemy of the oppressor. To grasp this faith is to feel themselves a nation. To grasp this faith is to become one with the Italians of other times. They dare not tremble at the Excommunication of a visible ruler, because they do tremble at the Excommunication which may proceed from another Judge, and which may cut them off from fellowship with those that groaned and bled for righteousness and freedom in their own and every land.

A. You believe that Italy, after all, has learnt something from intercourse with us Protestants and Englishmen.

B. From us? From the fine ladies and gentlemen who mock at their worship,

or indulge in *dilettante* admiration of it at Rome? From our diplomatists at Florence? From those who have bribed and corrupted them? No; they have had a better teacher. In Austrian, or Papal, or Neapolitan prisons He has been educating them. There He has been nerving them not to fear Papal Excommunication, but to be in great terror of His. Rather let *us* learn of those whom we might have helped, and have failed to help. Let them instruct us that there is an invisible Power which is more to be dreaded than the invisible power of the Press or of the Stock Exchange! Let them remind us what an Excommunication that is which says to Nations, "They have cut themselves off from "truth and righteousness! They have "sold themselves to Mammon! Let "them alone!"

THE FUSILIERS' DOG.

(LATELY RUN OVER, AFTER HAVING GONE THROUGH THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN.)

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE, BART.

Go lift him gently from the wheels,
And soothe his dying pain,
For love and care e'en yet he feels,
Though love and care be vain;
'Tis sad that, after all these years,
Our comrade and our friend,
The brave dog of the Fusiliers,
Should meet with such an end.

Up Alma's hill, among the vines,
We laughed to see him trot,
Then frisk along the silent lines,
To chase the rolling shot:
And, when the work waxed hard by day,
And hard and cold by night;
When that November morning lay
Upon us, like a blight,

And eyes were strained, and ears were bent,
Against the muttering north,
Till the grey mist took shape, and sent
Grey scores of Russians forth—
Beneath that slaughter wild and grim,
Nor man nor dog would run;
He stood by us, and we by him,
Till the great fight was done.

And right throughout the snow and frost
He faced both shot and shell;
Though unrelieved, he kept his post,
And did his duty well.

By death on death the time was stained,
By want, disease, despair;
Like autumn leaves our army waned,
But still the dog was there:

He cheered us through those hours of gloom;
We fed him in our dearth;
Through him the trench's living tomb
Rang loud with reckless mirth;
And thus, when peace returned once more,
After the city's fall,
That veteran home in pride we bore,
And loved him, one and all.

With ranks re-filled, our hearts were sick,
And to old memories clung;
The grim ravines we left glared thick
With death-stones of the young.
Hands which had patted him lay chill,
Voices which called were dumb,
And footsteps that he watched for still
Never again could come.

Never again; this world of woe
Still hurries on so fast;
They come not back, 'tis he must go
To join them in the past:
There, with brave names and deeds entwined,
Which Time may not forget,
Young Fusiliers unborn shall find
The legend of our pet.

Whilst o'er fresh years, and other life
  Yet in God's mystic urn,
The picture of the mighty strife
  Arises sad and stern—
Blood all in front, behind far shrines
  With women weeping low,
For whom each lost one's fame but shines,
  As shines the moon on snow—
Marked by the medal, his of right,
  And by his kind keen face,
Under that visionary light
  Poor Bob shall keep his place;
And never may our honoured Queen
  For love and service pay,
Less brave, less patient, or more mean
  Than his we mourn to-day!

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE—IS IT PEACE?

BY T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

Has Europe, at the point of civilization which it has reached, passed beyond the military stage of social progress, so that a disappearance of war is already before us in political prospect? This question raises, as will be seen, some collateral inquiries of practical and immediate moment; but, apart from the temporary interest and light which they may afford, the investigation is, at bottom, one of a philosophical character.

There is a matter of fact to be decided at the beginning. For an obvious, if not altogether conclusive, indication of the exorcism of the ancient combative spirit, and of the pacific structure and temper of modern civilization, would be a comparative infrequency in our own times of international quarrels and intestine conflicts and disquietude. A great predominance of peaceful interests and tendencies might naturally be expected to bear fruit and witness both in the foreign relations and in the internal condition of the states of Europe. And it is in fact asserted that there has been, beyond all controversy, a steady decline in the frequency of war in each successive century of modern history; a signal example of which is, as it is alleged, afforded by the repose of Europe, and of this country in particular,[1] during the interval between 1815 and the commencement of the Russian war in 1853. With a view to enable the reader to judge for himself of the accuracy of this statement, and to collect such indications of the future as are possible from the observation of proximate antecedents, the following table has been prepared, exhibiting the wars and quarrels in which Great Britain has been involved from 1815 to the present time, as well as the wars and principal insurrections and revolutions which have disturbed the peace of the Continent within the same period.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
1816.	
War with Algiers.	War between Spain and her revolted American colonies.
Commencement of the Pindaree War.	Army of occupation in France.
British troops continue to occupy France.	Revolutionary movements in several Continental States.
Ships equipped to assist the revolted colonies of Spain.	
1817.	
War in India.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
British troops continue to occupy France.	Invasion of Monte Video by Portugal.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	Insurrections in Spain.

[1] "That this barbarous pursuit is in the progress of society steadily declining, must be evident even to the most superficial reader of European history. If we compare one century with another we shall find that wars have been becoming less frequent; and now so clearly is the movement marked, that until the late commencement of hostilities (with Russia) we had remained at peace for nearly forty years; a circumstance unparalleled not only in the history of our own country, but also in the history of every other country which has been important enough to play a leading part in the history of the world. In the middle ages there was never a week without war. At the present moment war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence."—*Buckle's History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 173.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
	1817.
	Revolutionary movements in Germany and Sweden.
	Army of occupation in France.
	1818.
War in India.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
British troops continue in France.	
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain; Lord Cochrane takes command of the navy of the patriots.	War in Turkey with the Wahabies.
	Disturbances at Constantinople.
	Quarrel between Bavaria and Baden.
	1819.
War in India at the commencement of the year.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	Serious disturbances in Spain.
	Insurrections in Turkey.
	1820.
Lord Cochrane and a body of British seamen capture Valdivia, and make an expedition against Lima.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
	War between the Dutch and Sumatra.
	Revolutions in Spain and Portugal.
	Insurrections in Piedmont and Naples.
	Revolt of Moldavia and Wallachia.
	1821.
Conflicts in India.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
Policy of Great Britain adverse to the Holy Alliance.	
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	War between Turkey and Persia; also between Turkey and Greece.
	Revolutionary movements in Spain and Italy.
	Austrian military operations in Italy.
	1822.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	Turkey at war with Persia and Greece.
	Spain at war with her colonies.
Quarrel with China.	
	French army marches to the Pyrenees.
	1823.
Burmese War.	War between Spain and her colonies.
Imminent danger of war with France.	War between Turkey and Greece.
Lord Byron's expedition to Greece.	Invasion of Spain by a French army.
	Russia makes war in Circassia.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
	1824.
Burmese War.	War between Turkey and Greece.
Ashantee War.	
Lord Byron's expedition against Lepanto.	War between Spain and the South American Republics.
Recognition of the independence of the revolted colonies of Spain.	War between the Dutch and Celebes and Sumatra.
	1825.
Burmese War.	War between Turkey and Greece.
Ashantee War.	
Siege of Bhurtpore.	Dutch War with Java.
	Insurrections in Spain.
	1826.
Burmese War.	War between Turkey and Greece.
Ashantee War.	
War in India.	War between Russia and Persia.
Expedition of British fleet and troops to Portugal.	Spain prepares for war with Portugal; insurrections in both countries.
	1827.
Rupture with Turkey.	War between Russia and Turkey.
Operations of British army in Portugal.	War between Turkey and Greece (assisted by the Great Powers).
Dispute with Runjeet Singh.	
	Civil War in Spain.
	1828.
War with Turkey.	War between Russia and Turkey.
British army in Portugal.	Expedition of French troops to Greece.
	Civil War in Spain and Portugal.
	War between Naples and Tripoli.
	1829.
Dispute with China.	War between Russia and Turkey.
	Russian invasion of Circassia.
	Civil War in Portugal.
	1830.
Dispute with China.	War between Holland and Belgium.
	War in Poland.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French War in Algeria.
	Revolution in France.
	Civil War in Spain and Portugal.
	Insurrection in Albania.
	Convulsions in Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
1831.	
War in India.	War between Holland and Belgium.
Expedition to the Scheldt.	Hostilities between France and Portugal.
Dispute with China.	French expedition against Holland.
	War in Poland.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French War in Algeria.
	Revolt of Mehemet Ali.
	Civil War in Portugal.
	Insurrections in France, Germany, and Italy.
1832.	
War with Holland.	War between Holland and Belgium (assisted by Great Britain and France).
	War between Turkey and Egypt.
	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	Insurrections in Italy; Austrian troops occupy Bologna.
	Civil War in Portugal.
1833.	
Dispute with France.	War between Turkey and Egypt.
English protest against Treaty of Constantinople between Russia and Turkey.	Cracow occupied by Russia and Austria.
Dispute with the Caffres.	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	Civil War in Spain and Portugal.
	Insurrections in Germany and Italy.
1834.	
War in India.	French War in Algeria.
Hostilities with the Caffres.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Affray with the Chinese.	Civil War in Portugal.
Disturbances in Canada.	Occupation of Ancona by Austria.
Treaty for expulsion of Don Carlos and Don Miguel.	
1835.	
British troops arrive in Spain.	French War in Algeria
Dispute with China.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	Civil War in Spain.
	Insurrection in Albania.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
1836.	
Battle between British troops and the Carlists.	Civil War in Spain.
	French War in Algeria.
Rebellion in Canada.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
British merchants expelled from Canton.	Revolt of Cracow, crushed by Russia and Austria.
1837.	
War in Canada with rebels and American sympathisers.	Civil War in Spain.
	French War in Algeria.
British troops in Spain.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
1838.	
War in India.	War between France and Mexico.
War in Canada.	War of the French in Algeria.
British troops in Spain.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	Civil War in Spain.
1839.	
War with India.	War between France and Mexico.
War with China.	Revolt of Pacha of Egypt.
British troops in Spain.	Civil War in Spain.
	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
1840.	
Affghan War.	War between Turkey and Egypt.
War with Egypt.	Civil War in Spain.
War with China.	French War in Algeria.
Expedition of British fleet to Naples.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
British troops in Spain.	
Disputes with France and with the United States.	
1841.	
War in India.	Civil War in Spain.
War with China.	Civil War in part of the Turkish Empire.
Dispute with the United States.	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
1842.	
War in India.	Civil War in Spain.
Hostilities with the Boers at the Cape.	War between Turkey and Persia.
War with China.	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
1843.	
War in India.	Otaheite occupied by the French.
Annexation of Natal to the Cape.	Insurrections in the Turkish Empire.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French Wars in Algeria, and Senegal.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
1844.	
Insurrections in India.	War between France and Morocco.
Quarrel with the Sikhs.	Insurrection in Spain.
Arrest by the French of the English Consul at Tahite.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French Wars in Algeria, and Senegal.
1845.	
Sikh War.	Insurrections in Italy.
Attack on the pirates of Borneo.	French War in Algeria.
Labuan occupied by the British.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Dispute with the United States.	
1846.	
Sikh War.	Civil War in Portugal.
Engagement with New Zealanders.	Annexation of and insurrection in Cracow.
Expedition to the Tagus.	Agitation in Hungary.
Dissensions with France in consequence of the Spanish marriages and the affairs of Greece.	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Revolt of Boers at the Cape.	Revolt of Sleswig and Holstein (encouraged by Prussia) from Denmark.
	Revolution in Switzerland.
	Quarrel between Greece and Turkey.
1847.	
War with Caffres and Boers.	Civil War in Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland.
War with China.	
Insurrections in India.	Disturbances in Italy; Austria occupies Ferrara.
	Insurrection in Poland.
	French War in Algeria, and with Cochin China.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
1848.	
War in India.	War between Denmark and the Duchies (aided by Prussia).
Caffre War.	
English Ambassador commanded to leave Madrid.	War between Austria and Sardinia.
	War in Hungary.
	War in the Duchy of Posen.
	Revolutions in France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, and several German States.
	Insurrections in Spain and Italy.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French War in Algeria.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
1849.	
War in India.	French occupy Civita Vecchia, and besiege and storm Rome.
Disturbances in Canada.	War in Hungary.
Admiral Parker enters Besika Bay.	War in the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French War in Algeria.
1850.	
Blockade of the Piræus by the British fleet.	War in the Danish Duchies.
Caffre War.	Insurrection in Germany and Italy.
War in India.	
Destruction of Chinese junks.	Prussia on the brink of war with Austria concerning Hesse Cassel.
Dispute with France; French Ambassador recalled.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Angry despatch addressed to Great Britain by Russia.	French War in Algeria.
	French troops occupy Rome.
1851.	
Caffre War.	Insurrection in Portugal.
Insurrection of Hottentots.	*Coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon.
Expedition to Rangoon.	French War in Algeria.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French troops occupy Rome.
1852.	
Second Burmese War.	French War in Algeria.
Caffre War.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	French troops in Rome.
1853.	
Preparations for War with Russia.	War between Russia and Turkey.
Insult to British subjects at Madrid.	French War in Algeria.
	French troops in Rome.
1854.	
War with Russia.	Russia at War with Turkey, France, and Great Britain.
	Austrian army enters the Principalities.
	Insurrections in Italy and Spain.
	Rupture between Turkey and Greece.
	French War in Algeria.
	French troops in Rome.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	*Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*
1855.	
War with Russia.	Russia at War with Turkey, France, Sardinia, and Great Britain.
Insurrection of Santals in Bengal.	French War in Algeria.
Disturbances at the Cape.	French troops in Rome.
1856.	
Peace with Russia in March, against the wishes of the British nation.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
War with Persia.	Insurrections in Spain.
War with China.	Insurrectionary movements in Italy.
Rupture with Naples.	Rupture between Prussia and Neufchâtel.
Oude annexed.	French troops in Rome.
1857.	
War with China.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Indian Mutiny.	French troop in Rome.
War, in the early part of the year, with Persia.	
Insurrection at Sarāwak.	
1858.	
Serious differences with France.	Dispute between France and Portugal.
War with the Sepoys.	French fleet despatched to Lisbon.
War with China.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Bombardment of Jeddah.	French troops in Rome.
1859.	
Preparations by sea and land against invasion; organization of Volunteer Rifle Corps.	France and Sardinia at war with Austria.
Rebel army in Nepaul.	Revolts in Central Italy.
Hostilities with the Chinese.	France and Spain at war with Cochin China.
Island of San Juan occupied by American troops.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	War between Spain and Morocco.
	French bombard Tetuan.
	French troops in Rome.
1860.	
Expedition to China.	War between Spain and Morocco.
Distrust of the designs of France.	French expedition to China.
Defensive preparations continue.	French troops in Lombardy and Rome.
	Annexation of Savoy and Nice by France.
	Carlist rising in Spain.
	Insurrection in Sicily.

Comparing these statistics with antecedent periods of history, it does not appear that there is evidence of a gradual cessation of warfare and other serious violations of the peace of nations. The table does not exhibit one year from 1815 to the present date in which our own country has not been either engaged in actual hostilities in some part of the world, or in some quarrel or proceeding likely to end in war. Much less does it show a single year in which all Europe was at peace. Nor is the significance of recent wars to be estimated by reference solely to the amount of blood and treasure they have cost; for the struggles of Russia with Turkey, the campaigns of the French in Algeria, Senegal and Lombardy, the conflicts of Great Britain in India and with China, and the aggressions of Spain upon Morocco, are of moment rather as prophetical than as historical facts. Besides, it should be remembered that the period from 1815 to 1854, which has been so erroneously referred to as giving proof of the peacefulness of the modern spirit, began at the termination of the greatest war in the history of mankind; one which by its very severity necessitated a long forbearance from hostilities on a great scale, adding as it did, for example, more than £600,000,000 to the debt of Great Britain, and exhausting France of all her soldiers.

Contrasting one age with another, Great Britain seems never to have been so free from war in this century as in Sir Robert Walpole's time. From the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 until 1739, the peace was only broken by occasional hostilities with Spain of no considerable importance, and Walpole's administration is commonly regarded as crowned by almost unbroken peace. But the nineteenth bears in this respect a still less favourable comparison with the seventeenth century. From the accession of James I. until the civil wars, England may be said to have enjoyed continued peace, for such operations as the expedition to Rochelle scarcely deserve a place in the history of war. Going farther back to the hundred years between the battle of Bosworth and the commencement of the

struggle with Spain in Elizabeth's time, considering too the bloodless and theatrical character of Henry the Eighth's campaigns, and the unimportance of the military annals of the two next reigns, we hardly exaggerate in saying that England was free from war from the union of the Roses until the equipment of the Spanish Armada. Confining ourselves to English history, it would thus appear that the portion of the nineteenth century already elapsed has been less peaceful than the corresponding period of each of the two preceding ones. And, indeed, it may be doubted whether any prior hundred and twenty years since the Conquest produced so many battles as were fought between 1740 and 1860.

A writer, already referred to, remarks that, "in the middle ages, there was never a week without war." But if we are to reckon all the feuds of the barons and squires in comparing the frequency of mediæval with modern hostilities, we must weight the scale of the latter with all the bloody revolutions, rebellions, and insurrections of modern times, and with greater justice in consequence of the tendency of these elements of disorder, peculiar to our era, to produce international strife or war in a wider sphere.

It is not an impertinent fact that from 1273 until 1339 England remained throughout at peace with the Continent, if at least the years 1293 and 1297 be excepted; in the former of which there was a collision between the French and English fleets, although their respective countries were not otherwise at war; and in the latter, Edward I. conducted an expedition to Flanders, which ended without a battle. It is true that in this period there were intermittent hostilities with Wales and Scotland. In a military sense the Welsh wars of England hardly deserve more notice than those of the Heptarchy. But there is a point of view from which the conflicts with Wales and Scotland, and those of the Heptarchy, alike possess political importance, and have a bearing upon the question now under consideration, because of their analogy to a process which is still going on in Europe, and still giving rise to problems of which no peaceful solution has yet been found possible for the most part,—knots, as it were, which must be cut with the sword.

The efforts of the English sovereigns in the middle ages for the annexation of Wales, and the reduction of Scotland to the position of a dependency, were the necessary antecedents of a political unity of Great Britain, corresponding with its natural or geographical unity, and conducive both to the internal peace of the island, and to its security from foreign aggression. It was absolutely indispensable for the civilization of England that the Heptarchy should be consolidated, and it was equally so that Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, should become integral parts of a united kingdom. It is obvious that the causes and chances of war would be infinitely multiplied were these three countries still separate and independent States, and that their union with their more powerful neighbour was requisite for the tranquillity and improvement of all, while it was preceded by struggles which, so far from being peculiar to barbarian or the middle ages, find almost exact parallels in the latest annals of human progress. Nor is it unworthy of remark that Edward I., the ablest prince since the Conquest, applied himself with equal zeal and ambition to the reduction of Wales and Scotland, and to the establishment of law and order throughout England. In like manner the complex movement which in one word, fruitful of mistakes, we call civilization, while bearing over the globe the seeds of future peace, has entailed all the maritime, colonial, and commercial wars of modern Europe. The art of navigation discovered upon the ocean a new element for the practice of hostilities. It was certainly not in a barbarous age, or by barbarous weapons, that the Colonial Empire of Great Britain was established. And what but the commercial spirit of the nineteenth century has carried the cannon of Great Britain into China? Surely it was not

the genius of barbarism that urged the American colonists to win their independence with the sword, nor can that well be called an uncivilized impulse which has flushed so high the encroaching pride of the United States at the present hour.

We are thus driven to admit that we cannot with truth assert that a diminution of war is a characteristic of our epoch; nor that, if some ancient causes of quarrel have disappeared before the progress of civilization, it has imported no new germs of discord into the bosom of nations. Our survey of the past is far from warranting the prediction that all the ends which are for the ultimate benefit of mankind will be henceforward accomplished without bloodshed. Nor does it seem to entitle the warmest advocate of peace to stigmatize a martial spirit as barbarous in every form, and for whatever purpose it is animated. On the other hand, we may glean some reason for the general reflection, that it is often by war itself that future wars are made impossible or improbable, while peace is not unfrequently but the gathering time for hostile elements.[1] And the particular observation in reference to our own island lies upon the surface, that, since it has been by the improvements of civilization brought into closer contact with the Continent, the chances of collision with Continental States are multiplied, and military institutions and ideas seem to have arisen among us *pari passu* with increased proximity to our military neighbours. Again, the extension of our empire far beyond the confines of Europe, has given us enemies and wars in lands of which our mediæval ancestors never heard, and which uncivilized men would have never reached.

These inferences are, however, drawn confessedly from partial premises, since we have up to this point regarded only one of the many sides which the modern world presents to the eye of the statesman and political philosopher, and especially omitted one of the most conspicuous and important phases of European civilization. Industry and commerce have revolutionised occidental society, and established an economical alliance, as it were, between its members. One of the firmest bases of the feeling of nationality or fellow-citizenship may be traced at bottom, says an eminent traveller, to the "need and aid of each other in their daily life,[1]" felt by inhabitants of the same country. Each district, each house, each man has a demand for what another district, house, or man supplies; people are in habitual intercourse or contact of an amicable, or at least pacific character, and reciprocal obligations and conveniences make up the sum and business of existence. But this mutual interdependence now exists, as it is urged, between nation and nation, and all Christendom feels itself to be literally one commonwealth. And, besides the powerful interests altogether opposed to war, which have arisen in every state, men's minds are habitually swayed by commonplace and unromantic ideas; and the presiding idea of modern communities, we are told, is the altogether unwarlike one of the acquisition of wealth.

Even France is said to afford a conspicuous example of this; and there are several reasons why that country may, with particular propriety, be referred to in connexion with our present topic of inquiry. At this moment the peace of Europe depends mainly upon French policy. France, moreover, boasts, and with reason, of being, as regards the continent of Europe, a representative and missionary country in institutions and ideas. What is of importance here, moreover—in France and over most of the Continent there are wanting some peculiar physical and historical conditions which contribute to make pacific

[1] "Ah, we are far from Waterloo! We are not now exhausted and ruined by twenty years of heroic war. We have taken advantage of the twenty years of peace which Providence has given us, to recruit our forces, and stimulate our patriotism. We have an army of 600,000 men; we can also fight at sea. We have built gigantic ships, cased with iron; we have gun-boats; in short, we have a powerful navy, which formerly we had not."—"La Coalition."—*Paris, April* 16, 1860.

[1] Notes on the Social and Political State of Denmark, by Mr. S. Laing.

interests and sentiments unquestionably predominant in Great Britain, the absence of which peculiarities would render any estimate of the prospects of Europe, that might be founded upon a mere extension of the elements of our own social condition, altogether fallacious. On the other hand there are facts, which have grown up with the present generation, "depriving former times of analogy with our own," and obliging us to dispute the logic which infers the character of future international relations from their past type.

Eight years before his arguments were sanctioned by a Treaty of Commerce, Mr. Cobden drew public attention to new features of the industrial economy of the world, surely calculated, in his opinion, to render a military policy uncongenial to the great mass of the French people, and a rupture with Great Britain particularly improbable. Those arguments are of course now entitled to additional weight, but they could hardly be more forcibly expressed by Mr. Cobden himself at the present moment than they were in a remarkable pamphlet which he published the year before the Russian War, from which we reproduce the following passage :—

"*I come to the really solid guarantee* "*which France has given for a desire to* "*preserve peace with England.* As a "manufacturing country France stands "second only to England in the amount "of her productions and the value of "her exports; but the most important "fact in its bearings on the question "before us is that she is more dependent "than England upon the importation of "the raw materials of her industry; "and it is obvious how much this must "place her at the mercy of a Power "having the command over her at sea. "*This dependence upon foreigners ex-* "*tends even to those right arms of peace,* "*as well as of war, coal and iron.* "The coal imported into France in "1792, the year before the war, amounted "to 80,000 tons only. In 1851, her "importation of coal and coke reached "the prodigious quantity of 2,841,900 "tons.

"In the article of iron we have "another illustration to the same effect. "In 1792 pig iron does not figure in "the French tariff. In 1851 the im- "portation of pig iron amounted to "33,700 tons. The point to which I "wish to draw attention is that so "large a quantity of this prime neces- "sary of life of every industry is im- "ported from abroad; and in propor- "tion as the quantity for which she is "thus dependent upon foreigners has "increased since 1792, in the same "ratio has France given a security to "keep the peace.

"Whilst governments are preparing "for war, all the tendencies of the age "are in the opposite direction; but "that which most loudly and con- "stantly thunders in the ears of em- "perors, kings, and parliaments, the "stern command, 'You shall not break "the peace,' is *the multitude which in* "*every country subsists upon the produce* "*of labour applied to materials brought* "*from abroad.* It is the gigantic growth "which this manufacturing system has "attained that deprives former times "of any analogy with our own, and is "fast depriving of all reality those "pedantic displays of diplomacy, and "those traditional demonstrations of "armed force, upon which peace or war "formerly depended."[1]

We have quoted Mr. Cobden's principal argument, that a war with a state possessing, as Great Britain does, a superior navy, would ruin the staple manufactures of France; but he has also contended that a great military expenditure would entail burdens intolerable to the French people. If it be replied to this latter argument that Government loans produce no immediate or sensible pressure, and are rather popular measures, good authority is not wanting for the rejoinder that this State mine has been so freely worked by French financiers that it must be pretty nearly exhausted—the public debt of France having grown from £134,184,176, in 1818, to £301,662,148

[1] "1793 and 1853." By Richard Cobden, M.P. Ridgway.

in 1858.[2] To this it is added, that, while the Government has become yearly more embarrassed, the nation has become richer, more comfortable, and less ready for military life and pay; and that the very investments which have been so largely made by all classes in the French funds have arrayed interests proportionately strong against any course of public action calculated to depreciate greatly the value of their securities. In short, we are told that the French Emperor is too poor, and that the French people are too rich, for war.

These are considerations which deserve much attention; but they are, it seems to us, insufficient to prove that France has passed out of the military into the industrial stage of national development, or that its economical condition is such as to render war very distasteful to the French nation, *as* a nation; especially as one which endures in time of peace, with the utmost cheerfulness, one of the heaviest inflictions of a great and protracted war. For if we reflect upon the amount of wealth and industrial power withdrawn from production to sustain an army of 600,000 soldiers, besides an enormous fleet, we cannot but admit that this wonderful people bears, not only with constancy, but with pride, one of the chief economical evils of hostilities on a gigantic scale, and that this conspicuous feature of French society suffices to characterise it as warlike and wasteful, rather than as prudent and pacific. The immense increase of the national debt of France in the last forty years, if it shows that the fund of loanable capital has been largely trenched on, shows also the facility with which this financial engine has been worked hitherto; while the admitted augmentation of the general wealth of the people appears to contain an implicit answer to any conjecture that their capacity to lend has been nearly exhausted. Nor is it immaterial to observe, that the debt of France has been contracted mainly for military purposes,[2] that it has been considerably added to by the Emperor for actual war, and that his popularity appears to be now much greater than at his accession, in a large measure in consequence of the manner in which he has employed the loans he has raised. We have, indeed, only to recollect the amount of debt incurred by our own Government in the last war with France, and the opinion entertained by the highest authorities of its overwhelming magnitude when it was but a seventh of the sum it afterwards reached, to see the fallacy of prophecies of peace based upon the supposition of the impossibility of a country in the condition of France plunging into a great contest, and emerging from it without ruin. Moscow and Waterloo have been followed by Sebastopol and Solferino; and of disasters befalling his country from a foreign enemy the Frenchman is, we fear, inclined to repeat:—

"Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit:
"Luctere, multa proruet integrum
"Cum laude victorem, geretque
"Prœlia conjugibus loquenda."

Neither can we put unreserved confidence in the pledges of peace afforded by the trade and manufactures of France, on the value of which the following figures throw a light which has probably escaped Mr. Cobden's notice:—

EXPORTS FROM FRANCE.[1]
(Expressed in millions sterling and tenths.)

	Mill. sterl.
To England	11 2
„ United States	7 3
„ Belgium	5 0
„ Sardinia	2 7
„ Switzerland	2 0
„ Zollverein	1 9
„ Turkey	1 0
„ Russia	—
„ 46 other countries and places	12 5

IMPORTS INTO FRANCE.
(Expressed in millions sterling and tenths.)

	Mill. sterl.
From England	5 3
„ United States	7 7
„ Belgium	5 3
„ Sardinia	4 1
„ Switzerland	1 4
„ Zollverein	2 3
„ Turkey	1 7
„ Russia	1 8
„ 46 other countries and places	13 5

[1] Economist, November 26, 1859.
[2] Tooke's History of Prices, vi. pp. 7 and 13.

[1] Tooke's History of Prices, vi. 652-3.

It will be seen from this table that the French exports to England are larger than to any other country, and the imports from England second only to those from America. When this state of facts is taken in connexion with the common sentiments of the French towards the English, on the one hand, and towards those nations, on the other, with which their trade is comparatively insignificant—as, for example, the Russians, Spaniards, and Italians—we are led to suspect some great fallacy in a theory which presumes that national friendships and animosities, and international relations and differences, are adjusted mainly by reference to a sliding scale of exports and imports; and we are warned to seek for some other indications and guarantees of a lasting alliance.

Again, we may observe, that the European trade of France with Belgium ranks next in importance to that with England. Now, when it is suggested that France depends upon importation for those prime necessaries of both war and peace, iron and coal, and that this fact, above all others, affords security against French aggression, the reminiscence can hardly fail to excite some inauspicious recollections. Belgium is almost traversed from west to east by beds of coal, from which, in 1850, nearly six million tons were extracted; and in the same year the Belgian mines yielded 472,883 tons of iron. Give Belgium then to France, or rather let France take Belgium, and she does not want English coal and iron in time of war for her steam navy and ordnance. Is it towards commercial or warlike enterprise—towards the annexation of the adjoining land of coal and iron, or peace with all her neighbours—that the mind of the French is likely to be tempted by this consideration? Which policy would best consort with some of their longest treasured aspirations, and some of their latest anticipations? Last year a pamphlet, entitled "L'Avenir de l'Europe," passed through several editions in Paris. The future sketched for his country by the writer may be conjectured from the following passage:—"De même que nous déclarons la Hollande puissance germanique, de même aussi n'hésitons-nous pas à regarder la Belgique comme française. Elle vit par nous, et sans la pusillanimité du dernier roi des Français, l'assimilation serait complète depuis 1830." Perhaps this allusion to the year 1830 may derive illustration from the inspirations of a more celebrated politician. Among the works of Napoleon III. there is a fragment, entitled "Peace or War," which expresses a very decided opinion upon the policy which became the Sovereign of France in 1830, and by implication upon the policy which becomes its Sovereign in 1860, or "whenever moral force is in its favour." It is in these terms:—"All upright men, all firm and just minds agree, that after 1830 only two courses were open to France,—a proud and lofty one, the result of which might be war; or a humble one, but which would reward humility by granting to France all the advantages which peace engenders and brings forth. Our opinion has always been, that in spite of all its dangers, a grand and bold policy was the only one which became our country: and in 1830, when moral force was in our favour, France might easily have regained the rank which is hers by right."

It is not out of place, perhaps, to remark here that the hope of a meek and quiet, but remunerative, policy on the part of France—rather than one grand and bold but perilous—which Mr. Cobden had some reason to form in 1853 from the nature and extent of the maritime commerce of France, has since lost its foundation by a change in the maritime laws of war brought about by Napoleon III. To have crippled by hostilities with a superior naval power the sale of manufactures to the value of 50,000,000*l.* and interrupted the importation of more than 40,000,000*l.* worth of the materials of French industry, might well have seemed a risk too prodigious even for a sovereign with magnificent ideas to encounter. But—not to speak of the efforts made by that

Sovereign to place France without a superior on the seas—there is, since the Russian War and the Treaty of Paris, nothing which France imports from foreign shores which she could not continue to receive during a war with England in neutral vessels. Even a blockade of the whole French coast would only send the cargoes round by the Scheldt and the Gulf of Genoa; and to whatever extent it were really successful in obstructing neutral trade, it would tend, on peace principles themselves, to make America, Sardinia, Spain, Russia, and Turkey the enemies of the blockading power, in the ratio of the intercept of imports.

It is by no means intended by these observations to attenuate the truism that the material interests of France would counsel a pacific policy on the part of its Government, but only to show that they do not present an insuperable obstacle to a warlike one, even against ourselves, and therefore do not relieve us of the barbarous onus of defensive preparations, or afford us much security that no temptation to achieve distinction by the sword could be strong enough to divert our powerful neighbours from the loom and the spade.

In truth, it is no original discovery of our era that the commercial demands of France and England make them natural allies. It was seen with perfect clearness by that statesman who led them into a conflict during which, on each side of the Channel, infants grew to manhood, seldom hearing of an overture for peace, and personally unacquainted with any human world but one of perpetual war.

When laying before Parliament the Treaty of Commerce of 1786, Mr. Pitt expressed a confident hope that the time was now come when those two countries which had hitherto acted as if intended for the destruction of each other would "justify the order of the "universe, and show that they were "better calculated for friendly inter-"course and mutual benevolence."

That generous confidence was so soon and signally frustrated, not because of the blindness of both nations to the advantages of trade, but because men are sometimes disposed to exchange blows rather than benefits, and because they have passions, affections, and aspirations both higher and lower than the love of gold or goods. Still, in 1860, the fiery element of war burns ardently in France, because the desire of wealth is not the one ruling thought which moulds the currents of the national will. There, at least, the economical impulse is not paramount over every other, and the social world does not take all its laws from the industrial; of which in politics we find an example in the insignificance of the *bourgeoisie*, and, in common life, in the preference of the public taste for the ornamental rather than the useful.

There are thinkers who not only speculate upon the future of our own country from a purely English point of view, and take into account in their predictions of its destinies no forces save those visibly in action in ordinary times inside our island shores, but who measure the prospects of the whole human race according to principles which would be valid only if every people had an English history, climate, geographical position, and physical and moral constitution. Yet, in fact, some of the proximate dangers of war arise from the fact that England is the active centre of principles which, were all other countries similarly conditioned, would indeed be favourable to the maintenance of international amity, but which, being dominant in Britain almost alone, come sometimes into violent collision with the elements of national life that are combined elsewhere.

The mechanical and commercial conditions common to the modern civilized world have, in many respects, operated but little below the surface to modify diversities created by nature and descent, and betrayed even in the ordinary round of life. The likeness between the Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul of the nineteenth century lies on the outside; but in sympathies and ideas, in heart and soul, in the inner moral life, they differ funda-

mentally, and are beings representing two distinct phases of European civilization.

The seas kept the inhabitants of the British Islands for centuries aloof from most of those cruel wars which have left deep marks upon the institutions and temper of Continental Europe, and protected that energetic pursuit of material wealth and commercial pre-eminence to be expected from the first maritime position in the world, from customs at once free and aristocratic, and not least from a climate which demands the labour which it renders easy, while precluding foreign modes of existence and amusement.

Twenty Continental summers, following the passing of the Reform Bill, would work a total revolution in the social economy of Britain. They would leave us a gayer and pleasanter, but a vainer and an idler people. They would slacken our steps, and quicken our eyes and tongues; they would thin the city and crowd the parks, give a holiday air to English life, and improve manners and the art of conversation amazingly. We should lose the cold and sedate reserve, the calm concentration of the mind on serious business, and that earnest, patient, and practical character which our history, our Puritan ancestry, and our clouds, have formed for us. We should become less fond of domestic life, less engrossed with personal and family interests, living more in the open air, and abandoning ourselves much to subjects and feelings in which passers-by could share and sympathise. It would become more agreeable to spend than to get; accumulation would pause; people would love most to shine in society and at the *table d'hôte*, or to see splendid spectacles. In the end perhaps London might be so like Paris, we should have found so many of the ways of our lively neighbours worthy of our imitation, that we might enact a *loi de partition* and a conscription, elect an emperor, place an immense army under his command, talk about natural boundaries, and gladly wear red ribbons in our button-holes. Our susceptibilities and sense of honour would have grown more refined; the press and the courts of law might fail to arrange many of our differences in a becoming manner, and we might find it imperative to recur to the chivalrous arbitrament of the duel.

This may perhaps appear a grotesquely exaggerated picture; yet in America the force of climate and circumstance is seen to reproduce in a few generations the lineaments of the indigenous inhabitant in the face of the Saxon settler, and to excite an eager restlessness of temperament wholly foreign to the ancestral type. And we have sketched but a few of the influences which tend in France to enervate the industrial spirit, and to give an undue force and direction to other impulses and motives of action. It is not only that the Frenchman naturally seeks the ideal more and the material less than the sober Englishman, but that his country affords fewer avenues for advancement and enterprise in civil life, and scarcely one safe pacific theme of politics. Here the love of change and excitement, the public spirit of the citizen, and the romantic impulse of the man to transcend the narrow boundary of home, and to become an actor on a greater stage than the market and the mill, find vent and exercise, not only in the discussions of a free press, but in the possession of a world-wide empire, familiar to the imagination and yet full of the unknown—a consideration the more operative on the side of peace, that the magnitude of this empire is felt to be largely due to the conquests of industry, not of arms, and that, by universal consent, the nation may have equals in war, but has no rival in the renown and blessings of wealth. The Frenchman, on the other hand, has but a soldier's tent abroad; he has no sphere of cosmopolitan action save the campaign, nor anything beside his famous sword to assure him of a conspicuous figure in Europe and a place in history.

Nor let us suppose entirely spent the original forces of that triumphant Jacquerie, the Revolution of 1789,

which made a populace of serfs a people of freedmen, with the pride and spirit of citizens and the vanity and suspicions of *parvenus*. The despot said, "L'Etat, c'est moi;" the emancipated slave awoke to the intoxicating reflection, "L'Etat, c'est *moi*." Seldom, since, has an idea of the dignity and glory of the State been presented to the popular mind of France in any other shape than that of victory and military precedence.

Mr. Buckle has been led far astray when he maintains that every great step in national progress, and every considerable increase of mental activity, must be at the expense of the warlike spirit; nor could he have happened on a more unfortunate reference than to the "military predilections of Russia"[1] for an illustration of his theory that a dislike of war is peculiar to a people whose intellect has received an extraordinary impulse from the advancement and general diffusion of knowledge and civilization. "It is clear," he says, "that Russia is a "warlike country, not because the inha- "bitants are immoral, but because they "are unintellectual." But, in fact, what is clear is, that Russia is at present *not* a warlike country. Its situation, climate, history, and institutions, have contributed to make its inhabitants, in the opinion of the best authorities, "the "most pacific people on the face of the "earth."[2]

Never in Moscow or St. Petersburgh would you hear the cry of War for ever! —*Vive la guerre!*—uttered often unrebuked by the writer's side, as the army of Italy defiled through the streets of Paris on the 14th of August, 1859.[1] Never during the Crimean War would you have seen a Russian manufacturer join the army as a volunteer, confessing with pride, "Moi, je n'aime pas la paix."[2]

There is, in truth, a natural relationship between the economic impulse, or the desire of a higher and better condition, and those national sentiments to which, in France, an unfortunate course of circumstances has given a military direction. Patriotic pride and emulation are personal ambition purified and exalted by the alliance of some disinterested motives and affections. Nor can that feeling ordinarily fail to have an elevating influence on the character of a people which raises the aspirations of the multitude above selfish ends and material gain, and infuses some measure of enthusiasm and public spirit into the most vulgar minds. Hence political economists of the highest philosophic genius, such as Adam Smith and William Humboldt, have been far from reprobating a martial temper in a people as barbarous in every form and under all conditions. To France, unhappily, we might apply Lord Bacon's lamentation on the improper culture of the seeds of patriotic virtue: "But the misery is that the "most effectual means are applied to the "ends least to be desired." It is not only that the structure of the French polity is such that the ruling classes are those least fit to rule, and most liable to be swayed by passion and caprice, while there is no percolation through succes-

[1] Buckle's History of Civilisation, vol. i. p. 178.

[2] "Upon this point, I believe, no difference of opinion exists among all observers. Having lived for several years in a position which enabled me to mix much with the officers and men of the Russian army, such is my strong opinion of the Russian character. M. Haxthausen mentions, as a point admitting of no doubt, 'the absence of all warlike tendency among the Russian people, and their excessive fear of the profession of a soldier.' The Russian people have no pleasure in wearing arms; even in their quarrels among themselves, which are rare, they hardly ever fight, and the duel, which now often takes place among the Russian officers, is contrary to the national manners, and is *a custom imported from the West*."—*Russia on the Black Sea*, by H. D. Seymour, p. 97.

[1] This was among persons who were able to pay twenty francs a-piece for their seats.

[2] The writer met returning from Solferino a French manufacturer, who, deserting his business for the campaign, had attached himself to the army of Italy, in which he bore the rank of captain. He had served in like manner in the Crimea, at the siege of Rome, and in Algeria. This individual made the above declaration of his disrelish for peace; yet, upon the truce, he quietly resumed his business until another war, which he anticipated the following spring, should relieve him of the inglorious occupation.

sive grades, as in England, of the cooler views and habits of aristocratic and educated thought, but that a morbid intolerance of superiority has been left by the remembrance of the tyranny of the feudal nobility. As Mr. Mill has observed, "When a class, formerly "ascendant, has lost its ascendancy, the "prevailing sentiments frequently bear "the impress of an impatient dislike of "superiority."[1] Among the French democracy this hatred of superior eminence, being carried into every direction of the popular thought, continually recurs in the form of an envious and hostile attitude towards Great Britain. A nation prone to jealousy is placed by the side of another, at the head of all peaceful enterprise. Whatever envy of English fortune might thus arise, is aggravated by traditions of defeat and injury,—

> Ungentle wishes long subdued,
> Subdued and cherished long.

France has now no colonies save a few military stations. But a century ago it was otherwise, and her sons might have found themselves in their own country from Quebec to Pondicherry, and from the Strait of Dover to the Strait of Magellan. Why are they now bounded by the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons? How is it that Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, the Bahamas, Tobago, Grenada and Dominica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent, the Falkland[2] Isles, Malta, the Ionian Islands, the Mauritius, Rodrique and the Seychelles, and India from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, once held or claimed by France, are now undisputed fragments of the British Empire? It is a question which calls up the names of Chatham and his son, of Wolfe and Clive, of Nelson and Wellesley, and other memories retained with different emotions at each side of the Channel. And the answer might throw some light upon the source of the popularity at one side of the theory of natural boundaries, and the eagerness of our rivals to push their frontiers to the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Alps, and to live in a larger world of their own.[1]

Let us not be too severe in our censure of an ambition, which we must at the same time manfully resist. Suppose the conditions of the two empires to be suddenly reversed. Suppose England to be rankling under a successful invasion, and a long occupation by a foreign army. Suppose the British flag to have been swept from every sea, and almost every distant settlement and ancient dependency transferred to the domain of France. Suppose at the same time that we felt or imagined our ability to restore the balance and resume our former place upon the globe; and who shall say that, less sensitive and less combative as we are, we should not be eager to refer the issue to the trial of the stronger battalions once more? Or who shall say that the ideas of glory throughout the civilized world are not such at this hour that the defeat of England by sea and land would add immensely to the prestige of France, to the personal status of all her citizens in the *maxima civitas* of nations, and make the meanest of them feel himself conspicuous in the eyes of every people from America to China? When, after such reflections, we imagine the many roads to national distinction upon which the French might occupy the foremost place, but to which they give little heed; when we find among them such an intense appreciation, and such prodigious sacrifices for military fame; when the accumulation of capital among them, and the consequent growth of a pacific political power, is prevented by the fundamental conditions of their polity; when the agrarian division leaves a numerous youth of the military age disposable for war,[2] it would

[1] Essay on Liberty.

[2] The French were driven from the Falkland Isles in 1766 by the Spaniards, who in 1771 gave place to the British.

[1] Since the above passage was in the press a remarkable map has been published in Paris, entitled "L'Europe de 1760 à 1860," designed to excite attention to the territorial and colonial losses of France in the last hundred years, and the immense aggrandizement of Great Britain at her expense.

[2] See Mr. Laing's Observations on the State of Europe. Second Series. Pp. 104—8.

seem impossible to deny that the latent force of the warlike element in France is at all times prodigious; that so far as it *is* latent it occupies the place of the deep general attachment to peace which is felt in England; and that its actual ebullition in war depends partly upon the temper and life of a single individual, and partly on the occasions offered by the state of Europe, and the weakness of neighbouring powers. But these are the conditions of a military age and society. And thus it is that De Tocqueville has described his countrymen: "Apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour, and noise more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe; and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference."

It is this people which has elected an absolute monarch, and that monarch is Napoleon III. But it is a most obvious inference from this fact alone, that a community, which, however advanced in some of the arts of civilization, has not outgrown the superintendence of despotic government, nor learned to govern itself or to trust itself with liberty, has not arrived at that stage of progress in which the claims of industry and peace can be steadily and consistently paramount in the councils of the state. The traditions of old, and still more the exigencies and ambitions of new imperial dynasties, are incompatible with the conditions of the greatest economical prosperity. Neither are the independence and robustness of thought educated by free industrial life favourable to the permanence of an unlimited monarchy. Let us, indeed, ask if it be auspicious of the entry of Europe upon the industrial and pacific stage, and the millennium of merchants, that the trade of the world has hung since the truce of Villafranca upon the tokens of peace, few and far between, that have fallen from the lips of a military chief?

Yet that chief has deeply studied history, and gathered the lesson that monarchs must march at the head of the ideas of their age.[1] And there are indications that the vision of a holy alliance of the sovereigns of Europe for the maintenance of the peace and brotherhood of nations rose before his youthful mind as one of such ideas. In 1832, he mused as follows:[2]—

"We hear talk of eternal wars, of interminable struggles, and yet it would be an easy matter for the sovereigns of the world to consolidate an everlasting peace. Let them consult the mutual relations, the habits of the nations among themselves; let them grant the nationality, the institutions which they demand, and they will have arrived at the secret of a true political balance. Then will all nations be brothers, and they will embrace each other in the presence of tyranny dethroned, of a world refreshed and consolidated, and of a contented humanity."

But experience has not increased the confidence of the wise in princes or holy alliances. One has indeed but to glance at the conditions essential, in the mind of so subtle a politician as Napoleon III., to the peace of Europe, and their inevitable consequence, to rest assured that its present sovereigns could hardly grant them if they would, and would not concur to yield them if they could. For what are these conditions? The *nationality* and the *institutions* which the nations demand. And what is to be the consequence? *Tyranny dethroned.*

Such really are, if not the only requisites to "consolidate the world and content humanity," the indispensable supports of "a true political balance." And let the history of the last twelve years—let the war in Hungary in 1849, and the war in Italy in 1859—let the dungeons of Naples, the people of Venetia, the Romagna, Sicily, and Hungary in 1860 (should we not add Nice and

[1] Historical Fragments. Works of Napoleon III.

[2] Political Reveries. Works of Napoleon III.

Savoy?) say if the sovereigns of Europe are ready to concede without a struggle the nationality and the institutions for which the nations cry.

Let us not, however, ungratefully forget that the year 1860 opened with an assurance from the chief of the sovereigns of Europe, of his desire, "so far as depends on him, to re-establish peace and confidence." Yet this is but personal security for our confidence. Should Napoleon III., in truth, be anxious and resolute for peace, yet a few years, and the firmness of the hand which controls an impetuous and warlike democracy must relax, and afterwards the floods of national passion may come and beat against a house of peace built upon the sand of an Emperor's words. Gibbon has remarked upon the instability of the happiness of the Roman Empire in the era of the Antonines, because "depending on the character of a single man." The son and successor of Marcus Aurelius was the brutal tyrant Commodus. Besides, we cannot forget that he who "dreamed not of the Empire and of "war,"[1] in 1848, had, "at the end of four years," re-established the Empire; that the third year of that Empire was the beginning of strife with Russia, and that its last was a year of unfinished war with Austria. Moreover, under the second Empire, all France is assuming the appearance of a camp in the centre of Europe, and this phenomenon becomes more portentous if we take in connexion with it the Emperor's opinion respecting the precautions necessary to preserve the honour and assert the rightful claims of France. In 1843, he wrote: "At the present time it is not "sufficient for a nation to have a few "hundred cavaliers, or some thousand "mercenaries in order to uphold its rank "and support its independence; *it needs "millions of armed men. . . . The ter- "rible example of Waterloo has not "taught us. . . . The problem to be "resolved is this—to resist a coalition "France needs an immense army:* nay "more, it needs a reserve of trained "men in case of a reverse."

We must infer, either that in 1843 Louis Napoleon foresaw that France was destined to pursue a policy which would, to a moral certainty, bring her into conflict with the other powers; or that in his deliberate judgment no great European state is secure without millions of disciplined soldiers, against a coalition of other states for its destruction. If this be a true judgment, in what an age do we live! But, at least, the armaments of France prove that its sovereign has not hesitated to employ its utmost resources for the purpose of enabling it to "resist a coalition;" and a late despatch of Lord John Russell supplies the fitting comment. "M. Thouvenel conceives that Sardinia "might be a member of a confederacy "arrayed against France. Now, on this "Her Majesty's Government would ob- "serve, that there never can be a con- "federacy organized against France, "unless it be for common defence "against aggressions on the part of "France."[1] Another natural reflection presents itself, that if Napoleon III. can solve "the problem," and make France powerful enough to defy a confederacy, he has but to divide, in order to tyrannize over Europe. An apology which has been made for the great military, and more especially the great naval, preparations of France—that they indicate no new or Napoleonian idea, but are simply the realization of plans conceived under a former government—may be well founded. But then the question recurs—are these preparations necessary, or are they not? Does France really need "millions of armed men," or does she not? If she does, what conclusions must we form respecting the character of the age, and the theory of the extinction of the military element in modern Europe? Shall

[1] "Je ne suis pas un ambitieux qui rêve l'Empire et la guerre. Si j'étais nommé Président je mettrais mon honneur à laisser au but de quatre ans à mon successeur le pouvoir affermi, la liberté intacte." Proclamation of Louis Napoleon, December 10, 1848.

[1] Further Correspondence relative to the Affairs of Italy, Part IV. No. 2.

we say that it is an economical, industrious, and pacific age, or one of restlessness, danger, alarm and war? On the other hand, if there is nothing in surrounding Europe to justify the armaments of France, what must we think of the deliberate schemes of the French Government and the probabilities of peace? There is, too, another consideration—namely that, whatever be the reason and meaning of these facts, they *are* facts which must be accepted with their natural consequences. You cannot pile barrels of gunpowder round your neighbour's house without danger of a spark falling from your own chimney or his, or from the torch of some fool or incendiary. In the presence then of these phenomena, indicating what they do of the reciprocal relations and attitude of the most civilized states, can we say that the political aspect of the world and the condition of international morality would be unaptly described in the language applied to them two hundred years ago by Hobbes: "Every nation "has a right to do what it pleases to "other commonwealths. And withal "they live in the condition of perpetual "war, with their frontiers armed and "cannons planted against their neigh- "bours round about."?

There are, notwithstanding, sanguine politicians, who look upon these things as transitional and well-nigh past, who view the darkest prospects of the hour as the passing clouds of the morning of peace, and the immediate heralds of that day when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Of the advent of that period not one doubt is meant to be suggested here. But the measures of time which history and philosophy put into our hands are different from those which the statesman must employ. An age is but as a day to the eye to which the condition of the globe when it was first trodden by savage men is present. But those whose vision is confined to the fleeting moments so important to themselves, which cover their own lifetime and that of their children, will deem the reign of peace far distant if removed to a third generation.

What, then, is the interpretation of the signs of the times on which a practical people should fix its scrutiny? To this question, the question of the age —whether it means peace or war—it is believed that the preceding pages supply a partial answer, which we have not here room to make more full and definite; or it could be shown that the form and spirit of the age, the imperfection of the mechanism for the adjustment of international rights, the malorganization of continental polities, the impending repartition of Europe, and the aspect of remoter portions of the globe compose a political horizon charged with the elements of war.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1860.

THE SUFFRAGE,

CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE WORKING CLASS, AND TO THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

WHY were the people of England so earnest on behalf of the Reform Bill of 1831? Why are the people of England so indifferent about the Reform Bill of 1860? We have all asked ourselves these questions. I doubt whether party politicians will ever find the answers to them. I am sure that those who are not party politicians are quite as much interested in the answers to them as they can be.

So far as those whom we commonly describe as the Working Classes are concerned, an *à priori* speculator might have looked for exactly the opposite result to that which he witnesses. Those classes were not specially considered in Lord Grey's Bill; the classes with which they had least sympathy, the great producers and the shopkeepers, were specially considered in it. They had been taught, by most of the speakers and writers who had influence over them, to suspect the Whigs; the Whigs were the authors of the measure. Nevertheless, the cry for the bill, and the whole bill, went through the length and breadth of the land. It arose from the lowest courts and alleys; the wisest confessed it to be indeed a national cry; the bravest, with the Duke of Wellington at their head, bowed before it.

The Bill of 1860 does contemplate these working classes; appears designed especially for them. The popular agitator tells them that, if they gain so much, all else they want will follow. He speaks with an ability and an eloquence which few of his predecessors in the same line possessed. He addresses himself directly to the material interests of these classes. The aristocrats, he says, are taxing them cruelly; if they can procure a great numerical addition to the constituencies, much of the taxation will be unnecessary, much will be turned in another direction. What can move them if these arguments do not?

The facts say, There must be some arguments which move the hearts of men more than these. And *à priori* reasoning must bow to facts in a practical country like England.

It may sound very absurd, to say that calculations of profit and loss do not affect people who *are* poor, and *may* starve, as much as appeals to their conscience and their sympathy. Young gentlemen who know the world are struck at once with the folly of such an assertion. But I suspect that these young gentlemen fall into the fallacy of confounding the stomach with reasonings about the stomach, which address themselves not to it, but to the brain. The bakers' shops had a voice for the hungry crowds who poured out of St. Antoine, which might drown discourses about liberty and the rights of man. But discourses about liberty and the

rights of man were more effective upon those crowds, than arguments respecting the price of the luxuries or even the necessaries of life. In times of revolution, as well as in times of quiet, the same lesson is forced upon us. Working men—yes, even if they are also suffering men—demand that you should do homage to something in them which is not material, which is not selfish. When they claim to be adopted as part of the nation, not to be regarded as standing outside of it, phantoms of pecuniary advantage or pecuniary exemption may float before their eyes. *You* may possibly be able to persuade them that those phantoms are all that they are pursuing, can pursue, ought to pursue. But before you bring them to that conviction, you will have quite established another in their minds. You will have left them in no doubt that those are the objects *you* are following after; that *you* identify the privilege of belonging to a nation—of being a living and governing part of it—with the outward good things which it procures for you. And they will despise and hate you for that baseness; will despise and hate you the more because you give them credit for sharing in it.

Any one who recollects the kind of feeling which was at work in 1831 and 1832 will quickly apply this remark to that time. The indignation in the people, whether justified or not, was a moral indignation. It was an indignation against the upper classes as caring for their material interests more than for the well-being of the nation. The cry was, "The purse is supreme. We are "bought and sold. These peers who "call themselves noble, and talk about "a glorious ancestry, care only for their "acres. These clergy who tell us about "a Kingdom of Heaven, care only for "their livings on earth. We must have "all that set right. Three cheers for the "bill." I am not saying that there was not great unfairness in these cries. I am saying only that they had more weight with the body of the people, more influence in securing their votes for the proposed reform, than any reasonings about the effect of admitting by a 50*l.* franchise in the counties or a 10*l.* franchise in the towns. The scandal and the shame of confounding high, national, divine interests, with low, class, material interests, struck the conscience of men who could not understand nice questions about representation. And that conscience, far more than all the skill of those who framed the bill, or the ingenuity of those who defended it, or the eagerness of those who profited by it, overcame an opposition that was formidable not for the wealth and traditional influence only, but for the character, the wisdom, and the earnestness of those who took part in it.

I do not allude to the formal opposition in either House. I allude to those who were certain never to be members of Parliament; to some of the most mature thinkers of that day. A few of my readers will have heard themselves, all of us know by report, the eloquent discourses which Mr. Wordsworth was wont to pour forth against the Bill. Yet he was not ashamed of his early revolutionary fervour; his later Toryism was associated with profound reverence for the lower classes, with independence of aristocratical patronage. Mr. Hallam, born and bred amongst Whigs —living amongst them—expressed, at a time when the weight of his testimony as a constitutional historian would have been most valuable to his friends, what must have been a most serious, because a most reluctant, disapprobation of their measure. Can it be doubted that both these illustrious men, starting from such opposite points, with characters and education so dissimilar, agreed in their conclusion, because both equally dreaded a sacrifice of moral and intellectual to material interests, from the predominance of the class which the bill proposed to enfranchise? On the other hand, what endeared it to the younger men of the literary and professional class who reverenced the authority of these guides, and yet could not stoop to it, but the experience which they had, or thought they had, of

the terrible weight of those same material interests in the system which the bill disturbed? In many a house, where a grave and righteous father, or uncle, somewhere on the wrong side of sixty, met a son or nephew just fresh from college, with a mind which he had helped to form, and which reflected his own, did a dialogue take place, not much varying in substance from this:—

Senex. I wish you could tell me why you have fallen in love with this new constitution which Lord Grey is so good as to devise for us.

Juvenis. You remember Johnson, sir; he passed part of one long vacation with me at your house.

Senex. Of course, I remember him; a very clever, sparkling fellow. Absurdly liberal; but with no harm in him. I shall be glad to see him again. What has that to do with my question?

Juvenis. He comes in for the borough of Y—— on Lord P's interest.

Senex. On Lord P's interest! one of the most conspicuous names in Schedule A. Dead against the bill!

Juvenis. Just so. Johnson, knowing all the arguments for it, and heartily sympathising in them, can, of course, oppose it much more effectually than those who have only learnt by heart the common-places on the other side.

Senex. Humph! Some who think as I do might utter words of triumph about the easy virtue of Radicals. I do not. I am as sorry for your friend as you can be.

Juvenis. Well, sir! And must I not hate a system with perfect hatred which reduces a man—one with whom I have exchanged thoughts and hopes, one whom I care for, in all respects a better as well as a wiser man than I am—into a creature whom I am obliged to despise?

Senex. Be true to thyself, my boy, and then thou wilt not be false to any man, or to thy country, though thou mayst make thousands of mistakes.

Juvenis. You have taught me not to lie, sir; I owe therefore to you my hatred of this serpent which is tempting us all to lie. I do not understand, let me say it with all deference, your tolerance of feudalism. Of all persons I have ever known, you abhor money-worship most, and have kept your soul freest from it. How can you endure that which persuades the wise and the unwise that their tongues, their hearts, their manhood, are all articles for sale?

Senex. My respect for aristocracy is increased, not diminished, by the horror I have of these proceedings; by my certainty that they will bring a curse upon those who commit them, and upon the land. If an aristocracy forgets that it is a witness for intellect and manhood, and against the power of the purse, *I* am not to forget it. I am not to endue with power those who believe only in the purse, who think that all institutions which connect us with the past, which tell us that we are a nation of men, are hindrances to its triumphs, and therefore should be swept away. The new Reform Bill means that for me; therefore, I protest against it.

Juvenis. It seems to me, sir, that the incubus which is pressing upon us must be got rid of somehow, and that we must not shrink from any efforts, shun any allies, fear to face any consequences, if we can but throw it off.

I wish to illustrate by this dialogue the common feeling which was at work in the most earnest men who took opposite sides in this great controversy. I wish to show that that common feeling was a dread lest the nation should perish through the idolatry of material interests by one or other of its classes. This feeling was stronger than all questions of detail; strong enough to make those who accepted the bill endure many details in it which they disliked—those who rejected it fear many of its gifts which they might have been glad to receive. And this feeling, it seems to me, won the triumph. The aristocracy *had* committed the sin with which they were charged. The judgment for it could not be delayed. It came in a form which averted the doom of which many supposed it was the trumpet.

The wisdom of the aged could not prevail against the righteous decrees of

Heaven. It did make itself good against many of the dreams and hopes of the young men, in which heavenly and earthly elements were mixed. Their turn for murmuring against the ten-pound householders of the town was to come. The complaints were repeated—loudly repeated—by the working men, who had joined to procure for the middle class its new position. In the case, however, of the professional class, they produced what was called a "Conservative reaction;" in the other case they issued in a fiercer radicalism. The one talked of the old constitution, dreamt of times when men cared less for money than they do now, detected some truth in what they had been used to describe as platitudes respecting the wisdom of our ancestors; the other cried for manhood-suffrage and the points of the charter. They were apparently, therefore, moving farther and farther from each other; the first regretting that the aristocracy had conceded so much, the other saying that to them they had conceded nothing. Meantime a victory was won by that class of which both were jealous; a victory which curiously illustrates the subject I am considering. The Conservative party rose to power supported by the cry that the new class to which the Reform Bill had given so much influence would sacrifice all old institutions to mere immediate material interests if they were not withstood. The Conservative party bound itself to the preservation of an immediate material interest. No doubt many of its members looked upon the Corn Laws in a higher light than this; no doubt they regarded them as sacred ancient institutions. But the conscience of the country could not recognise them under this name. It pronounced them a selfish monopoly contrived for the good of a class; it passed sentence upon them. Sir Robert Peel, not in the character of a representative of middle-class feelings—however he may deserve on some grounds to be so described—but as a practical statesman, confessed a power which was too strong for him, and sacrificed to it his party and his reputation. Let this fact be remembered by the champions of that cause. Let them laugh as they like at a national conscience; but let them know that their arguments, their eloquence, their conspiracy would have been utterly ineffectual if they had not enlisted it on their side.

Then came the year 1848. The throne which had relied most upon the support of the middle class, the throne which had aimed most steadily and exclusively at the promotion of material interests, the throne which enlightened *doctrinaires* had supported mainly because they looked upon it as the one barrier against absolutism and democracy, fell down as if it had been a house of cards; and most of the thrones in Europe shook or fell as if they were built of cards also. What did this earthquake mean? There were those who interpreted it thus: "Hitherto," they said, "democracy has been invad-"ing only *institutions*—monarchies, aris-"tocracies, churches. Now it is ap-"proaching the heart of society. Now "it is threatening *property*. Now then "is the time for all who have property, "however little they may care for "any of these institutions, to arm them-"selves. Upper classes, middle classes, "rally in this name. With this watch-"word go forth against your enemies." There were others who looked at this revolution as having a different and somewhat deeper significance. Beneath the mad cry, *La Propriété c'est le vol!* they heard another and a divine voice saying, "No kingdom can stand which exalts "the things that a man has above the "man himself. Old dynasties have fallen "for this sin; this young dynasty has "fallen for it; democracies will fall for "it just as much."

The practical methods which these two readings of the same events have suggested are necessarily opposite. Let each be tried by its results. In France the necessity of enduring anything that the risks to property might be averted has led to the establishment of a tyranny which crushes thought, intelligence, manhood; do those who care only for

prosperity, and for peace as the great instrument of prosperity, feel that it makes them safe? In England how far has the mere fear of a third class served to hold the upper class and the middle class in union? The great middle-class orator is the person who is causing most alarm to the upper class and to many of his own. He throws himself upon the sympathies of the working-class; he tells them that the aristocracy is plotting their ruin; he points them to the institutions of America as emphatically the cheap institutions. If these are rather ideals to be admired than to be realized, at least by a great addition to the suffrage some of their principal advantages may be secured. Such statements fill our Conservative politicians with terror. They think something must be conceded to these dangerous working men. How much must be conceded, how much can be saved, they ask, sometimes with anxiety, sometimes with a sort of desperate indifference. They appeal to the letter of Lord Macaulay respecting Jefferson as evidence that the most accomplished and philosophical defender of the old Reform Bill dreaded any extension of it which should make property a less necessary element in a constituency; that he regarded the want of reverence for the sacredness of property as the great defect and danger of American institutions. They debate languidly and listlessly, with a sort of resignation to the inevitable—yet with anger at each other for having produced the inevitable—how many of what they regard as the old safeguards of the Constitution can still be defended; beyond what point in the scale of poverty it is possible to go, with only a moderate risk of confiscation.

Those who take the other view of this subject cannot help being struck with the fact, which I noticed at the commencement of this paper, that the working classes do *not* exhibit that passionate sympathy with Mr. Bright's appeals which might naturally be looked for; at all events, that they are quite open to appeals of directly the opposite kind; that they are *more* moved when they are told that the soil on which they dwell is a precious and sacred thing, which it is their duty and their privilege to defend. That they may become utterly indifferent to such words; that, if those who use them merely adopt them for their own selfish ends, they will lose all their weight, and that then the working people will only care to think of themselves as a class which has an interest at war with the other classes; is obvious enough. But it is not so yet. It is evident to those who look upon them with fair, not partial, eyes, that they wish to be recognised as members of the nation, not to stand aloof from it; to have a common interest with the other classes, not an interest which is opposed to theirs or destructive of theirs. They have the same temptations to be a self-seeking class as the aristocracy have, as the shopkeepers have, no greater temptation. But they must desire, in proportion as they are true to themselves, to maintain that the manhood which they share with others is greater than the property which they do not share with them; that this is a higher title to belong to the nation than that; that only so far as those who have property have also manhood, can they be honourable or useful citizens. Could Lord Macaulay think that America was in danger from holding a faith of this kind? Surely, if he did, he dissented from the great majority of those in England, or in the United States, who mourn over American transgressions, and dread American examples. When we talk of the omnipotent guinea, we surely do not mean that that thriving people hold the possession or the acquisition of gold in too low estimation. When we allude to their defences of the "sacred social institution," we surely do not mean to charge them with an over-reverence for the human being, for being too apt to consider the mere possession of a body and soul a qualification for citizenship.

It can hardly be expected that the mere politician should feel the force of this objection, or that any person should, who is content merely to call himself a member of the upper class or of the

trading class. One had hoped that such a man as Lord Macaulay, who had relations with each of these, but who belonged more strictly to the professional or the literary class, than to any of them, would have felt in that character, if not in the character of an old anti-slavery champion, the duty of not allowing such a triumph to Jefferson and his school as is implied in the admission that their constitution rests on manhood and ours on property. Many circumstances in his position may have made him less able to perceive the peril of this stigma upon England and compliment to America than many inferior men born for a later time. It seems to me of infinite importance that the professional men and literary men of our day should thoroughly understand themselves on this point, that so they may be able thoroughly to understand the working classes. They ought to feel that their very existence as members of professions—their work as men of letters—is inseparable from the belief that the accidents of position, the possession of outward wealth, is not that which makes the citizen. Just so far as they hold fast this faith, just so far will they be free from the sordid admiration of wealth—which is another name for the sordid envy of it—just so far will they be able to show the possessors of wealth what it is good for, because they do not crawl to it or worship it. They may teach the nobleman to reverence his position as a member of a family, as the inheritor of glorious memories and obligations. They may teach the member of the trading class to feel that on him devolve also high memories and great responsibilities; that he, as the maintainer of municipal rights and freedom, has not a less noble position than the greatest proprietor of the soil. But they can only do this while they maintain their own position as men who, not in virtue of any hereditary title, not in virtue of any mercantile dignity, deal with the laws of the body, of the mind, of the spirit, and with those by which society is governed and upheld from age to age.

If they take this ground, they must feel that their closest and most natural allies are in that class which stands like theirs upon the ground of manhood, which cannot stand upon the ground of possession. That we have all failed, grievously and disgracefully failed, in taking up this position and doing this work,—that we have more to answer for than all politicians for the ignorance of the working people respecting their political position and political duties, and for any errors into which they may fall through counsellors who will lead them to think unworthily of themselves by stirring them up to unworthy suspicions of their fellows,—we are bound always to confess. But this confession will not be an honest and practical one if we fancy that we can make the people aware of these duties by merely preaching about them and denouncing the neglect of them. The claim of the people to a share in the suffrage is an honest and healthy claim; a claim to have a part in the interests of the nation—in the toils and sufferings of the nation. They have not been too earnest in putting forward this claim; they have been too indifferent about it. We all know that *we* also have been careless and indifferent about it to a shameful degree. We can interpret their apathy by our own. We have not cared to use the rights which we have actually possessed, because we have not understood what was the worth of our individual votes. They will go for nothing, we have said; they will be utterly swamped; we shall not be represented after all; men will be returned whom we do not wish for; men who are put forth by clubs or parliamentary agents; men who can bribe; men who can lie. What can we do against these? Cannot we suppose that an honest worker feels a like despair? The despair may often take the form with him of tempting him utterly to part with his honesty; of leading him to think that it cannot be a sin for him to receive what it is counted no sin in a rich man to offer; that he shall do no more harm in entertaining one trafficker with his con-

science than another. Can we not also imagine that, when he sees all the degradation which men of property have inflicted on him, and on his class, he should cry out for getting rid of that influence altogether. "Let us have manhood suffrage," he exclaims; "no other will serve our turn."

I wish the professional men to tell him that no other *will* serve his turn or their turn either. To get *that*—to get all the manhood we can into our constituencies, and into our representatives—this must be our common object. And I am not playing with phrases in a double sense. I am not meaning one thing by the words while he means another. He means what I mean. He finds his present position an unmanly one, and he wishes to be put in the way of making it more manly. He wishes to feel that he has a distinct place in the commonwealth, and that no power of purse or of numbers deprives him of that place. *They* traffic with words in a double sense—*they* cheat him with fictions in place of realities—who would persuade him that a mere large numerical addition to the constituency, unaccompanied with other provisions, will give him more of a distinct position than he has already; will, in any degree whatever, emancipate him from the influences of property, or prevent that influence from being exerted in the most odious way—to the damaging of his dignity as a man. Let there be three 000's following a 1; you call that a thousand votes; let there be six 000,000's following a 1; you call that a million votes. But this is not manhood suffrage. Let 1 be a large proprietor, they are *his* votes. Let 1 be a priest, they are his votes. The agitator, perhaps, cries, "Oh, no! they will be mine." Yes, till the next agitator comes. But there will be no manhood in any one of these cases.

That our old constitution did aim, by such means as it had, at finding the manhood, the names by which the voters for our counties and towns were of old designated sufficiently proves. The one was a holder of land; true; but a *free* holder; one who had given pledges that he was able to emancipate that holding of his from territorial dominion. The other was emphatically a *free man;* one that had given pledges, by passing through an apprenticeship, and by entering into some local community, of which he was a *bonâ fide* member, that he had a capacity for obedience and for fellowship. The tests have become utterly obsolete; have the principles which are implied in the tests become obsolete also? I think not; I think the great question must still be, Who are the freeholders? who are the freemen? Let *them* choose our representatives; all others will be slavish themselves, and will be likely to choose those who will make them more slavish.

If professional men and literary men, instead of treating this subject as one with which they have no concern, or which only offers them an excuse for writing clever articles against the different political schools, would honestly apply their faculties to the consideration of these questions, I believe they would be led to a result which might be most beneficial to them, to the working classes, and to the whole country. I do not mean that they should make an effort to procure a distinct position for themselves in the constituency. That proposal was made two or three years ago, and was embodied in a memorial to Lord Palmerston, which received the signatures of some eminent men. They did not, I believe, hold any common deliberation; even friends who put down their names to the document, did not talk with one another about their reasons for doing it. It contained, therefore, a number of independent opinions; but there was not that comparison and weighing of evidence which ought to have preceded the suggestion of a course of action. As a witness against a constituency which should owe all its force either to its numbers or to its possessions, the memorial had a real importance. Few, I think, would have pledged themselves then, fewer still would pledge themselves now, to the details of the plan which it recommended. Perhaps it was better to

show that *some* plan had been thought of; its very deficiencies were sure to provoke criticism and inquiry. If the *earlier* criticisms rather strengthened the memorialists in their scheme—if they were not quite persuaded that literary and professional men do not want to be more interested in the business of the country, by being told that they were likely to talk of triremes when they should talk of gunboats—there have been later comments of immense value, comments neither scornful nor merely negative, but proceeding from earnest and most able thinkers, who believe that the demands of professional men for an increased number of independent and intelligent voters, and of working men for their own admission, in the fullest and largest sense, into the commonwealth, may be entirely met—and reconciled.

Mr. Mill's "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform"[1] have been for more than a year before the public. But no work of his can become out of date in one year or in twenty years; this one has, I believe, gained a vast additional worth by the experience of the twelve months since it was brought forth. He has now published a new edition of it, which contains a Supplement worthy of the pamphlet and worthy of the author. In it he expresses, with characteristic modesty and generosity, the enlargement, and in some particulars the change, which has been made in his views by reading the "Treatise on the Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal," by Thomas Hare, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.[2] The following remarks introduce Mr. Mill's notice of that work:—

"Though Mr. Hare has delivered an opinion—and generally, in our judgment, a wise one—on nearly all the questions at present in issue connected with representative government; the originality of his plan, as well as most of the effects to be expected from it, turn on the development which he has given to what is commonly called the Representation of Minorities. He has raised this principle to an importance and dignity which no previous thinker had ascribed to it. As conceived by him, it should be called the real, instead of nominal, representation of every individual elector.

"That minorities in the nation *ought* in principle, if it be possible, to be represented by corresponding minorities in the legislative assembly, is a necessary consequence from all premises on which any representation at all can be defended. In a deliberative assembly the minority must perforce give way, because the decision must be either ay or no; but it is not so in choosing those who are to form the deliberative body: *that* ought to be the express image of the wishes of the nation, whether divided or unanimous, in the designation of those by whose united counsels it will be ruled; and any section of opinion which is unanimous within itself, ought to be able, in due proportion to the rest, to contribute its elements towards the collective deliberation. At present, if three-fifths of the electors vote for one person and two-fifths for another, every individual of the two-fifths is, for the purposes of that election, as if he did not exist: his intelligence, his preference, have gone for nothing in the composition of the Parliament. Whatever was the object designed by the Constitution in giving him a vote, that object, at least on the present occasion, has not been fulfilled; and if he can be reconciled to his position, it must be by the consideration that some other time he may be one of a majority, and another set of persons instead of himself may be reduced to cyphers: just as, before a regular government had been established, a man might have consoled himself for being robbed, by the hope that another time he might be able to rob some one else. But this compensation, however gratifying, will be of no avail to him if he is everywhere overmatched, and the same may be said of the elector who is habitually outvoted.

"Of late years several modes have been suggested of giving an effective voice to a minority; by limiting each elector to fewer votes than the number of members to be elected, or allowing him to concentrate all his votes on the same candidate. These various schemes are praiseworthy so far as they go, but they attain the object very imperfectly. * * *

"Mr. Hare offers an outlet from this difficulty. The object being that the suffrages of those who are in a minority locally, should tell in proportion to their number on the composition of the Parliament; since this is *all* that is required, why should it be imperative that their votes should be received only for some one who is a *local* candidate? Why might they not give their suffrage to any one who is a candidate anywhere, their number of votes being added to those which he may obtain elsewhere? Suppose that a comparison between the number of members of the House and of registered electors in the kingdom, gives a quotient of 2,000 as the number of electors per member, on an average of the whole country (which, according to Mr. Hare's

[1] J. W. Parker, West Strand.

[2] Longman, Brown, Green, Longman and Roberts, 1859.

calculation, is not far from the fact, if the existing electoral body is supposed to be augmented by 200,000): why should not any candidate, who can obtain 2,000 suffrages in the whole kingdom, be returned to Parliament? By the supposition, 2,000 persons are sufficient to return a member, and there are 2,000 who unanimously desire to have him for their representative. Their claim to be represented surely does not depend on their all residing in the same place. Since one member can be given to every 2,000, the most just mode of arrangement and distribution must evidently be, to give the member to 2,000 electors who have voted for him, rather than to 2,000 some of whom have voted against him. We should then be assured that every member of the House has been wished for by 2,000 of the electoral body; while in the other case, even if all the electors have voted, he may possibly have been wished for by no more than a thousand and one.

"This arrangement provides for all the difficulties involved in representation of minorities. The smallest minority obtains an influence proportioned to its numbers; the largest obtains no more. The representation becomes, what under no other system it can be, really equal. Every member of Parliament is the representative of an unanimous constituency. No one is represented, or rather misrepresented, by a member whom he has voted against. Every elector in the kingdom is represented by the candidate he most prefers, if as many persons in the whole extent of the country are found to agree with him, as come up to the number entitled to a representative."—*Thoughts*, pp. 41—44.

I have made this long extract because my first knowledge of Mr. Hare's work was derived from Mr. Mill's supplement, and because nothing I can say of it can possibly induce my readers to study it, if such an account of it coming from such an authority does not. That it will reward those who give their minds to it, for other reasons than those which Mr. Mill has mentioned, I think I can promise. I have read no book for a long time which combines so much nobleness of thought, and so much general philosophy with a devotion to details, and the acuteness of a practised lawyer. It is delightful to find one who proposes so wide a representative reform sustaining himself by the weighty words of Burke, the enemy throughout his life of changes in the representation; and these words taken from the strongest of all his later writings, the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." It is scarcely less satisfactory to find the American statesman, Mr. Calhoun, adduced as the able protester against the tyranny of mere majorities. Mr. Hare is an excellent specimen of that zeal for the moral as superior to the material interests of the community, which I have demanded of professional and literary men. He has given a proof, not only to lawyers, but perhaps still more to clergymen, how possible it is to combine the most energetic desire for reform with the truest Conservatism. None need accept his solution of the puzzle; but he has proved that the most difficult problems need not be abandoned as desperate. Since we may reasonably conclude that the Reform Bill of 1860 is now practically dead, I do hope and trust that instead of merely singing requiems or songs of triumph over it, instead of making its failure an excuse for party recrimination or class jealousies, or for the indolent conclusion that what has not been done cannot be done, wise men will exert themselves to devise some measure which shall meet the necessities of this time, because it is in accordance with principles that belong to all times; which shall not satisfy the lust of political power in any class, because it will satisfy the honest craving for a national position in all.[1]

[1] To utter the phrase, "The Suffrage is not a privilege so much as an obligation" is easy; to awaken the sense of obligation in our own minds or in the minds of working men is the difficulty. Mr. Hare's scheme would remove one chief hindrance to the efforts of those who try to awaken it. It would give the suffrage another than a market value. Those pseudo-spiritualists, who say that no moral change can be effected by a mere change of machinery, should ask themselves whether the Reform Bill of 1832 effected no moral change by reducing the days of polling. Mr. Mill has replied to the charge against his proposals that they were complicated. The Bill in which they are embodied is simpler, he maintains, than that which it would repeal.

FOUR SONNETS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER.

SPRING.

Late in the month a rude East Wind came down,
A roaring wind, which for a time had sway ;
But other powers possess'd the night and day,
And soon he found he could not hold his own.
The merry ruddock whistled at his heart,
And strenuous blackbirds pierc'd his flanks with song ;
Pert sparrows wrangled o'er his every part,
And through him shot the larks on pinions strong ;
Anon, a sunbeam brake across the plain,
And the wild bee went forth on booming wing ;
Whereat he feeble wax'd, but rose again
With aimless rage, and idle blustering :
The south wind touch'd him with a drift of rain,
And down he sank—a captive to the Spring !

A THOUGHT FOR MARCH, 1860.

Yon blackbird's merry heart the rushing wind
Quells not, nor disconcerts his golden tongue,
That breaks my morning dream with well-known song.
Full many a breezy March I've left behind,
Whose gales, all spirited with notes and trills,
Blew over peaceful England ; and, ere long,
Another March will come these hills among,
To clash the lattices, and whirl the mills ;
But what shall be ere then ? Ambition's lust
Is broad awake, and, gazing from a throne
But newly-set, counts half the world his own ;—
All ancient covenants aside are thrust—
Old land-marks are like scratches in the dust—
His eagles wave their wings and they are gone !

SUNRISE.

As on my bed at morn I mus'd and pray'd,
I saw my lattice figur'd on the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlac'd with shade;
"Thanks be to heaven!" in happy mood I said;
"What sweeter aid my matins could befal
"Than this fair glory from the east hath made?
"What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
"To make us feel and see! We are not free
"To say we see not, for the glory comes
"Nightly and daily like the flowing sea;
"His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms,
"And, at prime hour, behold, He follows me
"With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

RESURRECTION.

Though Death met Love upon thy dying smile,
And stay'd him there for hours, yet the orbs of sight
So speedily resign'd their azure light,
That Christian hope fell earthward for a while,
Appall'd by dissolution. But on high
A record lives of thine identity;—
Thou shalt not lose one charm of lip or eye;
The hues and liquid lights shall wait for thee,
And the fair tissues, wheresoe'er they be!
Daughter of Heaven! our stricken hearts repose
On the dear thought that we once more shall see
Thy beauty—like Himself our Master rose:
Then shall that beauty its old rights maintain,
And thy sweet spirit own those eyes again.

Grasby Vicarage,
May 12th.

SHELLEY IN PALL MALL.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

A COPY of "Stockdale's Budget," containing the letters by Shelley now republished, was purchased by the British Museum in 1859, and came under my notice in the autumn of that year. Struck by the interesting nature of this correspondence, and especially by the discovery of an early work by Shelley, previously unknown to all his biographers, I lost no time in communicating the circumstance to his family, whose acquaintance it was already my privilege to possess. It was at first hoped that these letters might have appeared in the second edition of the "Shelley Memorials," but it was found that the printing of that work was already too far advanced to allow of their being inserted in their proper place. They were accordingly reserved for the third edition; but the prospect of this being required appearing as yet somewhat remote, it has been finally determined to publish them in a separate form. I have accordingly copied them from the obscure periodical in which they originally appeared, and added such explanations as seemed needful to render the connexion of the whole intelligible.

Much has been written about Shelley during the last three or four years, and the store of materials for his biography has been augmented by many particulars, some authentic and valuable, others trivial or mythical, or founded on mistakes or misrepresentations. It does not strictly fall within the scope of this paper to notice any of these, but some of the latter class are calculated to modify so injuriously what has hitherto been the prevalent estimate of Shelley's character, and, while entirely unfounded, are yet open to correction from the better knowledge of so few, that it would be inexcusable to omit an opportunity of comment which only chance has presented, and which may not speedily recur. It will be readily perceived that the allusion is to the statements respecting Shelley's separation from his first wife, published by Mr. T. L. Peacock in *Fraser's Magazine* for January last. According to these, the transaction was not preceded by long-continued unhappiness, neither was it an amicable agreement effected in virtue of a mutual understanding. The time cannot be distant when these assertions must be refuted by the publication of documents hitherto withheld, and Shelley's family have doubted whether it be worth while to anticipate it. Pending their decision, I may be allowed to state most explicitly that the evidence to which they would in such a case appeal, and to the nature of which I feel fully competent to speak, most decidedly contradicts the allegations of Mr. Peacock.

So extensive is the miscellaneous bibliographic and literary lore lying safely hidden away in unsuspected quarters, that a line of inquiry in *Notes and Queries* would almost certainly elicit some one able to tell us all about the ancient publishing-house of the Stockdales, father and son—to inform us when they commenced business, and where and what were the principal books they published, and in what years, and how these speculations respectively turned out—and so trace the Pall Mall chameleon through all its changes from original whiteness to the undeniable sable of the publication we are about to notice.

It is even possible that a moderate amount of laudable industry might have enabled us to do all this ourselves, and thus to present the grateful or ungrateful reader with a complete bibliopolic monography. Feeling, however, for our own parts, a very decided distaste to the minute investigation of unimportant matters, and interested in John Joseph Stockdale as far as, and no further than,

he was concerned in the affairs of Percy Bysshe Shelley, we have chosen to assume that the reader's feelings are the same, and that he will be content with knowing just as much about the publisher as is absolutely necessary to explain his connexion with the poet, and the circumstances under which he came to print the notes written to him by the latter. During, then, the last twenty years of the eighteenth and the first twenty of the nineteenth century, the Stockdales' publishing-house (located for part of the time in Pall Mall, and part, if we mistake not, in Piccadilly) was resorted to by novelists, poets, and more particularly dramatists. It was the chief, almost the sole orthodox and accredited medium for perpetuating the transient applause which the play-going public vouchsafes to the dramatist. It purveyed the patrons of circulating libraries with a mental diet as light as India-rubber, and no less wholesome and digestible; and facilitated the ambition of all young poets willing to be immortalised at their own costs and charges. As universally known, the author of the "Cenci" never had a chance of immortality on easier terms; the conditions on which "Paradise Lost" was disposed of were princely compared to any which any publisher ever thought of tendering to *him;* and as his first aspirations after literary renown began to stir within him in the younger Stockdale's palmy days, and lay altogether within the scope of the latter's publishing business, it might almost have been predicted that these two most dissimilar men would not pass away without some slight contact or mutual influence. In fact, Shelley's second novel bears the name of Stockdale as the publisher; and the singular discovery of a portion of the business correspondence that passed between the two respecting this publication now enables us not merely to write the history of the connexion, which might probably be acceptable to none but a thorough-going hero-worshipper, but perhaps to throw some light on the feelings which possessed, and the influences which contributed to mould one of the most original of human spirits, at the most momentous, if not the most eventful period of its earthly existence.

It has already been stated that this correspondence originally appeared in "Stockdale's Budget;" it now remains to be explained what Stockdale's Budget was. It was a periodical, issued in 1827; a sort of appendix to the more celebrated "Memoirs of Harriet Wilson," published by Stockdale some years previously, and well known to the amateurs of disreputable literature. The present writer has never seen this work, and for actual purposes it will be quite sufficient to state that it proved the source of infinite trouble to the unlucky publisher, not on account of its immorality, which seems to have been unquestionable, but from its attacks on private character. Owing to these, Stockdale became the object of a succession of legal proceedings, which speedily exhausted his purse, while his business vanished, and left not a wreck behind. Such a result could have surprised no man of ordinary understanding, but the united tongues of men and of angels would fail in conveying any adequate notion of the publisher's stolidity and obtuseness. He really considered himself an injured man, and the "Budget" was established as the means of impressing the same idea on others. Stockdale's method of ratiocination was certainly somewhat peculiar. Peers, he argued, do not always live happily with their wives. There is a baronet in custody in the midland counties, charged with assault; have they not just taken the Hon. Wellesley Pole's children from him? and what can be more shocking than that abduction case of the Wakefields? *Argal*, I, Stockdale, was quite justified in publishing those disagreeable particulars about Mr. ——, and the seizure of my furniture in consequence was an act of worse than Russian oppression.

In strict conformity with the principles of the Baconian philosophy, this conclusion was based on a wide induction, derived from all the instances of aristocratic frailty on which the publisher could possibly lay his hands,

accompanied by appropriate comments, and, when the supply failed to meet the demand, eked out by a compilation from the ordinary reports of the police courts. It cannot be said that there is anything positively immoral or libellous in the publication, but a duller or more uninviting accumulation of garbage it has never been our lot to see, and the only circumstance which could tempt any one to examine it, is the fact that Stockdale, searching among his MS. stores for letters from public characters, calculated to lend interest to his publication, stumbled on the notes, or rather some of them, addressed to him by Shelley during their brief business connexion. These he proceeded to publish, accompanied by a highly characteristic commentary, from which some particulars of real interest may be gleaned. The style of these letters sufficiently attests their genuineness; nor can we peruse Stockdale's acknowledged compositions without perceiving that the writer was in every sense incapable of a forgery, even if, in 1827, it had been worth any one's while to vilify the poet in a periodical.

Shelley's first introduction to Stockdale was verbal, and occurred under singularly characteristic circumstances. In the autumn of 1810 he presented himself at the publisher's place of business, and requested his aid in extricating him from a dilemma in which he had involved himself by commissioning a printer at Horsham to strike off fourteen hundred and eighty copies of a volume of poems, without having the wherewithal to discharge his account. He could hardly have expected Stockdale to do it for him, and the latter's silence is conclusive testimony that he contributed no pecuniary assistance, liberal as he doubtless was with good advice. By some means, however, the mute inglorious Aldus of Horsham was appeased, and the copies of the work transferred to Stockdale, who proceeded to advertise them, and take the other usual steps to promote their sale. An advertisement of "Original Poetry, by Victor and Cazire," will be found in the *Morning Chronicle* of September 18, 1810, and the assumed duality of authorship was not, like the particular names employed, fictitious. The poems were principally—Shelley thought entirely—the production of himself and a friend, and it becomes a matter of no small interest to ascertain who this friend was. It was not Mr. Hogg, whose acquaintance Shelley had not yet made, nor Captain Medwin, or the circumstance would have been long since made public.

A more likely coadjutor would be Harriet Grove, Shelley's cousin, and the object of his first attachment, who is said to have aided him in the composition of his first romance, "Zastrozzi." Indeed, "Cazire" seems to be intended for a female name; perhaps it was adopted from some novel. However this may be, the little book had evidently been ushered into the world under an unlucky star; few and evil were its days. It had hardly been published a week when Stockdale, inspecting it with more attention than he had previously had leisure to bestow, recognised one of the pieces as an old acquaintance in the pages of M. G. Lewis, author of "The Monk." It was but too clear that Shelley's colleague, doubtless under the compulsion of the poet's impetuous solicitations for more verses, had appropriated whatever came first to hand, with slight respect for pedantic considerations of *meum* and *tuum*. Stockdale lost no time in communicating his discovery to his employer, whose mortification may be imagined, and his directions for the instant suppression of the edition anticipated. By this time, however, nearly a hundred copies had been put into circulation, so that we will not altogether resign the hope of yet recovering this interesting volume, hitherto totally unknown to, or at least unnoticed by all Shelley's biographers. Only one of the letters relating to it remains;[1] with the exception of the childish note printed

[1] We have not scrupled to occasionally correct an obvious clerical error in these letters, generally the result of haste, sometimes of a misprint.

by Medwin, the earliest letter of Shelley that has been preserved :—

"FIELD PLACE, *September 6th*, 1810.

"SIR,—I have to return you my thankful acknowledgments for the receipt of the books, which arrived as soon as I had any reason to expect: the superfluity shall be balanced as soon as I pay for some books which I shall trouble you to bind for me.

"I enclose you the title-page of the Poems, which, as you see, you have mistaken on account of the illegibility of my handwriting. I have had the last proof impression from the printer this morning, and I suppose the execution of the work will not be long delayed. As soon as it possibly can, it shall reach you, and believe me, sir, grateful for the interest you take in it.

"I am, sir,
"Your obedient humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

Shelley soon forgot the mishaps of Victor and his Cazire, in fresh literary projects. He had already placed the MS. of "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian," in Stockdale's hands, and on September 28th he offered him the copyright of his schoolboy epic, written in conjunction with Captain Medwin, "The Wandering Jew" :—

"FIELD PLACE, *September 28th*, 1810.

"SIR,—I sent, before I had the pleasure of knowing you, the MS. of a poem to Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh; they declined publishing it, with the enclosed letter. I now offer it to you, and depend upon your honour as a gentleman for a fair price for the copyright. It will be sent to you from Edinburgh. The subject is, 'The Wandering Jew.' As to its containing atheistical principles, I assure you I was wholly unaware of the fact hinted at. Your good sense will point out to you the impossibility of inculcating pernicious doctrines in a poem which, as you will see, is so totally abstract from any circumstances which occur under the possible view of mankind.

"I am, sir,
"Your obliged and humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

The enclosure—a curiosity—is as follows :—

"EDINBURGH, *September 24th*, 1810.

"SIR,—The delay which occurred in our reply to you respecting the poem you have obligingly offered us for publication, has arisen from our literary friends and advisers (at least such as we have confidence in) being in the country at this season, as is usual, and the time they have bestowed in its perusal.

"We are extremely sorry, at length, after the most mature deliberation, to be under the necessity of declining the honour of being the publishers of the present poem;—not that we doubt its success, but that it is, perhaps, better suited to the character and liberal feelings of the English, than the bigoted spirit which yet pervades many cultivated minds in this country. Even Walter Scott is assailed on all hands at present by our Scotch spiritual and Evangelical magazines and instructors, for having promulgated atheistical doctrines in the 'Lady of the Lake.'

"We beg you will have the goodness to advise us how it should be returned, and we think its being consigned to the care of some person in London would be more likely to ensure its safety than addressing it to Horsham.

"We are, sir,
"Your most obedient humble servants,
"JOHN BALLANTYNE & Co."

Now, had Shelley told any of his friends that the "Lady of the Lake" had been assailed in Scotland on the ground of atheism, and professed to have derived his information from the Ballantynes, the circumstance would ere this have made its appearance in print as a proof of his irresistible tendency to "hallucinations," and his "inability to "relate anything exactly as it hap-"pened." Here, however, we see that he would not have spoken without au-

thority. It is, of course, quite possible that the Ballantynes may themselves have been mystified or mystificators—otherwise it would appear that it had, in that fortunate age, been vouchsafed to certain Scotch clergymen to attain the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity—

"Topmost stars of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane"—

or insane, whichever may be the correct reading. It is needless to add that the "Wandering Jew" is quite guiltless of atheism, or any "ism" but an occasional solecism. Whatever precautions may have been taken to ensure the safety of the MS., they failed to bring it into Stockdale's hands. He never received it, and it seems to have remained peaceably at Edinburgh till its discovery in 1831, when a portion of it appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and has since been reprinted in one of the many unauthorised editions of Shelley's works. According to Captain Medwin, indeed, Shelley left it at his lodgings in Edinburgh in 1811. But the Captain evidently knew nothing of the negotiation with the Ballantynes, which affords a much more plausible explanation of the discovery of the MS. in the Scotch metropolis. He adds, indeed, that the young authors were induced to lay aside all thoughts of publication by the adverse judgment of Campbell, who returned the MS. submitted for his inspection with the remark that there were only two good lines in the whole, naming a pair of exceedingly commonplace ones. Whatever the effect on his coadjutor, it is now clear that Shelley was not to be daunted by the condemnation even of a poet he admired, though, doubtless, he would have himself admitted in after life that the quest after tolerable lines in the "Wandering Jew" might scarcely be more hopeful than that undertaken of old after righteous men in the Cities of the Plain.

Poetry like Shelley's is not to be produced except under the immediate impulse of lively emotion, or without a long preliminary epoch of mental excitement and fermentation. The ordinary interchange of sunshine and shower suffices for the production of mustard, cress, and such-like useful vegetables; but Nature must have been disturbed to her centre ere there can be a Stromboli for Byron to moor his bark by for a long summer's night, and meditate a new canto of "Childe Harold." Shelley's mind was never in a more excited condition than during the autumn of 1810, and, at that time, like Donna Inez, "his favourite science was the metaphysical"—he reasoned of matters abstruse and difficult, "of fate, free-will, "foreknowledge absolute," of

"Names, deeds, grey legends, dire
events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings."

No other mental process could have equally developed the unparalleled glories of his verse. The enchanted readers of "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas" must admit that if Kant and Berkeley had not much poetry in themselves, they were at all events the cause of transcendent poetry in others. But for his own ease and comfort it would certainly have been better if he could have agreed with Goethe that

"Ein Mensch, der spekulirt,
Ist wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Haide
Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis'
herum geführt,
Und rings herum ist schöne, grüne
Weide."

On November 12th he wrote to Stockdale:—

"Oxford, *Sunday.*

"Sir,—I wish you to obtain for me a book which answers to the following description. It is a Hebrew essay, demonstrating that the Christian religion is false, and is mentioned in one of the numbers of the *Christian Observer*, last spring, by a clergyman, as an unanswerable, yet sophistical argument. If it is translated in Greek, Latin, or

any of the European languages, I would thank you to send it to me.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

We have searched the *Observer* in vain for the notice referred to. The letter, according to Stockdale, "satisfied "me that he was in a situation of im- "pending danger, from which the most "friendly and cautious prudence alone "could withdraw him." We shall see in due course what line of conduct the worthy bookseller considered answerable to this definition. Two days later Shelley wrote :—

"UNIVERSITY COLL. *Nov.* 14*th*, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—I return you the Romance [St. Irvyne] by this day's coach. I am much obligated[1] by the trouble you have taken to fit it for the press. I am myself by no means a good hand at correction, but I think I have obviated the principal objections which you allege.

"Ginotti, as you will see, did not die by Wolfstein's hand, but by the influence of that natural magic which, when the secret was imparted to the latter, destroyed him. Mountfort being a character of inferior interest, I did not think it necessary to state the catastrophe of him, as it could at best be but uninteresting. Eloise and Fitzeustace are married, and happy, I suppose, and Megalena dies by the same means as Wolfstein. I do not myself see any other explanation that is required. As to the method of publishing it, I think, as it is a thing which almost *mechanically* sells to circulating libraries, &c., I would wish it to be published on my own account.

"I am surprised that you have not received the 'Wandering Jew,' and in consequence write to Mr. Ballantyne to mention it; you will doubtlessly, therefore, receive it soon.—Should you still perceive in the romance any error of flagrant incoherency, &c. it must be altered, but I should conceive it will (being wholly so abrupt) not require it.

"I am
"Your sincere humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"Shall you make this in one or two volumes? Mr. Robinson, of Paternoster Row, published 'Zastrozzi.'"

Certainly the faults of "St. Irvyne" were of the kind best amended by *una litura*. Nevertheless, it is as much better than "Zastrozzi" as one very bad book can be better than another. "Zastrozzi" is an absolute chaos; in "St. Irvyne" there is at least the trace of an effort after organisation and inner harmony. Shelley's whole literary career was, viewed in one of its aspects, a constant struggle after the symmetry and command of material which denote the artist. The exquisiteness of his later productions shows that at last he had little to learn, and worthless as "St. Irvyne" is in itself, it becomes of high interest when regarded as the first feeble step of a mighty genius on the road to consummate excellence. Considered by themselves, "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne" will appear the sort of production which clever boys often indite, and from which it is impossible to arrive at any sound conclusion as to the future eminence or obscurity of the writer. Their incoherency is an attribute which should not, their prolific imagination one which often cannot, survive the period of extreme youth.

On November 20th, Shelley wrote thus :—

"UNI. COLL. *Monday.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I did not think it possible that the romance would make but one small volume. It will at all events be larger than 'Zastrozzi.' What I mean as 'Rosicrucian' is, the elixir of eternal life which Ginotti had obtained. Mr. Godwin's romance of 'St. Leon' turns upon that superstition. I enveloped it in mystery for the greater excitement of interest, and, on a re-examination, you will perceive that Mountfort did physically kill Ginotti,

[1] Not a vulgarism in Shelley's day, any more than "ruinated." Both may be found in good writers of the 18th century.

which will appear from the latter's paleness.

"Will you have the goodness to send me Mr. Godwin's 'Political Justice'?

"When do you suppose 'St. Irvyne' will be out? If you have not yet got the 'Wandering Jew' from Mr. B., I will send you a MS. copy which I possess.

"Yours sincerely,
"P. B. SHELLEY."

It appears from the next note that this copy was sent, but it miscarried :—

"OXFORD, *December 2d*, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you, if you have got two copies of the 'Wandering Jew,' send one of them to me, as I have thought of some corrections which I wish to make? Your opinion on it will likewise much oblige me.

"When do you suppose that Southey's 'Curse of Kehama' will come out? I am curious to see it, and when *does* 'St. Irvyne' come out?

"I shall be in London the middle of this month, when I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you.

"Yours sincerely,
"P. B. SHELLEY."

"F[IELD] P[LACE],
December 18th, 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I saw your advertisement of the Romance, and approve of it highly; it is likely to excite curiosity. I would thank you to send copies directed as follows :—

Miss Marshall, Horsham, Sussex.
T. Medwin, Esq., Horsham, Sussex.
T. J. Hogg, Esq., Rev. — Dayrell's, Lynnington Dayrell, Buckingham,

and six copies to myself. In case the 'Curse of Kehama'[1] has yet appeared, I would thank you for that likewise. I have in preparation a novel; it is principally constructed to convey metaphysical and political opinions by way of conversation. It shall be sent to you as soon as completed, but it shall receive more correction than I trouble myself to give to wild romance and poetry.

"Mr. Munday, of Oxford, will take some romances; I do not know whether he sends directly to you, or through the medium of another bookseller. I will enclose the printer's account for your inspection in another letter.

"Dear sir,
"Yours sincerely,
"P. B. SHELLEY.

Up to this date, then, Scythrop had only found three of the seven gold candlesticks. Mr. Hogg and Captain Medwin, as is well known, continued burning and shining lights; Miss Marshall, of whom we now hear for the first time, would appear to have been speedily extinguished. Speedy extinction, too, was the fate of the MS. novel, of which the above is the first and last mention.

Sir (then Mr.) Timothy Shelley, the poet's uncongenial father, now appears upon the scene. At the date of the next letter, he had already several times called at Stockdale's shop in the company of his son, and thus afforded the publisher an opportunity of contributing the result of his own observation to the universal testimony respecting the dispositions of the two, and the relation in which they stood to each other. Percy Shelley captivated all hearts; the roughest were subdued by his sweetness, the most reserved won by his affectionate candour. No man ever made more strange or unsympathetic friends, and they who may seem to have dealt most hardly with his memory since his death are chiefly the well-meaning people whose error it has been to mistake an accidental intimacy with a remarkable character for the power of appreciating it. Among these, Stockdale cannot be refused a place, for it would be unjust not to recognise, amid all his pomposity and blundering, traces of a sincere affection for the young author whose acquaintance was certainly anything but advantageous to him in a pecuniary point of view.

[1] It thus appears that "Kehama" cannot have been the poem with the MS. of which Southey is related to have read Shelley to sleep. To us, the whole anecdote seems to come in a very questionable shape.

An equal unanimity of sentiment prevails respecting Sir Timothy; he undoubtedly meant well, but had scarcely a single prominent trait of character which would not of itself have unfitted him to be the father of such a son. Stockdale had frequent opportunities of observing the uneasy terms on which the two stood towards each other, and unhesitatingly throws the entire blame upon the father, whom he represents as narrow-minded and wrong-headed, behaving with extreme niggardliness in money matters, and at the same time continually fretting Shelley by harsh and unnecessary interference with his most indifferent actions. According to the bookseller, he ineffectually tried his best at once to dispose Sir Timothy to a more judicious line of conduct, and to put him on his guard against his son's speculative rashness. The following note is probably in answer to some communication of this character.

"Field Place, 23*d December*, 1810.

"Sir,—I take the earliest opportunity of expressing to you my best thanks for the very liberal and handsome manner in which you imparted to me the sentiments you hold towards my son, and the open and friendly communication.

"I shall ever esteem it, and hold it in remembrance. I will take an opportunity of calling on you again, when the call at St. Stephen's Chapel enforces my attendance by a call of the House.

"My son begs to make his compliments to you.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your very obedient humble servant,
"T. Shelley."

On January 11th, 1811, Shelley wrote as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I would thank you to send a copy of 'St. Irvyne' to Miss Harriet Westbrook, 10, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square. In the course of a fortnight I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you. With respect to the printer's bill, I made him explain the distinctions of the costs, which I hope are intelligible.

"Do you find that the public are captivated by the title-page of 'St. Irvyne?'

"Your sincere
"P. B. Shelley."

This is interesting, in so far as it assists us in determining the date of Shelley's first acquaintance with Harriet Westbrook. Had he known her on December 18th, he would probably have included her among those to whom he on that day desired that copies of his novel should be sent. It may then be inferred with confidence, that he first became interested in her between December 18th, and January 11th, and as there appears no trace of his having visited town during that period, his knowledge of her, when he wrote the second of these letters, was most likely merely derived from the accounts of his sisters, her schoolfellows. This accords with the assertion, made in an interesting but unpublished document in the writer's possession, that he first saw her in January, 1811. Whenever this and similar MSS. are made public, it will for the first time be clearly understood how slight was the acquaintance of Shelley with Harriet, previous to their marriage; what advantage was taken of his chivalry of sentiment, and her compliant disposition, and the inexperience of both; and how little entitled or disposed she felt herself to complain of his behaviour.

This was the last friendly communication between Shelley and his publisher. Three days later we find him writing thus to his friend Hogg (Hogg's "Life of Shelley," vol. I. p. 171):—

"S— [Stockdale] has behaved infamously to me: he has abused the confidence I reposed in him in sending him my work; and he has made very free with your character, of which he knows nothing, with my father. I shall call on S— on my way [to Oxford], that he may explain."

The work alluded to was either the unlucky pamphlet which occasioned Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, or something of a very similar description. After

Mr. Hogg's account of it, it is sufficiently clear that this alarming performance was nothing else than a squib, prompted perhaps by the decided success of the burlesque verses the friends had published in the name of "My Aunt Margaret Nicholson;" at all events a natural corollary from Shelley's inconvenient habit of writing interminable letters to everybody about everything. Of course Stockdale declined to print it himself, and we can readily believe that he employed his best efforts to dissuade Shelley from having it printed by another. There the matter might have rested, but, unluckily, in spite of Shelley's anticipations, the public had *not* been captivated by the title-page or any other portion of "St. Irvyne," and the bookseller was beginning to feel uneasy about his bill. Shelley was a minor, dependent on a father persuaded that short allowances make good sons, and who, on the subject being delicately mooted to him, had less mildly than firmly declared his determination not to pay one single farthing. In this strait, Stockdale seems to have argued that he should best earn his claim by rendering the Shelleys an important service, which might be accomplished by preventing the appearance of Percy's adventurous pamphlet. At the same time, it was essential that his merits should be recognised by Sir Timothy, which could not well be, if he were scrupulous in respecting his son's confidence. Yet it was equally necessary to avoid creating an irreparable breach between the two, and therefore highly desirable to find some one to whose evil communications the deterioration of Shelley's patrician manners might be plausibly ascribed. Such a scape-goat providentially presented itself in the person of Mr. Jefferson Hogg, who, happening to be in town about the beginning of 1811, had several times called upon Stockdale on Shelley's business, and at his request.

The absurdity of the insinuation he nevertheless did not scruple to make seems not to have altogether escaped the publisher himself, and must be perfectly apparent to us who have had the advantage of perusing Mr. Hogg's straightforward and unaffected account of his University acquaintance with his illustrious friend. In fact, he was then doing for Shelley what the University ought to have done, and did not. "The use of the University of Oxford," remarked an Oxonian to Mr. Bagehot, "is that no "one can overread himself there. The "appetite for indiscriminate know-"ledge is repressed. A blight is "thrown over the ingenuous mind," &c. Mr. Hogg's companionship was doing the same thing for Shelley in a different way, not quelling his friend's thirst for interminable discussion by repulsion, but by satiety. The entire character of their intimacy is faithfully miniatured in the celebrated story of the dog that tore Shelley's skirts, whereupon the exasperated poet set off to his College for a pistol. "I accompanied "him," says Mr. Hogg, "but on the "way took occasion to engage him in "a metaphysical discussion on the nature "of anger, in the course of which he "condemned that passion with great "vehemence, and could hardly be "brought to allow that it could be justi-"fiable in any instance." It is needless to add that the dog went unpunished; and, had the Oxford authorities possessed the slightest insight into Shelley's peculiarities of disposition, and Mr. Hogg's merits as a safety-valve, they might have preserved an illustrious modern ornament of their University. Stockdale, as we have seen, was all anxiety to frame a bill of indictment; and, his wife chancing to have relations in the part of Buckinghamshire where Mr. Hogg had been residing, he availed himself of the circumstance to make inquiries. In those days Mr. Hogg's "Life of Shelley" was not, and the world had not learned on his own authority that not only "he would not "walk across Chancery Lane in the "narrowest part to redress all the "wrongs of Ireland, past, present, and "to come," but, which is even more to the purpose, that "he has always been "totally ignorant respecting all the "varieties of religious dissent." It was therefore easier for Mrs. Stockdale to

collect, with incredible celerity, full materials for such a representation of Shelley's honest but unspeculative friend as suited the views of her husband, who immediately transmitted the account to Sir Timothy. Sir Timothy naturally informed his son, who informed Mr. Hogg, who immediately visited the delinquent publisher with two most indignant letters, which that pachydermatous personage has very composedly reproduced in his journal exactly as they were written. Shelley does not appear to have fulfilled his intention of calling upon Stockdale in London; but, the latter's replies to Mr. Hogg proving eminently unsatisfactory, with his wonted chivalry of feeling he addressed him the following letter from Oxford :—

"Oxford, 28*th of January*, 1811.

"Sir,—On my arrival at Oxford, my friend Mr. Hogg communicated to me the letters which passed in consequence of your misrepresentations of his character, the abuse of that confidence which he invariably reposed in you. I now, sir, demand to know whether you mean the evasions in your first letter to Mr. Hogg, your insulting attempted coolness in your second, as a means of escaping safely from the opprobrium naturally attached to so ungentlemanly an abuse of confidence (to say nothing of misrepresentations) as that which my father communicated to me, or as a denial of the fact of having acted in this unprecedented, this scandalous manner. If the former be your intention, I will compassionate your cowardice, and my friend, pitying your weakness, will take no further notice of your contemptible attempts at calumny. If the latter is your intention, I feel it my duty to declare, as my veracity and that of my father is thereby called in question, that I will never be satisfied, despicable as I may consider the author of that affront, until my friend has an ample apology for the injury you have attempted to do him. I expect an immediate, and demand a satisfactory letter.

"Sir, I am,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"Percy B. Shelley."

On receiving this, Stockdale wrote Sir Timothy a letter, which the baronet, like Dr. Folliott, in "Crotchet Castle," appears to have considered "deficient in "the two great requisites of head and "tail :"—

"Field Place, 30*th of January*, 1811.

"Sir,—I am so surprised at the receipt of your letter of this morning, that I cannot comprehend the meaning of the language you use. I shall be in London next week, and will then call on you.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"T. Shelley."

Sir Timothy did call, and Stockdale "gave him such particulars as the "urgency of the case required. The "consequence was," he continues, with touching simplicity, "that all concerned became inimical to me."

Shelley's expulsion took place on the 25th of March. He immediately came to town, and on April 11th addressed this note to Stockdale :—

"15, Poland Street, Oxford Street.

"Sir,—Will you have the goodness to inform me of the number of copies which you have sold of 'St. Irvyne?' Circumstances may occur which will oblige me to wish for my accounts suddenly; perhaps you had better make them out.

"Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"P. B. Shelley."

Stockdale delayed to act upon this suggestion; and, when he at length sent in his account, Shelley had quitted London. The bill, however, overtook him in Radnorshire :—

"Sir,—Your letter has at length reached me; the remoteness of my present situation must apologize for my apparent neglect. I am sorry to say, in answer to your requisition, that the state of my finances renders immediate payment perfectly impossible. It is my intention, at the earliest period in my power to do so, to discharge your ac-

count. I am aware of the imprudence of publishing a book so ill-digested as 'St. Irvyne;' but are there no expectations on the profits of its sale? My studies have, since my writing it, been of a more serious nature. I am at present engaged in completing a series of moral and metaphysical essays—perhaps their copyright would be accepted in lieu of part of my debt?

"Sir, I have the honour to be,
"Your very humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"CWMELAN, RHAYADER, RADNORSHIRE,
August 1*st*, 1811."

The offer of "moral and metaphysical essays" from one in Shelley's circumstances could not well appear very inviting, and so the acquaintance of author and publisher ended in an unpaid bill. This account, which cannot have been a large one, soon escaped Shelley's memory, and, when better times arrived, Stockdale did nothing to remind him of it—an unaccountable oversight, unless we can suppose him ignorant of the circumstances of one whose writings and proceedings were provoking so much public comment. In spite of his disappointment, Stockdale, who really appears to have been captivated by Shelley, and to have been not more forcibly impressed by the energy of his intellect than by the loveliness of his character, emphatically expresses "My "fullest assurance of his honour and rectitude, and my conviction that he would "vegetate, rather than live, to effect the "discharge of every honest claim upon "him." In default of having given him the opportunity, he endeavours, with full success, to extract the largest possible amount of self-glorification from his subject. Had he but had his own way, "What degradation and self-abasement "might have been spared to the widowed "wife and fatherless orphans, who, perhaps, at last, *may be indebted to my brief "memoirs* for the only ray of respect and "hope which may illumine their recollections of a father when they have attained "an age for reflection, and shed a gleam "of ghastly light athwart the palpable "obscurity of his tomb." It must be acknowledged that Stockdale's eloquence, like Pandemonium, is rather sublime than luminous; it must ever remain uncertain whether the "ghastly light" is supposed to be derived from the respect, or the hope, or the wife, or the orphans, or the "brief memoirs," or any two or more of these, or all five at once; and what follows about the prayer of a hope of a possibility is even more unintelligible. But those were days in which men disparaged the character and genius of Shelley as a matter of course, without the remotest idea of the ridicule and contempt they were meriting at the hands of succeeding generations. Only six years previously, a writer in the *Literary Gazette* had expressed the disappointment he had felt, in common with all right-minded people, on learning that the author of "Queen Mab" possessed neither horns, tail, hoofs, or any other outward and visible sign of the diabolical nature.[1] The progress of public opinion respecting Shelley has imitated the famous variations of the *Moniteur* on occasion of Napoleon's escape from Elba. "The tiger has "broken loose, the monster has landed, "the traitor is at Grenoble, the enemy at "Lyons, Napoleon is at Fontainebleau, "the emperor is in Paris!" Stockdale flourished in the tigrine era, when it was perfectly natural that he should terminate his articles by an invocation of "the seven other spirits, more wicked than himself."

[1] This will be thought a parable or an extravaganza, and is, nevertheless, simple, serious, literal truth. There is a curious illustration of the slight recognition Shelley's writings had obtained so late as 1828, in Platen's exquisitely classical address to his friend Rumohr, whom he invites to visit him at his residence on an island in the Gulf of Spezzia, telling him that he will see, among other things, the spot

Wo der Freund
Jenes Dichters ertrank,

without the slightest allusion to Shelley's own achievements as a poet!

THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT: A RESCUE.[1]

CHAPTER I.

A WRECK OFF MARGATE.

THE night of Sunday, the twelfth of February, in the present year, was what sailors call a very dirty night. Heavy masses of clouds skirted the horizon as the sun set; and, as the night drew on, violent gusts of wind swept along, accompanied with snow squalls. It was a dangerous time for vessels in the Channel, and it proved fatal to one at least.

Before the light broke on Monday morning, the thirteenth, the Margate lugger, *Eclipse*, put out to sea to cruise around the sands and shoals in the neighbourhood of Margate, on the look out for any disasters that might have occurred during the night. The crew soon discovered that a vessel was ashore on the Margate Sands, and directly made for her. She proved to be the Spanish brig *Samaritano*, of one hundred and seventy tons, bound from Antwerp to Santander, and laden with a valuable and miscellaneous cargo. Her crew consisted of Modeste Crispo, captain, and eleven men. It seems that during a violent squall of snow and wind the vessel was driven on the sands at about half-past five in the morning; the crew attempted to put off in the ship's boats, but in vain; the oars were broken in the attempt, and the boats stove in.

The lugger, *Eclipse*, as she was running for the brig, spoke a Whitstable smack, and borrowed two of her men and her boat. They boarded the vessel as the tide went down, and hoped to be able to get her off at high water. For this purpose six Margate boatmen and two of the Whitstable men were left on board. But, with the rising tide, the gale came on again in all its fury, and they soon gave up all hopes of saving the vessel. They hoisted their boat on board, and all hands began to feel that it was no longer a question of saving the vessel, but of saving their own lives. The sea began to break furiously over the wreck, lifting her, and then bumping her with crushing force upon the sands. Her timbers did not long withstand this trial of their strength; a hole was soon knocked in her; she filled with water, and settled down upon the sand. The waves began now to break over the deck; the boat was speedily knocked to pieces and swept overboard; the hatches were forced up, and some of the cargo floated on deck, and was washed away. The brig began to roll fearfully as the waves one after another crashed over her; and the men, fearing that she would be forced on her broadside, cut the weather rigging of the mainmast, and it was speedily swept overboard. All hands now sought refuge in the forerigging. Nineteen lives had then no other hope between them and a terrible death than the few shrouds of that shaking mast. The wind swept by them with hurricane force; each wave that broke upon the vessel sprang up into columns of foam, and drenched them to the skin; the air was full of spray and sleet, which froze upon them as it fell. And thus they waited, hour after hour, and no help came, until one and all despaired of life.

In the meanwhile, news of the wreck had spread like wildfire through Margate. In spite of the gale and the blinding snow squalls, many struggled to the cliff, and with spyglasses tried to penetrate the flying scud, or to gain, through the breaks in the storm, glimpses of the wreck.

As soon as they saw the peril the crew of the brig were in, the smaller of the two Margate life-boats was manned, and made to the rescue. But all the efforts of her crew were in vain; the gale

[1] The following narrative is by one who had the best local opportunities of being accurate, and of receiving accounts of every detail of the rescue from the lips of the men who were engaged in it.

was furious, and the seas broke over and filled the boat. This her gallant crew heeded little at first, for they had every confidence in the powers of the boat to ride safely through any storm, her air-tight compartments preventing her from sinking; but to their dismay they found that she was losing her buoyancy and fast becoming unmanageable; she was filling with water, which came up to the men's waists. The air-boxes had evidently filled; and they remembered, too late, that the valves with which each box is provided, in order to let out any water that may leak in, had in the excitement of starting been left unscrewed. Their boat was then no longer a life-boat, and the struggle became one for their own safety. Although then within a quarter of a mile of the brig, there was no help for it; the boat was unmanageable, and the only chance of life left to the boatmen was to run her ashore as soon as possible on the nearest part of the coast. It was doubtful whether they would be able to do even this, and it was not until after four hours' battling with the sea and gale that they succeeded in getting ashore in Westgate Bay. There the coast-guard were ready to receive them, and did their best to revive the exhausted men. As soon as it was discovered that the first life-boat had become disabled, the big life-boat (*The Friend of all Nations*) was got ready. With much trouble it was dragged round to the other side of the pier, and there launched. Away she started, her brave crew doing their utmost to battle with the gale, and work their way out to the brig; but all their efforts were in vain. The tremendous wind and sea overpowered them; the tiller gave way; and, after a hard struggle, this life-boat was driven ashore about a mile from the town.

With both their life-boats wrecked, the Margate people gave up all hopes of saving the crew of the vessel. There seemed no hope for it; they must be content to let them perish within their sight. But this should not be the case until every possible effort had been made; and two luggers, *The Nelson* and *The Lively*, undaunted by the fate of the life-boats, put off to the rescue. The fate of one was soon settled; a fearful squall of wind caught her before she had got many hundred yards clear of the pier, and swept her foremast out of her; and her crew, in turn, had to make every possible effort to avoid being driven on the shore-rocks and wrecked. *The Lively* was more fortunate; she got to sea, but could not cross the sand, or get to the wreck. The Margate people began to despair; and, when the tidings passed among the crowd that the lieutenant of the Margate coast-guard had sent an express over to Ramsgate for the Ramsgate steamer and life-boat, it was thought impossible, on the one hand, that they could make their way round the North Foreland in the teeth of so tremendous a gale, or, on the other, that the ship could hold together, or the crew live, exposed as they were in the rigging, during the time it would of necessity take for the steamer and boat to get to them.

We now change the scene to Ramsgate.

CHAPTER II.

MAKING FOR THE WRECK.

From an early hour on the Monday morning, groups of boatmen had assembled on the pier at Ramsgate, occasionally joined by some of the most hardy of the townspeople, or by a stray visitor, attracted out by the wild scene that the storm presented. In the intervals between the snow squalls, they could faintly discern a vessel or two in the distance running before the gale; and they were all keenly on the look out for signals of distress, that they might put off to the rescue. But no such signal was given. Every now and then, as the wind boomed by, some landsman thought it the report of a gun from one or other of the three light-vessels which guard the dangerous Goodwin Sands; but the boatmen shook their

heads, and those who with spyglasses kept a look-out in the direction of the light-vessels confirmed them in their disbelief.

About nine o'clock, tidings came that a brig was ashore on the Woolpack Sands, off Margate. It was of course concluded that the two Margate life-boats would go to the rescue; and, although there was much anxiety and excitement as to the result of the attempt the Margate boatmen would make, no one had the least idea that the services of the Ramsgate boat would be required. Thus time passed on, until twelve o'clock, when most of the men went away to dinner, leaving a few only on watch. Shortly after twelve, the coast-guard man from Margate hastened breathless to the pier and to the harbour-master's office, saying, in answer to eager inquiries, as he hurried on, that the two Margate life-boats had been wrecked, and that the Ramsgate boat was wanted. The harbour-master immediately gave the order to man the life-boat. No sooner had the words passed his lips, than the sailors who had crowded around the door of the office in expectation of the order, rushed away to the boat. First come, first in; not a moment's hesitation, not a thought of farther clothing! The news soon spread; each boatman as he heard it made a hasty snatch at his south-wester cap and bag of waterproof overalls, and raced down to the boat; and for some time boatman after boatman was to be seen rushing down the pier, hoping to find a place still vacant for him. If the race had been to save their own lives, instead of to risk them, it could scarcely have been more hotly contested. Some of those who had won the race, and were in the boat, were ill-prepared with clothing for the hardships they would have to endure; for, if they had not their things at hand, they would not delay a moment to obtain them, fearing that the crew might be made up before they got there. These were supplied by the generosity of their friends, who had come down better prepared, although too late for the enterprise; the cork jackets were thrown into the boat, and put on by the men. The powerful steam-tug, *Aid*, belonging to the harbour, and which has her steam up night and day ready for any emergency that may arise, got her steam to full power, and, with her brave and skilful master, Daniel Reading, in command, took the boat in tow, and made her way out of the harbour. James Hogben, who, with Reading, has been in many a wild scene of danger, commanded the life-boat. It was nearly low water at the time, but the force of the gale was such that a good deal of spray was dashing over the pier, and the snow, which was falling in blinding squalls, had drifted and eddied in every protected nook and corner, making it hard work for the excited crowd who had assembled to see the life-boat start, to battle their way through the drifts and against the wind, snow and foam, to the head of the pier. There at last they assembled, and many a heart failed as they saw the steamer and boat clear the pier and encounter the first rush of the wind and sea outside. "She seemed to go out under water," said one old fellow; "I wouldn't have gone in her for the universe;" and those who did not know the heroism that such scenes called forth in the breasts of our watermen, could not help wondering somewhat at the eagerness that had been displayed to get a place in the boat—and this although they knew that the two Margate life-boats had been already wrecked in the attempt to get the short distance which separated Margate from the wreck, while they would have to battle their way through the gale for ten or twelve miles before they could get even in sight of the vessel. It says nothing against the daring or skill of the Margate boatmen, or the efficiency of their boats that they failed. In such a gale success was almost impossible without the aid of steam. With it they would probably have succeeded; without it the Ramsgate boat would certainly have failed.

As soon as the steamer and boat got

clear of the pier they felt the full force of the storm, and it seemed almost doubtful whether they could make any progress against it. Getting out of the force of the tide as it swept round the pier, they began to move ahead, and were soon ploughing their way through a perfect sea of foam. The steamer, with engines working full power, plunged along; every wave, as it broke over her bows, flying up, sent its spray mast high, and deluged the deck with a tide of water, which, as it swept aft, gave the men on board enough to do to hold on. The life-boat was towing astern, with fifty fathom of five-inch hawser—an enormously strong rope, about the thickness of a man's wrist. Her crew already experienced the dangers and discomforts they were ready to submit to without a murmur, perhaps for many hours, in their effort to save life. It would be hard to give a description to enable one to realize their position in the boat. The use of a life-boat is, that it will live where other boats would of necessity founder; they are made for, and generally only used on, occasions of extreme danger and peril, for terrible storms and wild seas. The water flows in the boat and over it, and it still floats. Some huge rolling wave will break over it and for a moment bury it, but it rises in its buoyancy, and shakes itself free; beaten down on its broadside by the waves and wind, it rises on its keel again, and defies them to do their worst. Such was the noble boat of which we are writing. The waves that broke over her drenched and deluged, and did everything but drown, her. The men, from the moment of their clearing the pier to that of their return, were up to their knees in water. They bent forward as much as they could, each with a firm hold upon the boat. The spray and waves beat and broke upon their backs; and, although it could not penetrate their waterproof clothing, it chilled them to the bone—for, as it fell, it froze. So bitter was the cold that their very mittens were frozen to their hands. After a tremendous struggle, the steamer seemed to be making head against the storm; they were well clear of the pier, settled to their work, and getting on gallantly. They passed through the cud channel, and had passed the black and white buoys, so well known to Ramsgate visitors, when a fearful sea came heading towards them. It met and broke over the steamer, buried her in foam, and swept along. The life-boat rose to it, and then, as she felt the strain on the rope, plunged into it stem on, and was for a moment nearly buried. The men were almost washed out of her; but at that moment the tow-rope gave way to the tremendous strain; the boat, lifted with a jerk, was flung round by the force of the wave, and for a moment seemed at the mercy of the sea which broke over her amidships. "Oars out!" was the cry as soon as the men had got their breath. They laboured and laboured to get the boat's head to the wind, but in vain; the force of the gale was too much for them, and, in spite of all their efforts, they drifted fast to the Broke Shoal, over which the sea was beating heavily; but the steamer, which throughout was handled most admirably, both as regards skill and bravery, was put round as swiftly as possible, and very cleverly brought within a yard or two to windward of the boat as she lay athwart the sea. They threw a hawling-line on board, to which was attached a bran-new hawser, and again took the boat in tow.

The tide was still flowing, and, as it rose, the wind came up in heavier and heavier gusts, bringing with it a blinding snow and sleet, which, with the foam, flew through the boat, still freezing as it fell, till the men looked, as one remarked at the time, like a body of ice. They could not look to windward for the drifting snow and heavy seas continually running over them; but not one heart failed, not one repented of winning the race to the life-boat. Off Broadstairs they suddenly felt the way of the boat stop. "The rope broken again," was the first thought of all; but, on looking round, as they were then enabled to do, the boat being no longer forced through the seas, they discovered

to their utter dismay that the steamer had stopped. They thought that her machinery had broken down, and at once despaired of saving the lives of the shipwrecked; but soon they discovered, to their joy, that the steamer had merely stopped to let out more cable, fearful lest it might break again, as they fought their way round the North Foreland. It was another hour's struggle before they reached the North Foreland. There the sea was running tremendously high. The gale was still increasing; the snow, and sleet, and spray rushed by with hurricane speed. Although it was only the early afternoon, the air was so darkened with the storm, that it seemed a dull twilight. The captain of the boat was steering; he peered out between his coat-collar and cap, but looked in vain for the steamer. He knew that she was all right, for the rope kept tight; but many times, although she was only one hundred yards ahead, he could see nothing of her. Still less able were the men on board the steamboat to see the life-boat. Often did they anxiously look astern and watch for a break in the drift and scud to see that she was all right; for, although they still felt the strain upon the rope, she might be towing along bottom up, or with every man washed out of her, for anything they could tell. Several times the fear that the life-boat was gone came over the master of the steamer. Still steamer and boat battled stoutly and successfully against the storm.

As soon as they were round the North Foreland, the snow squall cleared, and they sighted Margate, all anxiously looking for the wreck; but nothing of her was to be seen. They saw a lugger riding just clear of the pier, with foremast gone, and anchor down, to prevent her being driven ashore by the gale. They next sighted the Margate life-boat, abandoned and washed ashore, in Westgate Bay, looking a complete wreck, the waves breaking over her. A little beyond this, they caught sight of the second life-boat, also ashore; and then they learnt to realize to the full the gallant efforts that had been made to save the shipwrecked, and the destruction that had been wrought, as effort after effort had been overcome by the fury of the gale.

But where was the wreck? They could see nothing of her: had she been beaten to pieces, all lives lost, and were they too late? A heavy mass of cloud and snow-storm rolled on to windward of them, in the direction of the Margate sands, and they could not make out any signs of the wreck there. There was just a chance that it was the Woolpack Sand that she was on. They thought it the more likely, as the first intelligence which came of the wreck declared that such was the case; and accordingly they determined to make for the Woolpack Sand, which was about three miles farther on. They had scarcely decided upon this, when, most providentially, there was a break in the drift of snow to windward, and they suddenly caught sight of the wreck. But for this sudden clearance in the storm they would have proceeded on, and, before they could have found out their mistake and got back, every soul must have perished. The master of the steamboat made out the flag of distress flying in the rigging, the ensign union downwards; she was doubtless the vessel they were in search of. But still it was a question how they could get to her, as she was on the other side of the sand. To tow the boat round the sand would be a long job in the face of such a gale; and for the boat to make across the sand seemed almost impossible, so tremendous was the sea which was running over it. Nevertheless, there was no hesitation on the part of the life-boat crew. It seemed a forlorn hope, a rushing upon destruction, to attempt to sail through such a surf and sea; but to go round the sands would occasion a delay which they could not bear to think of. Without hesitation, then, they cast off the tow-rope, and were about setting sail, when they found that the tide was running so furiously that it would be necessary for them to be towed at least three miles to the eastward, before they would be suf-

ficiently far to windward to fetch the wreck. It was a hard struggle to get the tow-rope on board again, and a heavy disappointment to all to find that an hour or so more of their precious time must be consumed before they could get to the rescue of their perishing brother seamen; but there was no help for it; and away they went again in tow of the steamer. The snow squall came on, and they lost sight of the vessel; but all were anxiously on the look out; and now and then in a lift of the squall they could catch a glimpse of her. They could see that she was almost buried in the sea, which broke over her in great clouds of foam; and again many and weary were the doubts and speculations as to whether or no any one on board the wreck could still be alive.

For twenty minutes or so they battled against the wind and tide. The gale, which had been steadily increasing since the morning, came on heavier than ever; and the sea was running so furiously, that even the new rope with which the boat was being towed could not resist the increasing strain, and suddenly parted with a tremendous jerk. There was no thought of picking up the cable again. They could stand no farther delay, and one and all rejoiced to hear the captain give orders to set the sail.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUE AND THE RETURN.

Harder still the gale, and the rush of the sea, and the blinding snow—the storm was at its height. As they headed for the sands, a darkness as of night seemed to settle down upon them; they could scarcely see each other; but on through the raging sea they drove the gallant boat. As they approached the shallow water,—the high part of the sand, where the heaviest sea was breaking,—they could see spreading itself before them, standing out in the gloom, a barrier-wall of foam; for, as the waves broke on the sand, and clashed together in their recoil, they mounted up in columns of foam, which was caught by the wind, and carried away in white streaming clouds of spray, and the fearful roar of the beating waves could be heard above the gale. But straight for the breakers they made. No wavering, no hesitation; not a heart failed!

The boat, although under only her double-reefed foresail and mizen—as little sail as she could possibly carry—was driven on by the hurricane force of the wind. On through the outer range of breakers she plunged, and then came indeed a struggle for life. The waves no longer rolled on in foaming ranks, but leapt, and clashed, and battled together in a raging boil of sea. They broke over the boat; the surf poured in first on one side and then on the other; some waves rushed over the boat, threatening to sweep every man out of her. "Look out, my men! hold on! hold on!" was the cry when this happened; and each man threw himself down with his breast on the thwart, and, with both arms clasped round it, hugged it, and held to it against the tear and wrestle of the wave, while the rush of water poured over their backs and heads and buried them in its flood. Down for a moment boat and men all seemed to sink; but the splendid boat rose in her buoyancy and freed herself of the water which had for a moment buried her, and her crew breathed again. A cry of triumph arose from them—"All right! all right! now she goes through it; hold on, my boys!" A moment's lull; she glided on the crest of a huge wave, or only smaller ones tried their strength against her; then the monster fellows came heading on; again the warning cry was given, "Look out! hold on, hold on!" Thus, until they got clear of the sands, the fearful struggle was often repeated. But at last it ended, and they got into deep water, leaving the breakers behind them. They had then only the huge rolling waves to contend with, and they seemed but as little in comparison to the broken water they had just passed through and escaped from. The boat was put before the

wind, and every man was on the look out for the wreck. For a time it remained so thick that there was no chance of finding her, when again, the second time, a sudden break in the storm revealed her. She was about half a mile to leeward. They shifted their foresail with some difficulty, and again made in for the sands to the vessel. The appearance of the wreck made even the boatmen shudder. She had settled down by the stern upon the sands, the sea making a clear breach over her. The starboard-bow was the only part of the hull visible; the mainmast was gone; the foresail and foretopsail blown adrift; and great columns of foam were mounting up, flying over her foremast and bow. They saw a Margate lugger lying at anchor, just clear of the sand, and made close to her. As they shot by they could just make out through the roar of the storm a hail—"Eight of our men on board;" and on they flew into a sea which would in a moment have swamped the lugger, noble boat though she was. Approaching the wreck, it was with terrible anxiety they strained their sight, trying to discover whether there were still any men left in the tangled mass of rigging, over which the sea was breaking so furiously. By degrees they made them out. "I see one, two, three! The rigging is full of them!" was the cry; and, with a cheer of triumph at being still in time, they settled to their work.

The wreck of the mainmast, and the tremendous wash of the sea over the vessel, prevented their going to the lee of the wreck. This increased the danger tenfold, as the result proved. About forty yards from the wreck, they lowered their sails, and cast the anchor over the side. The moment for which the boat had so gallantly battled for four hours, and the shipwrecked waited, in almost despair, for eight, had at last arrived. No shouting, no whisper beyond the necessary orders; the suspense and risk are too terrible! Yard by yard the cable is cautiously payed out, and the great rolling seas are allowed to carry the boat little by little to the vessel. The waves break over them—for a moment bury the boat; and then, as they break upon the vessel, the spray hides the men, lashed to the rigging, from their sight. They hoist up the sail a little to help the boat sheer, and soon a huge wave lifts them; they let out a yard or two more cable by the run, and she is alongside the wreck! With a cry, three men jump from the rigging, and are saved. The next instant they see a huge wave rolling towards them, and might and main, hand over hand, all haul in the cable, and draw the boat away from the wreck, and thus escape being washed against her, and perhaps over her, to certain destruction. Again they watch their chance and get alongside. This time they manage to remain a little longer than before; and, one after another, thirteen of the shipwrecked leap from the rigging to the boat; and away she is again. "Are they all saved?" No; three of the Spaniards are still left in the rigging; they seem almost dead, and can scarcely unlash themselves from the shrouds, and crawl down, ready for the return of the boat. This time the peril is greater than ever. They have to go quite close to the vessel, for the men are too weak to leap; they must remain longer, for the men have to be lifted on board; but as before, coolly and determinately they go to their work; the cable is veered out, the sail manœuvred to make the boat sheer, and again she is alongside; the men are grasped by their clothes, and dragged into the boat. The last in the rigging is the cabin-boy; he seems entangled in the shrouds. (The poor little fellow had a canvas bag of trinkets and things he was taking home; it had caught in the rigging; and his cold, half-dead hands could not free it.) A strong hand grasps him, and tears him down into the boat; for a moment's delay may be death to all. A tremendous wave rushes on them; hold, anchor! hold, cable! give but a yard, and all are lost! The boat lifts, is washed into the fore-rigging; the sea passes; and she settles down again upon an even keel! If one stray rope of all the tangled rig-

ging of the vessel had caught the boat, she would have capsized, and every man in her have been in a moment shaken out into the sea. The boat is very crowded; no fewer than thirty-two men now form her precious freight. They haul in cable and draw up to the anchor as quickly as they can, to get clear of the wreck; an anxious time it is. At last they are pretty clear, and hoist the sail to draw still farther away. There is no thought of getting the anchor up in such a gale and sea. "She draws away," cries the captain; "pay out the cable; stand by to cut it; pass the hatchet forward; cut the cable; quick, my men, quick!" There is a moment's delay. A sailor takes out his knife, and begins gashing away at the thick rope. Already one strand out of the three is severed, when a fearful gust of wind rushes by; a crash is heard, and the mast and sail are blown clean out of the boat. Never was a moment of greater peril. Away with the rush of the wave the boat is again carried straight for the fatal wreck; the cable is payed out, and is slack; they haul it in as fast as they can; but on they go swiftly, apparently to certain destruction. Let them hit the wreck full, and the next wave must wash them over it, and all perish; let them but touch it, and the risk is fearful. On they are carried; the stern of the boat just grazes the bow of the ship. Some of the crew are ready for a spring into the bowsprit, to prolong their lives a few minutes. Mercifully, the cable at that moment taughtens: another yard or two and the boat must have been dashed to pieces. Might and main they continue to haul in the cable, and again draw away from the wreck; but they do it with a terrible dread, for they remember the cut strand of the rope. Will the remaining two strands hold? The strain is fearful; each time the boat lifts on a wave, the cable tightens and jerks, and they think it breaking; but it still holds, and a thrill of joy passes through the hearts of all as they hear that the cut part is in. The position is still one of extreme peril. The mast and sail have been dragging over the side all this time; with much difficulty they get them on board. The mast had broke short off, about three feet from the heel. They chop a new heel to it, and rig it up again as speedily as possible; but it takes long to do so. The boat is lying in the trough of the sea, the waves breaking over her; the gale blowing as hard as ever; the boat so crowded that they can scarcely move; the Spaniards clinging to each other, the terrors of death not having yet passed away from them. They know nothing of the properties of the life-boat, and cannot believe that it will live long in such a sea. As the huge waves break over the boat and fill it, they imagine that it is going to founder; and, besides this, for nearly four hours had they been lashed to the rigging of their vessel, till the life was nearly beaten and frozen out of them by the waves and bitter wind. One of them, seeing a life-belt lying under a thwart, which one of the crew had thrown off in the hurry of his work, picked it up and sat upon it, by way of making himself doubly safe. But the work went on; at last the mast is fitted and raised. No unnecessary word is spoken all this time, for the life and death struggle is not yet over, nor can be until they are well away from the neighbourhood of the wreck; but, as they hoist the sail, the boat gradually draws away, the cable is again payed out little by little, and, as soon as they are well clear of the vessel, they cut it, and away they go.

The terrible suspense—when each moment was a moment of fearful risk—from the time they let go their anchor to the time they were clear of the vessel was over. It had lasted nearly an hour. The men could now breathe freely; their faces brightened; and from one and all there arose, spontaneously, a pealing cheer. They were no longer face to face with death, and joyfully and thankfully they sailed away from the breakers, the sands, and the wreck. The gale was still at its height, but the peril they were in then seemed as nothing compared to that which they had left behind. In

the great reaction of feeling, the freezing cold and sleet, the driving foam and sea were all forgotten; and they felt as light-hearted as if they were out on a pleasant summer's cruise. They could at last look around and see whom they had in the boat. Of the saved were eleven Spaniards—the master of the brig, the mate, eight seamen and a boy; six Margate boatmen, and two Whitstable fishermen. They then proceeded in search of the steamer, which, after casting the life-boat adrift, had made for shelter to the back of the Hook Sand, not far from the Reculvers, and there waited, her crew anxiously on the look out for the return of the life-boat. As they were making for the steamer, the lugger, *Eclipse*, came in chase, to hear whether all hands, and especially her men, had been saved. They welcomed the glad tidings with three cheers for the life-boat crew. Soon after, the Whitstable smack stood towards them on the same errand, and, after speaking them, tacked in for the land. The night was coming on apace. It was not until they had run three or four miles that they sighted the steamer; and, when they got alongside it, was a difficult matter to get the saved crew on board. The gale was as hard as ever, and the steamer rolled heavily; the men had almost to be lifted on board as opportunities occurred; and one poor fellow was so thoroughly exhausted that they had to haul him into the steamer with a rope.

Again the boat was taken in tow, almost all her crew remaining in her; and they commenced their return home. The night was very dark, although clear; the sea and gale had lost none of their force; and, until they got well round the North Foreland, the struggle to get back was just as hard as it had been to get there. Once round the Foreland, the wind was well aft, and they made easier way; light after light opened to them; Kingsgate, Broadstairs, were passed; and, at last, the Ramsgate pier-head light shone forth its welcome, and they began to feel that their work was nearly over.

A telegram had been sent from Margate, in the afternoon, stating that the Ramsgate life-boat had been seen to save the crew; but nothing more had been heard, and the suspense of the boatmen at Ramsgate, as they waited for the life-boat's return, was terrible. Few hoped to see them again, and, as hour after hour passed without tidings, they were almost given up. During the whole of the afternoon and evening, anxious eyes were constantly on the watch for the first signs of the boat's coming round the head of the cliff. As the tide went down, and the sea broke less heavily over the pier, the men could venture farther along it, until, by the time of the boat's return, they were enabled to assemble at the end of the pier. When the steamer was first seen with the life-boat in tow, the lookers out shouted for very joy; and, as they entered the harbour, and hailed, "All saved!" cheer after cheer for the life-boat's crew broke from the crowd.

The Spaniards had somewhat recovered from their exhaustion under the care of the steamboat crew, and were farther well cared for and supplied with clothes by the orders of the Spanish Consul; and the hardy English boatmen did not take long to recover their exposure and fatigues, fearful as they had been. The captain of the Spaniard, in speaking of the rescue, was almost overcome by his feelings of gratitude and wonder. He had quite made up his mind to death, believing that no boat could by any possibility come to their rescue in such a fearful sea. He took with him to Spain, to show to the Spanish government, a painting of the rescue, executed by Mr. Ifold, of Ramsgate.

There is an interest even in reading the names of those (however unknown to us) who have done gallant deeds; we give therefore the names of the crew of the life-boat, and of the steamer. Of the life-boat: James Hogben, captain; Charles Meader, Thomas Tucker, Philip Goodchild, Edward Stock, William Penny, William Priestley, George Hogben, William Solly, George Forwood, John Stock, Robert Solly. Of the steam-tug: Daniel Reading, J. Simpson, W. Wharrier, T. Nichols, J. Denton,

J. Freeman, T. Larkins, W. Penman, W. Matson, W. Solly. Other fearful scenes have most of these men, especially the captains of the life-boat and steam-tug, passed through in their efforts to save life; one so terrible that two out of the crew of the life-boat never recovered the shock given to their nerves. One died a few months after the event, and the other to this day is ailing, and subject to fits. Of the splendid life-boat too much cannot be said; no fewer than eighty-eight lives have been saved by her during the last five years. Designed and built by J. Beeching and Sons, boat-builders, &c., of Yarmouth, she won the Northumberland prize of one hundred guineas in a competition of two hundred and eighty boats. Each time the men go out, their confidence in her increases, and they are now ready to dare anything in the Northumberland prize life-boat. It is pleasing to be able to add, by way of postscript, that the Board of Control has presented each man engaged in this rescue with a medal and 2*l.*, and that the Spanish Government has also gratefully acknowledged the heroism of the men, and sent to each a medal and 3*l.*

THE SLEEP OF THE HYACINTH.

AN EGYPTIAN POEM. BY THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

(*Concluded from No.* 6.)

IV. THE ENTOMBMENT OF THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWER.

There is mourning in the land of Pharaoh over the dead Princess, whose swathing and entombment, Egyptian-wise, with the hyacinth-bulb in her hand, are described—the description leading to a glimpse of the Royal Necropolis, or Burying-place, with its rows of the dead who had preceded her, and, then, by transition, to an address of the Mummy to its departed soul.

Woe was in the land of Egypt,
Grief was on the monarch's throne;
Aged Pharaoh, sad and childless,
Uttered sob and uttered groan;
Death had won his dearest treasure,
Desolate he stood alone.
From his hand he thrust the sceptre,
From his brow he plucked the crown;
Royal robe and priestly vesture,
Warrior sword, he flung them down;
Sackcloth round his loins was girt,
Ashes on his head were strown.

Woe was in the land of Egypt,
On the loftiest and the least;
Woe on king and woe on people,
Bond and freeman, prince and priest;
Day and night they uttered wailings,
Lamentations never ceased.

At length the king rose, and he lifted his head,
And he spake but three words, "Bury my dead."
Her delicate body with water they bathed,
And they combed the long locks of her hair,
And her marble-like limbs with linen they swathed,
Imbued with rich spices, and unguents rare
To keep off the breath of the envious air.

They folded her hands for their age-long prayer;
They laid on her breast,
For its age-long rest,
The bulb of the hyacinth root;
And, with pious intent and reverend care,
They wound from the head to the foot
The long linen bandages, crossing them round,
Till each motionless limb in its vestment was bound,
And she lay folded up,
Like a flower in its cup

Which has never awakened, and knows
but repose,
Like the bud never blown of the sleeping
white rose.
So they embalmed that lovely form,
And made that queenly face immortal,
Shutting from his prey the worm,
And barring close the admitting
portal;
And Decay could not enter.

The sycamore tree in the garden fell,
She would love it they thought in
the tomb;
They hollowed it out, a gloomy deep cell,
A dark, dreary lodge where no queen
would dwell;
But she made no complaint, it suited
her well;
There was small enough space, and
yet wide enough room;
The dead are content with a narrow
freehold,
And they are not afraid of the gloom.

* * * *

There were no tossing arms
And no aching heads;
All their pillows were soft
And downy their beds.
None weary and wakeful lay
Counting each hour,
Missing the drowsy juice
Wrung from the poppy flower.
None looked for the light;
None longed for the day,
Grew tired of their couches,
Or wished them away.

The babe lay hushed to a calmer rest
Than ever mother's loving breast
Or fondling arms in life had given,
Or lullaby that rose to heaven
And brought the angels down to guard
the cradle-nest.
The husband and the wife,
As once in life,
Slept side by side,
Undreaming of the cares the morning
might betide.
The bridegroom and the bride
Their fill of love might take;
None kept the lovers now apart;
Yet neither to the other spake,
And heart leapt not to heart:
Death had wooed both,
And come in room
To him of loving bride,
To her of fond bridegroom;
Yet they slept sweetly
With closéd eyes,
And knew not Death had cheated
both,
And won the prize.

None knelt to the king, yet none were
ashamed;
None prayed unto God, yet no one
blamed;
None weighed out silver or counted
gold;
Nothing was bought, and nothing sold;
None would give, and none would take,
No one answered, and no one spake.
There were crowds on crowds, and yet
no din,
Sinner on sinner, and yet no sin;
Poverty was not, nor any wealth,
None knew sickness, and none knew
health;
None felt blindness, and none saw light,
There were millions of eyes and yet no
sight;
Millions of ears and yet no hearing,
Millions of hearts, and yet no fearing;
None knew joy, and none knew sorrow;
Yesterday was the same as to-day and
to-morrow.
None felt hunger, none felt thirst,
No one blessed, and no one cursed,
None wasted the hours, and none saved
time,
None did any good, or committed crime;
Grief and woe, and guilt and care,
Fiery passion and sullen despair,
Were all unknown and unthought of
there:
Joy and love, and peace and bliss,
Holy affection and kindly kiss,
Were strangers there to all, I wiss.
The soldier laid aside his spear,
And was a man of peace;
The slave forgot to fear,
And sighed not for release;
The widow dried her tear
And thought not of her lord's decease.
The subtle brain
Of the curious priest,

To strive and strain
  With thought had ceased.
Lips that like angels' sung
  Moved not the air,
And the eloquent tongue
  Lay dumb in its lair,
Behind the closed gate of the teeth:
  The flute-like throat
  Uttered no note,
And the bosom swelled not with the breath.
  No mourning nor crying,
  No sobbing nor sighing,
  None weeping over the dead or the dying,
    Were heard on the way:
  No singing, no laughing,
  No joying, no daffing,
  No reveller's glee when carousing and quaffing,
    Nor children at play:
None shouted, none whispered; there rose not a hum
In that great city of the deaf and dumb.
They left her there among the rows
Of royal dead to find repose,
Where Silence with her soundless wings
Hovers o'er sleeping queens and kings,
  And each in dumbness steeps:
And Darkness with her sightless eye,
Gazes down through a starless sky,
  And all from waking keeps.

* * * *

Soul, I loved thee;
  Thou wert beautiful:
Soul, I served thee;
  I was dutiful:
We had been so long together,
In the fair and the foul weather;
We had known such joys and tears
That my love grew with the years.

I was not an enemy
  Unto thy salvation;
If I sinned, I sinned with thee,
  Yielding to temptation;
Thou wert wiser,
  Thou wert stronger;
I was never thy despiser;
  Wilfully I was no wronger—
Wronging thee I wronged myself.

I am but a broken cage,
  And the eagle's fled;
Think you he will quell his rage,
  Bend his high and haughty head,
Leave the air at one fell swoop,
And with folded pinions stoop
Underneath these bars; to droop
Once again, with sullen eye
Gazing at the far-off sky?
He has gone his way, and I
Grudge him not his liberty.

Does the wanton butterfly
  Long for her aurelia sleep,
Sicken of the sunlit sky,
  Shrivel up her wings and creep
From the untasted rose's chalice,
Back into her chrysalis?
Does she on the wing deplore
She can be a worm no more?

The melodious, happy bee,
  Will she backward ring her bell,
Grieving for a life so free,
  Wishing back the narrow cell
Where a cloistered nun she lay,
Knowing not the night from day?

Lithe and subtle serpents turning
  Wheresoe'er they will,
Are they full of sad repining
  That they cannot now be still,
Coiled in the maternal prison
Out of which they have arisen?

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Ashes unto ashes must;
  Death precedeth birth.
Infant gladness
Ends in madness,
And from blackest roots of sadness
  Rise the brightest flowers of mirth.

I am but the quiver, useless
  When the bolts are shot;
But the dangling mocking scabbard
  Where the sword is not.
I am like a shattered bark
  Flung high up upon the shore;
Gone are streamers, sails, and mast,
  Steering helm and labouring oar.
River-joys, ye all are past;
  I shall breast the Nile no more.

I was once a lamp of life,
  Shining in upon the soul;
    But I was a lamp of clay:
Death and I had bitter strife;

He hath pierced the golden bowl,
And he sent my soul astray.
It is an immortal thing,
Far beyond his venomed sting,
But my life was his to win,
And I must the forfeit pay;
So he poured the precious oil
Of my very life away.

If my soul should seek for me,
It would find me dark;
In my leaking cup would see
Death the quencher's mark:
Angels could not light in me
Now the feeblest spark:
I am broken, empty, cold;
Oil of life I could not hold.

Soul and body cannot mate,
Unless Life doth join their hands;
And the fell divorcer sweareth
By the royal crown he weareth
And the awful sword he beareth,
That a king's are his commands.
"Soul and body, Life shall never,
"When my smiting sword doth sever,
"Join again in wedlock's bands."

I was once the trusted casket
Of a priceless, wondrous gem:
With closed lid
I kept it hid,
Till God wanted
It for his own diadem.
Unto Death He gave the key,
But he stayed not to unlock it;
If the jewel were but free,
He, the fierce one, what cared he
For the casket, though he broke it?

Mortal throes and cruel pangs
Tore me open with their fangs,
And God took the gem to set:
But to put his mark on me
Death did not forget.
With his crushing, cruel heel,
He impressed on me his seal,
And on it these words were cut,
"When I open, none may shut
"Save the King, whose key I bear."

If that gem again from heaven
Were entrusted to my care,
I could not enfold and keep it
From the chill, corrupting air;
Could not hide it out of sight
Of the peering prying light:—
Crushed and shattered, mean and vile,
I am fit only for the funeral pile.

I am not a harp whose strings
Wait but for the quivering wings
Of the breathing Spirit-wind
Over them its way to find,
Thrilling them with its fond greeting
Till they answer back . . . . repeating
Tone for tone;
Adding others of their own.
All my chords are tangled, broken,
And their breaking is a token
That, if now the wind-like spirit
Should come longing back to me,
It would vainly try to elicit
Note or any melody.

Life once by me stood and wound
Each string to its sweetest sound,
But Death stole the winding key,
And it would be woe to me
If my soul from heaven should come
But to find me hushed and mute,
Soundless as a shattered drum,
Voiceless as an unblown flute,
Speechless as a tongueless bell,
Silent as an unstrung lute,
Dumber than a dead sea shell:
I could not even as a lisper
Utter back the faintest whisper,
Were it but to say farewell.

Archangelic trumpet sounding,
Thou shalt wake us all;
On the startled universe
Shall thy summons fall;
And the sympathising planets
Shall obey thy call,
Weeping o'er their sinful sister,
Stretched beneath her funeral pall.
Earth, thou wert baptized in light,
When the Spirit brooded o'er thee;
Fair thou wert in God's own sight,
And a life of joy before thee;
But thy day was turned to night,
And an awful change came o'er thee.
Then thou wert baptized again;
In the avenging, cleansing flood,
Afterward for guilty men
Christ baptized thee with his blood;

Yet to efface the stain of crime
God shall light thy funeral pyre,
And the fourth and final time
Thou shalt be baptized with fire.

V. THE SLEEP.

Over the Necropolis and the land of Egypt, the seasons and the centuries pass, producing their changes in Nature, celestial and terrestrial, and in all human history; everywhere there is the same unvarying alternation of Life and Death; and through all this monotony of change the Dead sleep, awaiting with irrepressible yearnings their Resurrection.

The shadow of the pyramids
Fled round before the sun:
By day it fled,
It onward sped;
And when its daily task was done
The moon arose, and round the plain
The weary shadow fled again.

The sphinx looked east,
The sphinx looked west,
And north and south her shadow fell;
How many times she sought for rest
And found it not, no tongue may tell.

But much it vexed the heart of greedy Time
That neither rain nor snow, nor frost nor hail,
Trouble the calm of the Egyptian clime;
For these for him, like heavy iron flail,
And wedge and saw, and biting tooth and file,
Against the palaces of kings prevail,
And crumble down the loftiest pile,
And eat the ancient hills away,
And make the very mountains know decay.

And sorely he would grudge, and much would carp,
That he could never keep his polished blade,
His mowing sickle keen and sharp,
For all the din and all the dust he made.
He cursed the mummies that they would not rot,
He cursed the paintings that they faded not,
And swore to tumble Memnon from his seat;
But, foiled awhile, to hide his great defeat,
With his wide wings he blew the Libyan sand
And hid from mortal eyes the glories of the land.

Then he would hie away
With many a frown,
And whet his scythe
By grinding Babylons down;[1]
And chuckle blithe,
As, with his hands
Sifting the sands,
He meted in his glass
How centuries pass,
And say, "I think this dust doth tell
Whoever faileth, I work well."

* * * *

Round the great dial of the year
The seasons went and struck the quarters,
Whilst the swift months, like circling hours,
Told the twelve changes by their changing flowers;
And the great glaciers from the mountain tops,
Where the bold chamois dare not climb,
Silently sliding down the slopes,
Marked the slow years upon the clock of Time.

The burst of revelry was heard no more
Along the Nile; nor near its reedy shore
The pleasant plashing of the dipping oar:
Nor cry of sailor unto sailor calling,
Nor music of the hammer on the anvil falling,
Nor song of women singing in the sun,
Nor craftsmen merry when their work is done:
The trumpet all was hushed, the harp was still,
And ceased the hum of the revolving mill:
The sound of solitude alone was there,
And solemn silence reigning everywhere.

The sun, the mighty alchymist,
With burning ardour daily kissed

[1] Similar reference in Hood's poems.

Earth's dusky bosom into gold :
And when at eve
He took his leave,
Again his eager lips grew bold,
And on her dark'ning brow and breast
His strange transmuting kiss impressed.

The moon ! she hath hermetic skill,
As nightly every shadow told ;
She cannot change all things to gold,
But she hath skill, and she hath will,
To turn to silver blackest hill
And deepest shade and darkest pile ;
And night by night,
The gloomy Nile,
A sea of light,
Smiled to her smile.

A million times, by days of men,
The earth her silver robes put off,
Only her golden train to doff
In shortest time again.

Link by link, and ring by ring,
Each day and night a link would bring :
The sun ! a ring, all golden-bright,
The moon ! a link, all silver white ;
And so the twain
Wove at the chain
Which they have woven all the way,
Since first was night, and first was day.
It girdleth round the earth, and then,
Swift passing from the abodes of men,
It all transcendeth human ken
To trace it back, it goes so far,
Up to the dawn of time,
Beyond the farthest star.
In the lost past
It hangeth fast,
Held by the hand of God ;
And angels, when they wish to know
How time is moving here below,
Come floating down on half-spread wings,
And see the steps our earth has trod,
By counting the alternate rings
That mark the day
And mark the night,
Since God said "Be"
And there was light.
The azure sky a garden lay,
In which at mid-day seed was sown ;
It peeped at eve, at twilight budded,
And, when the day had passed away,
The buds were burst, the leaves were blown,
And starry flowers the midnight studded :
Quick bloomed they there,
Too bright and fair
Not to be taken soon away :
Thick through the air
Rainèd they,
In blazing showers,
Their meteor-flowers,
And withered at the dawn of day.
They were not blotted from the sky !
They faded, but they did not die :
Each in its azure-curtained bed
In stillest slumber slept ;
Whilst, glancing far,
The evening star
A wakeful vigil kept,
Till, when the setting sun withdrew,
The appointed sign was given,
And each grew up and bloomed anew,
And glorified the face of heaven.

Swift comets fled across the sky,
Like murderers from the wrath of God,
With frenzied look, and fiery eye
(For swift behind the avenger trod),
And long, dishevelled, trailing hair,
Seeking in vain to find a lair,
Where they could hide their great despair.
They sought the very bounds of space,
But dared not for a moment stay ;
The dread Avenger's awful face
Waited before them on the way :
They turned, their footsteps to retrace ;
They thought they flagged not in the race,
But shuddered as a mighty force,
Which none could see, but all could feel,
Checking their wild eccentric course,
Bade them in lesser circles wheel :
The judgment had gone forth that they
Should feed the burning sun :
They felt that vengeance had begun
Which, though it suffered long delay,
Would sternly smite and surely slay
When their appointed race was run.
And some there were of gentler sort,
With slower step, of lowlier port,
With smoother locks and calmer eye,
Who, shooting by the startled sky,

Or gleaming through the midday blue,
On errands sent which no one knew,
Came—none knew whence; went—none
knew where,
The gipsies of the upper air.

So whirled those stars, whilst worlds of
men
Died ere the time of their returning;
Yet they failed not to come again,
With unquenched tresses fiercely burning,
And, round a smaller area turning,
Flew like doomed things to meet
the ire
That gave them to eternal fire.

And, as they left the sleeping pair,
They found them still at each returning
Down in the darkness, keeping there
An everlasting mourning.

They would have thought the baleful
light
Of comets a delightful sight,
And joyed to gaze up at their hair,
Waving malignant in the air.
But not the faintest flickering gleam
Of all their blinding glare,
Not one adventurous errant beam,
Could grope its way adown the stair
That led to their sepulchral room,
Or find a chink within their tomb,
By which to show to spell-bound eyes
The terrors of the midnight skies.

The ibis gravely stalking
As a self-appointed warden,
Through every valley walking,
Went through and through the garden;
And with his curvèd bill,
Like a reaper's sickle hook,
On every noxious thing
A speedy vengeance took.
White pelicans came sailing
Like galleys down the stream;
And the peacock raised the wailing
Of his melancholy scream,
From the lofty temple-summits
Where he loved to take his stand,
As if to catch a glimpse
Of his far-distant land.

And the sober matron geese,
Now swimming and now wading,
Now paddling in the mud,
And now on shore parading,
Moved, discoursing to each other
With their mellow trumpet-voices,
Each with native music telling
Of a creature that rejoices;
Till some leader's shrillest signal,
As of sudden foe invading,
Stopped the babble of their tongues,
And their careless promenading,
And they rose in steady phalanx
Unfurling in the air,
Like the banners of an army
When they hear the trumpet's blare;
And now they kept together
Like a fleet of ships at sea,
When they fear not stormy weather
Or foe from whom to flee;
And then they scattered far and wide,
Like ships before a gale,
When naked masts stand up on deck
With scarce a single sail;
And now their phalanx like a wedge
Went cleaving through the air,
And then it was a hollow ring,
And then a hollow square.
So! free through sea, and earth, and
sky,
With web, and foot, and wing,
They lowly walked, or soared on high,
And none disturbed their travelling.

They wandered at their own wild will
Till daylight died and all was still,
And then a summons clear and shrill
Led them all back with weary wing,
To rest in peace
Till night should cease,
Lulled by the Nile's low murmuring;
And in the garden's ample ground
They each a welcome haven found.

The garden was all full of life,
All filled with living things;
Life in the earth and air,
On bird and insect wings;
Life swimming in the river,
Life walking on the land,
The life of eye and ear,
And heart, and brain, and hand.

Life! in the lichen sleeping,
Life! in the moss half-waking,
A drowsy vigil keeping;
Life! in the green tree taking
Its free course as a river;
Life, making each nerve quiver
In the eagle upward soaring;
Life, flowing on for ever,
Its waters ever pouring
Into that grave of death, which we
Count as an all-devouring sea;

Dark are its depths, but they cannot retain
Aught that was living; it will not remain:
Down in the darkness it hateth to stay;
Upward it riseth, and cleaveth its way
Out of Death's midnight into Life's day.
Fire from God's altar rekindleth its flame,
Effaceth Death's mark and removeth his stain,
Clothes it afresh and changeth its name,
Nerves it anew to pleasure and pain,
And sendeth it back to the place whence it came:—
Thither it speeds and returneth again,
Like the wave of the lake
And the foam of the river,
Which as clouds from the sea
The sun doth dissever.
He bathes them in glory,
He clothes them in light,
He weaves for them garments of every hue:
They tire of the glory,
They steal from his sight,
They drop on the earth as invisible dew.
They return to the lake,
They revisit the river,
Like arrows shot up
Which come back to their quiver.
As the cloud was the sea,
And the sea was the cloud,
So the cradle of Life
Is wrapped in Death's shroud.
The Life cometh down
As the rain comes from heaven;
To flow is its law;
To Death it is given.
The Life riseth up
As a cloud from Death's sea;
It changeth its robe,
From decay it is free;
It mocketh at Death,
It breaketh his chain;
And the clouds in the sky
Come after the rain.
Life's a spender,
Death's a keeper;
Life's a watcher,
Death's a sleeper;
Life's a sower,
Death's a reaper;
Life's a laugher,
Death's a weeper;
Life's an ever-flowing river,
Death's an ever-filling sea;
Death is shackled,
Life is free;
Death is darkness,
Life is light;
Death is blindness,
Life is sight;
Life is fragrant,
Death is noisome;
Death is woeful,
Life is joysome;
Life is music,
Death is soundless;
Death is bounded,
Life is boundless;
Death is lowly,
Life hath pride;
Death's a bridegroom,
Life's the bride;
Death's the winter,
Life's the spring;
Life's a queen,
But Death's a king;
Life's a blossom,
Death's its root;
Death's a seed,
And life's its fruit;
Death is sown,
And life upsprings;
Death hath fetters,
Life hath wings.

So in endless iteration,
Through the long protracted ages,
Rose their wailing alternation;
Like the murmur that presages
Rising tempests, ere their fullest fury rages,
Rose and fell
Its plaintive swell,

Like the mourning one doth hear,
Listening with attentive ear
To the sighing of a shell,
Orphaned from its mother sea,
Where it longs again to dwell,
Weary of its liberty.

So they panted for the light;
Yearnèd for the living day,
Sick of silence, tired of darkness,
Chafing at the long delay;
Till, when thrice a thousand years
Drearily had passed away,
Hope and faith fled with them too,
And they ceased to pray.
No one seemed to love or heed them,
And in dull despair they waited,
To a hopeless bondage fated,
Till the Archangel's voice should bid them
Rise upon the Judgment Day.

[Here the Author's MS. ends—the intended final part, to be called the "Awaking," never having been written.]

POET'S CORNER; OR AN ENGLISH WRITER'S TOMB.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

"Died, at his lodgings in Bond Street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne."

The first shadows of a dreary and sunless evening in May were preparing to descend upon the earth; the wind was blowing from the east; the bells were just beginning to toll for a Thursday evening lecture; and Messieurs Mathews and Fudge were sitting at an enormous dining-table in the house of the first named of these gentlemen, and were drinking their wine in silence and depression.

And why in depression? Who knows? Who will ever know the reasons that account for that mysterious ebb and flow in the animal spirits which we feel but cannot explain? A change in the wind, in the moon, a rise or fall of the quicksilver in the weather-glass, the number of sovereigns in your pocket—all these things will affect you. So will the sights and sounds about you, the locality in which you find yourself, the dress you have on. The influence of a dress-coat upon the mind, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, is a subject on which treatises might be written; and as to that of places, the present writer would have but a poor opinion of that man whose spirits did not sink when he had crossed the Thames and found himself in the Waterloo Road, or who could retain any gaiety of soul in the purlieus of Pentonville.

But our two friends were neither in the Waterloo Road nor in Pentonville. They had dined well. There was plenty of good wine before them. The almond and the raisin were there to flank the juice of the grape. The date of Tafilat itself, and the well-known plum of France, were not unrepresented. Whence, then, this gloom, and why especially is the brow of Mr. Fudge clouded as with the umbrage of a nascent desperation? Who can tell? Haply these gentlemen began their dinners too cheerfully, and have now run themselves out. Haply Mr. Mathews is haunted by the thought that he has made a mistake in commencing his meal with crab salad, and ending it with stewed cheese, and that for a dyspeptic man this is a bad look-out. Haply Mr. Fudge is reminded by a little monitor within him (who is for ever suggesting to him pleasant subjects for thought) that he has got to pay two hundred pounds away next October, and that he has only saved up two hundred shillings towards it in that present month of May. Perhaps, again, these gentlemen are both affected by having dined an hour too early (for there is no

mind so well-regulated as not to feel the ill effects of a five o'clock dinner); or, possibly, the sound of the bell before alluded to may have a share in the despondency which has settled down upon them.

At all events, it is so. Mr. Mathews leans his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the table, and fixing his eyes upon the ceiling, merely says at intervals, "Help yourself;" and Mr. Fudge *does* help himself, and with every fresh glass gets so additionally unhappy, that at last he pushes away the decanter, and says, in the tone of a man lashed up to some tremendous course, "I'll tell you what, Mathews, this will not DO."

"It will NOT do," shouted Mr. Mathews, echoing his friend's words with a variation in the emphasis, and smiting the table with his fist; "but the question is, what will do?"

"We must go out," said Mr. Fudge.

"We must," replied his compliant host.

"Where shall we go?" was the next question. It emanated from the lips of Mr. Fudge.

"What do you say to the Park?" inquired Mathews; "there is a cheerful (and wholesome) walk by the Serpentine."

"I don't want a cheerful walk," said Mr. Fudge.

"Gracious heavens! what *do* you want, then!" cried his companion, with alarm depicted in his countenance.

"I want a gloomy walk," was the awful reply.

A long pause succeeded this tremendous announcement, and then it was that Mr. Mathews, after gazing steadily for some seconds at his friend in silence, performed the following manœuvres. He rose slowly from his chair, drawing, as he did so, a bunch of keys from his pocket, with a subdued and reverent jingle; then he advanced with measured steps towards a very old cabinet, or carved press, which stood in the corner of the room, and which seemed to have got into a dark nook behind the curtains, that it might end its days quietly in the shade. Having tried every one of his keys in the lock of this venerable piece of furniture, and having found the seventeenth (and last) upon the bunch to answer his purpose, Mr. Mathews opened, with great caution, one door of the cabinet, and disclosed to view several rows of books, not one of which was less than half a century old, and some of them much more. Mr. Mathews selected one volume from among these, and, having blown the dust from off the top of the leaves, returned with it, still very solemnly and slowly, and still in profound silence, and, seating himself, placed the book upon the table, and spread it open with his hands.

It was then that Mr. Fudge, who was burning with curiosity to know what all this meant, looking at the title-page from where he sat, and reading it upside down, made out first the word "Tristram," and then, as Mr. Mathews turned over the leaf, he supplied the dissyllable "Shandy" from his imagination, and determined that the book which had been taken down with such ceremony from the old bookcase was no other than "Tristram Shandy." We have said that Mr. Mathews turned over a leaf. Having done this he paused, and his companion saw, still upside down, "Biographical Notice of the Author." Having spelt this out, he next observed that Mr. Mathews turned over two more leaves, and that the Biographical Notice must be a very short one, for at the bottom of the third page it came to an end. He had just noticed these matters, and was wondering what was to come next, and what all this had to do with the proposed walk, when Mr. Mathews, clearing his throat in a prefatory manner, began, without a word of explanation, to read the following sentence:—

"Mr. Sterne died as he lived, the same indifferent careless creature; as, a day or two before his death, he seemed not in the least affected by his approaching dissolution. He was buried privately in a new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His

death was announced in the newspapers of March 22, 1768, by the following paragraph:—

"'Died at his lodgings in Bond-street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne.'"

The profound silence which followed the reading of this quotation, and which lasted till the clock upon the chimney-piece had ticked away two minutes of life, as if it tried to stop each cog of the wheels as it passed, and failing to arrest them noted every one that broke away in its resistless strength with an exclamation of sorrow—this silence was at length interrupted by the voice of Mr. Mathews.

"We will go there," he said.

"Go, where?" asked Mr. Fudge.

"To 'the new burial-ground belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-Square,'" was Mr. Mathew's answer.

"Where is it?" again inquired the startled Fudge.

"In the Bayswater Road," said Mr. Mathews; "you wanted a gloomy walk, and—you shall have it."

It was a gray and cheerless evening, and the month, as has been said, was the month of May. The sun should always come out in the evening whatever the day has been. However well you may get through a cloudy day, you will always feel the influence of a dull evening upon your spirits. I think there is no person who fails to notice and to regret it. It is like a gloomy old age. But then it was May, and is there any person living who believes in that treacherous month? To the present writer there is something heartless and cold even in its brightest sunshine.

There was, however, no sunshine, heartless or otherwise, on the particular evening with which we are at present occupied. The wind, too, was blowing from the east. Not a bracing invigorating breeze that brought the colour to your cheek. Not even a hurricane such as you get in March, and which it is some excitement to struggle against. No, it was a stealthy creeping sinister wind, that made people look like the evening, pale and cloudy; a wind that did not content itself with puffing up against you and then passing on as a well conditioned wind should, but, on the contrary, a wind that found out all the weak points of your attire; a wind that crept in and stuck to you, and stealing in among your ribs remained there; a wind that in its sulky chill was not even glad when it had gained its object, but was just as dull and spiritless when it had given you cold, as it was before. Out upon such a wind as that!

A long brick building—not red brick; that would have been too hilarious—a building that looked something between a dwarfish factory and a gigantic coach-house, with a slight touch of the workhouse, and just a hint of the conventicle, imparted by the belfry which contained the bell which did *not* ring for Mr. Sterne's funeral. Such an edifice as this, set back from the road in an inclosed space, and with a knocker on its huge central door, was just the kind of building to tell to advantage on such an evening as has just been described. It stands in the Bayswater Road, about a quarter of a mile west from Tyburn-gate. It gives admission to the burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-Square, and before its gloomy gates the two friends, whose footsteps we are following, arrested their course. The sight of this melancholy structure might, one would have thought, have daunted them and deterred them from pursuing their pilgrimage farther. We have, indeed, the best reason to know that the younger of the two gentlemen, Mr. David Fudge to wit, *was* daunted; and we have cause to believe that he would have turned and fled at once had he not been stimulated and kept up by the example of his companion, the courageous Mr. Mathews, a gentleman who is such an inveterate sight-seer, and who, in the pursuit of his antiquarian researches, is so completely a stranger to fear, that he would make nothing of knocking at the door of a house in St. James's Square and requesting admission if he thought that Sir Joshua Reynolds had ever supped in the back dining-room.

Mr. Mathews, then, strong in his determination to discover the tomb of his favourite author, undaunted by the forbidding aspect of the chapel that looked like a coach-house, or by the observant gaze of two London boys who, remaining outside the iron-railings, watched the proceedings of the two gentlemen with eager curiosity—Mr. Mathews, undismayed by these matters, advanced along the inclosed space with a confident step, closely imitated by his companion, and, as he knocked at the door of the chapel—fancy knocking at the door of a burying-ground—was encouraged by the two London boys from without with the comfortable assurance that "he'd be safe to find 'em at home." An allusion, it may be supposed, to the occupants of the graves at the back!

This appeal to the knocker was instantly responded to by a tall man in a dress coat, and drab trousers, who admitted without question the two gentlemen whose fortunes we are following, and, closing the door behind them, shut out the Bayswater Road, the two London boys, and the view of Hyde Park, as rapidly as if the place had been in a state of siege, or as if he thought Messieurs Mathews and Fudge had come to be buried, and might repent and go away if they were not humoured at once.

He was a meek and subdued personage, this tall man in the swallow-tailed coat, and the drab trousers; he was also a polite man and a pale. One whole wing of the building into which our two friends were now admitted was allotted to him for a dwelling house, while the other was devoted to a chapel for the dead, a dreadful place, whose walls had never echoed any other sounds than the hollow bumping of coffins, the shuffling of feet, and the words of the funeral service. What a place for a tall thin man to live in—a tall thin man in a swallow-tailed coat!

The influence of this ghostly building upon the sensitive nerves of Mr. Fudge was such, that he conveyed to his friend a whispered suggestion, that he thought it would be better that they should come again on another and a sunnier day. Mr. Mathews, however, would not hear of this. That heroic man betrayed his emotion by nothing but a slight pallor and a nervous cough, indulged in in a secret manner behind the tips of his fingers. The tall man seemed to have a respect for Mr. Mathews, and inquired without waiting to hear what was the object of his visit, whether he had come to see the grave of Sir Thomas Picton, or that of Mrs. Radcliffe the Authoress, or—

"That of Lawrence Sterne," said Mr. Mathews, interrupting him.

The tall man bowed, and retired into his private apartments to fetch his hat. Mr. Fudge, looking into the room after him, observed a vast chamber, bare of all furniture, except one wooden chair and a deal table, on which was a black tea-tray with a black tea-pot upon it, a yellow cup and saucer, a half-quartern loaf, and a knife with a black handle.

"I shall never get over this," whispered Mr. Fudge to his companion.

The burying-ground, into which our friends were conducted by the tall man in the dress coat, was an unhappy specimen of its class. Without one beautiful monument, without one feature in its larger aspect to diminish the horror that death inspires, or one attempt to give a hopeful look to that which without hope must not be thought of, stretched out in grim and ghastly fact, a piece of ground in whose sodden trenches the dead are packed in rows, hemmed in all round by houses whose inhabitants have used the place as a dust-hole into which to fling their offal, this grave-yard spreads its broad expanse of tombs, a sight to make a good man shudder, and a saint afraid to die.

In this desolate place the neglected paths had got, from long disuse, to be so choked with the rank growth that had accumulated upon them, as to be only distinguishable in those parts where the gravel happening to be composed of larger and heavier stones offered greater resistance to the upward springing of the weeds. Our two friends had, however, little to do with such pathways,

for their conductor led them across the burying-ground in a diagonal line, stepping from grave to grave with his long thin legs, and preceding them with a tremulous stride.

Across the graves, and winding in and out among ricketty tombstones, some of which had fallen to one side, and wore a waggish look, while some leant helplessly back or tipsily forward, having cracked the ground open with their weight, and made it gape to such a width and depth, that Mr. Fudge was afraid to look into the chasm, lest he should see some sight of horror—across the graves, and passing by unheeded these mute appeals which pressed upon their notice the virtues of the dead,—across the graves, dipping down into little valleys, where the ground had sunk as with the collapse of some bulk that lay beneath (perhaps it had), mounting up as some more substantial heap came in their way, and nearly tumbling headlong once, where a half-finished grave, left incomplete for years, yawned suddenly beneath their feet,—why a half-finished grave?—Had the man come to life again for whom it was begun, or had the sexton lit upon something that told him he must dig no further?—across the graves, and among such places as we have described, the pale man led the way to the extremity of this grim cemetery where it is bounded by its western wall, and, stopping before a shabby head-stone of the common kind stuck upright in the earth, informed Mr. Mathews, to whom he directed all his remarks, that the object of his visit was there before him, and that this was the monument of Lawrence Sterne!

It has been said above that this burying-ground was surrounded on all sides by houses, the inhabitants of which had regarded the vacant space appropriated to the dead, as a convenient place into which to fling the rubbish that encumbered them. Now this poor gravestone of Mr. Sterne's being so near the wall, it happened that plenty of such refuse had accumulated around and about it, giving to this corner a more shameful aspect than perhaps to any other part of this most sordid cemetery. Yes, there lay the remains of this luxurious gentleman, among fragments of broken bottles, old tin pots, among egg-shells, and oyster-shells, and every valueless, decaying form of rotten, useless garbage that could be collected to make this place detestable. Beneath all this there lay the bones of that keen and witty face, the dust of that lean and pampered body. It was very shocking. There might not be much to like in this man; perhaps there was nothing but his genius to admire in him; but still this was very dreadful. A common paltry head-stone with a wretched vulgar inscription put up by two strangers (free-masons), and even this not certainly above the grave where the unfortunate gentleman lay; for it merely stated that his remains were buried "near this place," and left it to be inferred that the grave had been for some time left without any mark at all, so that when the stone *was* raised at last, it had become difficult to know (to a yard or two) where to put it!

The effect of this termination to their expedition upon the minds of the two gentlemen, who had come to this graveyard in expectation of finding something so utterly different, was a very marked one. It showed itself in a long, long silence, and when this was at length broken the two friends spoke at first in an under tone little above a whisper. The tall man stood by at a little distance, slowly rubbing his hands in a deprecatory manner, which seemed to say, "Yes; I know that this is not satisfactory, but it is not my fault, gentlemen—is it?"

"And so," said Mr. Mathews at length, in a hoarse whisper, "and so the fashionable people, who could send eight or ten invitations a day to the great man who is buried in this hole, cared, in reality, so little about him that they could not manage among them to erect a decent monument to his memory, to follow him to the grave in decent numbers, or to pay the bell-ringers to toll the bell for a decent number of minutes."

"It is pretty obvious that they asked him simply because he amused them, and that he left neither respect nor love behind him," said Mr. Fudge.

"I can fancy," Mr. Mathews went on to say, "the small amount of sensation made at the time by his death. I can fancy some man coming to announce it to an assembly of wits and belles of the period, saying,

"'I hear that the ingenious Mr. Sterne hath departed this life.'

"'And left a plentiful crop of debts behind him,' says Lady Betty.

"'They do tell me,' continues the first speaker, 'that there is not wherewithal to pay for his funeral, or the rent of his lodgings in Bond Street.'

"'He was, indeed, shamefully extravagant and selfish,' says somebody else.

"'And little mindful of his duties as a clergyman,' puts in another."

"And then I can fancy," continued the imaginative Mr. Mathews; "I can fancy a certain just and merciful personage who has been sitting by, and who all this time has been swaying his body backwards and forwards, and making many uncouth sounds as if about to speak. I can imagine his bursting out at last:—

"'Sir, sir, let us hear no more of this. This disparagement of the dead is mighty offensive.'"

The tall man in the dress coat, who has drawn nearer when Mr. Mathews began to speak, seems vastly interested in this imaginary dialogue, which was given latterly in a loud key. He is evidently much disappointed at Mr. Mathews' next remark.

"This is very shocking," says that gentleman. "Let us go."

"By all means," answers Mr. Fudge, with astonishing alacrity.

The tall man is evidently sorry to lose these two gentlemen, and to be left to the deadly solitude in which he lives. He presses other graves upon their attention, is liberal in his offer of interesting epitaphs, and will, especially, scarcely take "no" for an answer in the matter of Sir Thomas Picton. But it is getting dark, and Mr. Fudge is especially resolved on flight. They reach once more the chapel which looks like a coach-house, and Mr. Fudge has his hand upon the lock to let himself out, when the tall man makes a last attempt. "The monument of Mrs. Radcliffe," he says, or rather sighs in the distance.

"No," shudders Mr. Fudge, who has by this time rushed into the Bayswater Road. "No—an east wind—the evening closing in—nearly dark—a tall thin man in a swallow-tailed coat—a burying ground—and the tomb of Ann Radcliffe—these things taken all together would be more than mortal nerves could stand."

A curious circumstance in connexion with the subject of the foregoing paper has just been brought before the notice of the writer. In the life of Edmond Malone, by Sir James Prior, which has recently appeared, there occurs the following paragraph, bearing reference to Lawrence Sterne:—

"He was buried in a grave-yard near "Tyburn, belonging to the parish of "Marylebone, and the corpse, being "marked by some of the resurrection "men (as they are called), was taken up "soon afterward, and carried to an "anatomy professor of Cambridge. A "gentleman who was present at the "dissection, told me he recognised "Sterne's face the moment he saw the "body."

It would surely be very interesting if any light could be thrown on this mysterious affair. The body of the unfortunate Mr. Sterne was but a poor prize for purposes of dissection. He speaks of his spider legs himself, and the portrait and description of him give one the idea of a lean and emaciated presence. Can any one tell who was this anatomy professor of Cambridge, who had so ardent a desire to examine Sterne's remains that he employed resurrection men to exhume the deceased gentleman's body? Is there any one at Cambridge who could afford information on this subject? It must at least be possible to find out who were the

anatomy professors at the University in the year of Sterne's decease.

It would, indeed, be a curious thing, if the information contained in the above-quoted paragraph should really prove to be true; and it would add one more ghastly element to the already melancholy tale of Sterne's death and burial, if we should ascertain that the body which was deposited in the grave with so small an amount of ceremonial, was not even allowed to rest there, but was handed over to the surgeons after all.

THE BOUNDARIES OF SCIENCE.

A DIALOGUE.

Philocalos. Philalethes.

Philoc. So, Philalethes, it is true that you are a convert to this new theory! You are a believer in a doctrine which makes the struggle of a selfish competition the sole agency in nature—which, taking one of the most unfortunate, if inevitable, results of an old civilization, transfers it to that world where we hoped to find a beauty and order to which civilization has not yet attained! Poets have spoken of the face of nature as serene and tranquil; you paint it scarred by conflict and furrowed by sordid care! You turn the pure stream where we have been accustomed to find the reflection of heaven, into a turbid current where we can perceive nothing but the dark hues of earth!

Philal. If I did not happen to know what book you had been reading, my dear Philocalos, I should have some difficulty in guessing your meaning. Not that you can have read much of any book so widely removed from all your subjects of interest.

Philoc. That a man feels but slight interest in tracing the ramifications of science is no proof that he may not wish to ascend to the fountain head. I confess, however, that I did not read the whole book,—that I did not master all the details, but I made out quite enough of the scope of each chapter to leave little room for doubt as to the general purport of the whole work. And have I misrepresented it in what I said just now?

Philal. That may admit of question; it is not a theory which can be fairly judged from a single point of view. But if I, looking at the theory in a different light, learn from it to regard the strife which unquestionably exists in nature as the fire in which her masterpieces are to be tested, her failures destroyed, will you deny that this is also a fair version of the author's doctrine?

Philoc. I should not need to do so in order to justify my horror of such a creed. For, Philalethes, on this hypothesis, selfishness and progress are inseparably linked. Every self-sacrificing impulse, every generous care for the sick or infirm, every pause in the selfish struggle for ascendancy, are so many drags on the wheels of progress; and if that day ever arrives on earth when the love of self shall be swallowed up in wider and deeper love,—then those wheels will be finally arrested. The death of selfishness will be the barrier beyond which the human race will remain for ever stationary.

Philal. You overlook considerations which materially interfere with the operation of the principle in regard to man.

Philoc. I am astonished at such hesitation in one of your logical mind! What does the theory make of man but a superior vertebrate animal?

Philal. Do you not see that a discussion concerning the tools of the builder

affords no legitimate inference as to the plan of the architect?—that an examination of the workshop of nature includes no notice of the models which have been set before her to copy?

Philoc. The workshop of nature! Is that the quarter to which we should look for the origin of man?

Philal. The very point I am so anxious to impress upon you. I look to the plan of the architect for the origin of a house, not to the tools of the builder.

Philoc. Are we then twice removed from our Creator? Is creation so analogous to the laborious efforts of man?

Philal. Let me answer you in the words of Bacon: "For as in civil actions "he is the greater and deeper politique "that can make other men the instru- "ments of his will and ends, and yet "never acquaint them with his purpose, ". . . so is the wisdom of God more "admirable when nature intendeth one "thing, and Providence draweth forth "another, than if He had communicated "to particular creatures and motions "the characters and impressions of His "providence.

Philoc. But, tell me, how does your view of the theory admit of the exception which you claim for the case of man?

Philal. Because I believe it to be part of the plan of man laid down by the great Architect, that there should be that within him which, holding communion with the supernatural, raises him above the influence of mere natural powers.

Philoc. And does not that very fact supply a confutation of the theory? Nature, working by a system of antagonistic influences, produces an agent whose highest glory it is to set those influences at defiance. The typical man—the highest ideal of manhood—acts upon motives not only different from, but utterly opposed to those which have made him what he is. Must there not be some flaw in the premisses from which such a conclusion may be derived?

Philal. I see no *reductio ad absurdum* in your inference. In crossing the barrier which separates matter from spirit, you introduce a new element, to which the former grounds of reasoning will no longer apply.

Philoc. But is it true that the theory of natural selection does apply to material creation alone? It professes, at least, to account for instinct; and it must be admitted that instinct and reason blend insensibly into each other. How then is it possible to draw any line which shall cut off man from the influences which have been omnipotent over his ancestors?

Philal. My dear Philocalos, I am far from asserting that that objection is unimportant; but I want you to feel that, in making it, you are transplanting the discussion to a region where the author of the hypothesis is not bound to follow you. All that he is bound to do, is to show that his hypothesis supplies an adequate explanation of all facts lying within the science which it professes to explain. For him to adjust it to other views of truth, would be as if the maker of this microscope had endeavoured to contrive such a combination of lenses as should allow of its being used, under certain circumstances, as a telescope. We may rest assured that, in the one case, our knowledge of the stars and the infusoria would suffer equally; and in the other, that we should have a medley of very poor moral philosophy, and very poor natural science.

Philoc. Without being prepared with a logical reply to such a vindication, I must confess that kind of argument is always unsatisfactory to me. It seems to me like saying that a certain proposition may be true in one language and not in another; surely, Truth is one harmonious whole.

Philal. Your objection is one with which I have the greatest sympathy. No doubt all the lines of Truth converge, but it is at too small an angle, and too vast a distance, for us to be able in all cases to perceive the tendency to unite. Moreover, it is the indispensable requisite of the man of science—not that he should ignore or forget this com-

munity of direction in all the clues of Truth—but that he renounce any attempt at making his own investigations subordinate to the proof of that conclusion. I do not decide whether such a subject is capable of proof; I only say that, when the student of physical science undertakes it, he is renouncing his own proper study as effectually as the pilot who should attempt to decide on the most favourable market for the goods with which his vessel is freighted. I must repeat in another form what I said just now.

You know it is a law of physiology that, as any animal ascends in the scale of being, all its organs become more and more specialized to their peculiar functions. Thus, the four hands of the monkey are used indifferently as organs of prehension or locomotion, while in man, at the summit of the scale, each function has its proper organ exclusively appropriated to it. Now this fact is the expression of a law which is universal. No machine which is adapted to two purposes will fulfil either of them so perfectly as one which should be constructed solely with a view to that one. No man who combines the professions of a lawyer and a physician will make so able a lawyer, so skilful a physician, as one who should have devoted his life to the study of either profession. And science, believe me, is not less exacting than physic or law. The researches of the man of science must not be cramped by fears of trespassing on the entangled boundary of a neighbouring domain. If he allow his course to be broken by claims on behalf of a superior authority to exclusive occupancy of the ground, not only will the powers be distracted which, when in perfect harmony, are not more than adequate to the work before them—not only will his step be feeble and uncertain on his own special province, but his conviction of the harmony of the creation will be destroyed; the suspicion, fatal to all science, will be forced upon him, that truth can ever be inconsistent with truth.

Philoc. Of course, truth can never be inconsistent with truth, but a partial view of truth may be inconsistent with the whole. The statement of one fact, apart from others, may give as false an impression as the sense of sight might give of the external world, if it could not be corrected by that of touch.

Philal. But you do not, therefore, attempt to make the eye the medium of touch. You do not suppose there can be such a thing as an excess of sight. The impressions of the external world are truest when all the senses are in their fullest exercise, and, even if some are absent or feeble, you gain nothing by diminishing the rest. I do not cease to see that round table oblong when I look at it obliquely, by becoming short-sighted.

Philoc. What I cannot agree to, is that parcelling-out of truth into divisions, between which no communication is possible; least of all, when the instance is one which concerns the nature of man. That any ingenuous mind should deny an antagonism between his spiritual nature and any hypothesis which ignores his distinct creation—this I cannot readily believe.

Philal. There is an antagonism, I believe, in *all* the views of man's spiritual and physical nature. Let me illustrate what I mean by a fact of my own experience.

I have often thought, as I stood beside a death-bed—still more, when I was consulted by a patient for whom I foresaw that death-bed within the space of a few months—how strange is the opposition between the spiritual and bodily life of man. I see a fellow-creature on the point of being submitted to the most momentous change, but wholly ignorant of the brief period still allowed for preparation. To me, the contracted limits of the course by which my patient is separated from the great ordeal is matter of absolute certainty. And yet that knowledge, which for myself I should desire above many added years of life, I must not only *not* communicate to the one so deeply interested, but (within the limit of actual deception) studiously withhold. I have undertaken to give advice with

reference to bodily health, and I feel, as I suppose you would feel in my place, no hesitation as to the neglect of any consideration, however superior in intrinsic importance, calculated to interfere with the object concerning which my advice is sought.

Philoc. No doubt you are called in as a physician, and you must not, as an honest man, act as a priest.

Philal. You have expressed in a few words the substance of what I have been urging all along. You cannot, then, ask of the physician, in a larger sense, to act otherwise than as a physician?

Philoc. If, only, he does not forget that the priest has his appointed part also!

Philal. There is the danger of my profession, and still more that of my fellow-students. I do not underrate it. But, just as I am certain that, in a world of order and law, it must be better for the whole being of man that one class should attend exclusively to his physical sufferings, so I believe that it is advantageous to truth, that one set of thinkers should attend exclusively to physical truths.

Philoc. Oh, Philalethes, I cannot answer such arguments otherwise than by the protest of my whole nature! If the study of the creation is to lead us away from the Creator; if the observation of law obliterates the view of the Lawgiver; if "ex majore lumine na-"turæ et reseratione viarum sensûs "aliquid incredulitatis et noctis animis "nostris erga divina mysteria oboria-"tur;" then, I can only say, the sooner that study is abandoned, the sooner that path is closed, the better.

Philal. A danger which I and my fellow-students cannot contemplate too anxiously! But for you, and men of your tastes and interests, it is needful to look to the other side of the question. You, who look at nature simply for the beauty of nature, have you ever reflected what a different world you would inhabit but for the labours of the man of science? I am not, of course, speaking of material advantage. But take the oldest and most complete of the sciences —astronomy, and compare the objects which every night presents to our eyes, as seen with and without its illumination. What were they to the eye of the wisest man of antiquity? Read the description of the eight whorls of the distaff of the universe, in the Republic of Plato, and remember that where he saw this confusion of concentric whorls and unknown impulses, you explore depths of space the remoteness of which thought refuses to conceive, and find those abysses filled with innumerable worlds, moved by the same power which detaches the withered leaf from its stalk, which moulds the faintest streak of vapour that we can scarcely distinguish against the sky. That he *needed* no such symbol as the law of gravitation to embody a conviction of *one* ruling power which

"Spreads undivided, operates unspent"—

I readily believe; but, having that inward conviction, do we gain nothing by the outward type? In one word, does it make no difference whether we are shackled by a delusion of man, or in contact with an idea of God? Now this Divine idea is to you, and to men far less scientific than you, a material of thought, a belief which there is no more choice about receiving than there is about breathing oxygen. What was confused and indistinct to the finest genius of antiquity is orderly and harmonious to the most ordinary mind of to-day. I do not say that the deep significance of the law which is thus revealed to us is appreciated by every one who even reflects upon it; but I do assert that no mind can receive so grand an idea, even partially, without being in some degree enlarged by it, even if they do not see in it, what it seems to me to contain, a type and prophecy of the obedience which man shall yield to his Creator when harmony with the will of the Creator shall become the triumphant motive of his whole being, and law shall reign as certainly over every movement of his spirit, as over the orbits of the planets.

Philoc. But that idea is no offspring of science, Philalethes.

Philal. Not the idea, but the symbol in which it is embodied.

Philoc. But it is exactly that habit of mind, that readiness to find the spiritual in the material, that seems to me wanting in scientific men. They look at, not through, the window.

Philal. The window is their work. What lies beyond is without the boundaries of science. The tendency of early science is to forget those boundaries; the science of our day, in guarding perhaps too anxiously against this error, refuses to take cognizance of what lies beyond them. I anticipate for the maturity of thought a combination of what is right in both these tendencies, as I hope in my own age, to return to what was most precious in the feelings of the child, without losing anything of what was gained by the experience of the man. Meantime, do not forget that our debt is not small to those scientific men who possess least of this spirit—who would regard any inclination to look upon the material world as the expression and symbol of the spiritual, as mere idle dreaming. You owe them this, that, while they spend laborious years in the painful elaboration of some new view of nature, they are translating for you a symbol, in which you may be most certain no conception of their own has mingled. If the result of their operations contain an element so carefully eliminated from the crucible in which the fusion was made, we may be perfectly certain that that element was a constituent part of the original materials.

Philoc. But tell me how you would reconcile with other and more important views of truth any theory which makes man the product of the lower tendencies of the animal world? Suppose it granted that the author of such a hypothesis is not bound to follow me to that ground, still, as I know *you* must be ready to take that point of view, do you not refuse to accompany me there.

Philal. On a future occasion I shall be very happy to do so.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XIX.

A PROMISE OF FAIRER WEATHER.

All dwellers in and about London are, alas, too well acquainted with that never-to-be-enough-hated change which we have to undergo once at least in every spring. As each succeeding winter wears away, the same thing happens to us.

For some time we do not trust the fair lengthening days, and cannot believe that the dirty pair of sparrows who live opposite our window are really making love and going to build, notwithstanding all their twittering. But morning after morning rises fresh and gentle; there is no longer any vice in the air; we drop our over-coats; we rejoice in the green shoots which the privet hedge is making in the square garden, and hail the returning tender-pointed leaves of the plane trees as friends; we go out of our way to walk through Covent Garden market to see the ever-brightening show of flowers from the happy country.

This state of things goes on sometimes for a few days only, sometimes for weeks, till we make sure that we are safe for this spring at any rate. Don't we wish we may get it! Sooner or later, but sure—sure as Christmas bills, or the income-tax, or anything, if there be anything, surer than these—comes the morning when we are suddenly conscious as soon as we rise that there is something the matter. We do not feel comfortable in our clothes; nothing tastes quite as it

should at breakfeast; though the day looks bright enough, there is a fierce dusty taint about it as we look out through windows, which no instinct now prompts us to throw open, as it has done every day for the last month.

But it is only when we open our doors and issue into the street, that the hateful reality comes right home to us. All moisture, and softness, and pleasantness has gone clean out of the air since last night; we seem to inhale yards of horse-hair instead of satin; our skins dry up; our eyes, and hair, and whiskers, and clothes are soon filled with loathsome dust, and our nostrils with the reek of the great city. We glance at the weather-cock on the nearest steeple and see that it points N.E. And so long as the change lasts we carry about with us a feeling of anger and impatience as though we personally were being ill-treated. We could have borne with it well enough in November; it would have been natural, and all in the day's work, in March; but now, when Rotten-row is beginning to be crowded, when long lines of pleasure-vans are leaving town on Monday mornings for Hampton Court or the poor remains of dear Epping Forest, when the exhibitions are open or about to open, when the religious public is up, or on its way up, for May meetings, when the Thames is already sending up faint warnings of what we may expect as soon as his dirty old life's blood shall have been thoroughly warmed up, and the Ship, and Trafalgar, and Star and Garter are in full swing at the antagonist poles of the cockney system, we do feel that this blight which has come over us and everything is an insult, and that while it lasts, as there is nobody who can be made particularly responsible for it, we are justified in going about in general disgust, and ready to quarrel with anybody we may meet on the smallest pretext.

This sort of east-windy state is perhaps the best physical analogy for that mental one in which our hero now found himself. The real crisis was over; he had managed to pass through the eye of the storm, and drift for the present at least into the skirts of it, where he lay rolling under bare poles, comparatively safe, but without any power as yet to get the ship well in hand, and make her obey her helm. The storm might break over him again at any minute, and would find him almost as helpless as ever.

For he could not follow Drysdale's advice at once, and break off his visits to "The Choughs" altogether. He went back again after a day or two, but only for short visits; he never stayed behind now after the other men left the bar, and avoided interviews with Patty alone as diligently as he had sought them before. She was puzzled at his change of manner, and, not being able to account for it, was piqued, and ready to revenge herself and pay him out in the hundred little ways which the least practised of her sex know how to employ for the discipline of any of the inferior or trousered half of the creation. If she had been really in love with him, it would have been a different matter; but she was not. In the last six weeks she had certainly often had visions of the pleasures of being a lady and keeping servants, and riding in a carriage like the squires' and rectors' wives and daughters about her home. She had a liking, even a sentiment for him, which might very well have grown into something dangerous before long; but as yet it was not more than skin deep. Of late, indeed, she had been much more frightened than attracted by the conduct of her admirer, and really felt it a relief, notwithstanding her pique, when he retired into the elder brother sort of state. But she would have been more than woman if she had not resented the change; and so, very soon the pangs of jealousy were added to his other troubles. Other men were beginning to frequent "The Choughs" regularly. Drysdale, besides dividing with Tom the prestige of being an original discoverer, was by far the largest customer. St. Cloud came, and brought Chanter with him, to whom Patty was actually civil, not because she liked him at all, but because she saw that it made Tom furious. Though he could not fix

on any one man in particular, he felt that mankind in general were gaining on him. In his better moments indeed he often wished that she would take the matter into her own hands and throw him over for good and all; but keep away from the place altogether he could not, and often, when he fancied himself on the point of doing it, a pretty toss of her head or kind look of her eyes would scatter all his good resolutions to the four winds.

And so the days dragged on, and he dragged on through them; hot fits of conceit alternating in him with cold fits of despondency and mawkishness and discontent with everything and everybody, which were all the more intolerable from their entire strangeness. Instead of seeing the bright side of all things, he seemed to be looking at creation through yellow spectacles, and saw faults and blemishes in all his acquaintance which had been till now invisible.

But, the more he was inclined to depreciate all other men, the more he felt that there was one to whom he had been grossly unjust. And, as he recalled all that had passed, he began to do justice to the man who had not flinched from warning him and braving him, who he felt had been watching over him, and trying to guide him straight when he had lost all power or will to keep straight himself.

From this time the dread increased on him lest any of the other men should find out his quarrel with Hardy. Their utter ignorance of it encouraged him in the hope that it might all pass off like a bad dream. While it remained a matter between them alone, he felt that all might come straight, though he could not think how. He began to loiter by the entrance of the passage which led to Hardy's rooms; sometimes he would find something to say to his scout or bedmaker which took him into the back regions outside Hardy's window, glancing at it sideways as he stood giving his orders. There it was, wide open, generally—he hardly knew whether he hoped to catch a glimpse of the owner, but he did hope that Hardy might hear his voice. He watched him in chapel and hall furtively, but constantly, and was always fancying what he was doing and thinking about. Was it as painful an effort to Hardy, he wondered, as to him to go on speaking, as if nothing had happened, when they met at the boats, as they did now again almost daily (for Diogenes was bent on training some of the torpids for next year), and yet never to look one another in the face; to live together as usual during part of every day, and yet to feel all the time that a great wall had arisen between them, more hopelessly dividing them for the time than thousands of miles of ocean or continent?

Amongst other distractions which Tom tried at this crisis of his life, was reading. For three or four days running he really worked hard—very hard, if we were to reckon by the number of hours he spent in his own rooms over his books with his oak sported,—hard, even though we should only reckon by results. For, though scarcely an hour passed that he was not balancing on the hind legs of his chair with a vacant look in his eyes, and thinking of anything but Greek roots or Latin constructions, yet on the whole he managed to get through a good deal, and one evening, for the first time since his quarrel with Hardy, felt a sensation of real comfort—it hardly amounted to pleasure—as he closed his Sophocles some hour or so after hall, having just finished the last of the Greek plays which he meant to take in for his first examination. He leaned back in his chair and sat for a few minutes, letting his thoughts follow their own bent. They soon took to going wrong, and he jumped up in fear lest he should be drifting back into the black stormy sea in the trough of which he had been labouring so lately, and which he felt he was by no means clear of yet. At first he caught up his cap and gown as though he were going out. There was a wine party at one of his acquaintance's rooms; or he could go and smoke a cigar in the pool room, or at any one of a dozen other places. On second

thoughts, however, he threw his academicals back on to the sofa, and went to his book-case. The reading had paid so well that evening that he resolved to go on with it. He had no particular object in selecting one book more than another, and so took down carelessly the first that came to hand.

It happened to be a volume of Plato, and opened of its own accord in the Apology. He glanced at a few lines. What a flood of memories they called up! This was almost the last book he had read at school; and teacher, and friends, and lofty oak-shelved library stood out before him at once. Then the blunders that he himself and others had made rushed through his mind, and he almost burst into a laugh as he wheeled his chair round to the window, and began reading where he had opened, encouraging every thought of the old times when he first read that marvellous defence, and throwing himself back into them with all his might. And still, as he read, forgotten words of wise comment, and strange thoughts of wonder and longing, came back to him. The great truth which he had been led to the brink of in those early days rose in all its awe and all its attractiveness before him. He leant back in his chair, and gave himself up to his thought; and how strangely that thought bore on the struggle which had been raging in him of late; how an answer seemed to be trembling to come out of it to all the cries, now defiant, now plaintive, which had gone up out of his heart in this time of trouble! For his thought was of that spirit, distinct from himself, and yet communing with his inmost soul, always dwelling in him, knowing him better than he knew himself, never misleading him, always leading him to light and truth, of which the old philosopher spoke. "The old heathen, Socrates, did actually believe that—there can be no question about it;" he thought, "Has not the testimony of the best men through these two thousand years borne witness that he was right—that he did not believe a lie? That was what we were told. Surely I don't mistake! Were we not told, too, or did I dream it, that what was true for him is true for every man—for me? That there is a spirit dwelling in me, striving with me, ready to lead me into all truth if I will submit to his guidance?"

"Ay! submit, submit, there's the rub! Give yourself up to his guidance! Throw up the reins, and say, you've made a mess of it. Well, why not? Haven't I made a mess of it? Am I fit to hold the reins?"

"Not I," he got up and began walking about his rooms, "I give it up."

"Give it up!" he went on presently; "yes, but to whom? Not to the demon, spirit, whatever it was, who took up his abode in the old Athenian—at least so he said, and so I believe. No, no! Two thousand years and all that they have seen have not passed over the world to leave us just where he was left. We want no dæmons or spirits. And yet the old heathen was guided right, and what can a man want more? and who ever wanted guidance more than I now—here—in this room—at this minute? I give up the reins; who will take them?" And so there came on him one of those seasons when a man's thoughts cannot be followed in words. A sense of awe came on him, and over him, and wrapped him round; awe at a presence of which he was becoming suddenly conscious, into which he seemed to have wandered, and yet which he felt must have been there, around him, in his own heart and soul, though he knew it not. There was hope and longing in his heart mingling with the fear of that presence, but withal the old reckless and daring feeling which he knew so well, still bubbling up untamed, untamable it seemed to him.

The room stifled him now; so he threw on his cap and gown, and hurried down into the quadrangle. It was very quiet; probably there were not a dozen men in college. He walked across to the low dark entrance of the passage which led to Hardy's rooms, and there paused. Was he there by chance, or was he guided there? Yes, this was the right way for him, he had no doubt now as to

that; down the dark passage, and into the room he knew so well—and what then? He took a short turn or two before the entrance. How could he be sure that Hardy was alone? And, if not, to go in would be worse than useless. If he were alone, what should he say? After all, *must* he go in there? was there no way but that?

The college clock struck a quarter to seven. It was his usual time for "The Choughs;" the house would be quiet now; was there not one looking out for him there who would be grieved if he did not come? After all, might not that be his way, for this night at least? He might bring pleasure to one human being by going there at once. That he knew; what else could he be sure of?

At this moment he heard Hardy's door open, and a voice saying, "Good night," and the next Grey came out of the passage, and was passing close to him.

"Join yourself to him." The impulse came so strongly into Tom's mind this time, that it was like a voice speaking to him. He yielded to it, and, stepping to Grey's side, wished him good evening. The other returned his salute in his shy way, and was hurrying on, but Tom kept by him.

"Have you been reading with Hardy?"

"Yes."

"How is he? I have not seen anything of him for some time."

"Oh, very well, I think," said Grey, glancing sideways at his questioner, and adding, after a moment, "I have wondered rather not to see you there of late."

"Are you going to your school?" said Tom, breaking away from the subject.

"Yes, and I am rather late; I must make haste on; good night."

"Will you let me go with you to-night? It would be a real kindness. Indeed," he added, as he saw how embarrassing his proposal was to Grey, "I will do whatever you tell me—you don't know how grateful I shall be to you. Do let me go—just for to-night. Try me once."

Grey hesitated, turned his head sharply once or twice as they walked on together, and then said with something like a sigh—

"I don't know, I'm sure. Did you ever teach in a night-school?"

"No, but I have taught in the Sunday-school at home sometimes. Indeed, I will do whatever you tell me."

"Oh! but this is not at all like a Sunday-school. They are a very rough, wild lot."

"The rougher the better," said Tom; "I shall know how to manage them then."

"But you must not really be rough with them."

"No, I won't; I didn't mean that," said Tom hastily, for he saw his mistake at once. "I shall take it as a great favour, if you will let me go with you to-night. You won't repent it, I'm sure."

Grey did not seem at all sure of this, but saw no means of getting rid of his companion, and so they walked on together and turned down a long narrow court in the lowest part of the town. At the doors of the houses labouring men, mostly Irish, lounged or stood about, smoking and talking to one another, or to the women who leant out of the windows, or passed to and fro on their various errands of business or pleasure. A group of half-grown lads were playing at pitch-farthing at the farther end, and all over the court were scattered children of all ages, ragged and noisy little creatures most of them, on whom paternal and maternal admonitions and cuffs were constantly being expended, and to all appearances in vain.

At the sight of Grey a shout arose amongst the smaller boys, of "Here's the teacher!" and they crowded round him and Tom as they went up the court. Several of the men gave him a half-surly half-respectful nod, as he passed along, wishing them good evening. The rest merely stared at him and his companion. They stopped at a door which Grey opened, and led the way into the passage of an old tumble-down cottage, on the ground floor of which were two low rooms which served for the school-rooms.

A hard-featured, middle-aged woman, who kept the house, was waiting, and said to Grey, "Mr. Jones told me to say, sir, he would not be here to-night, as he has got a bad fever case—so you was to take only the lower classes, sir, he said; and the policeman would be near to keep out the big boys if you wanted him; shall I go and tell him to step round, sir?"

Grey looked embarrassed for a moment, and then said, "No, never mind, you can go;" and then turning to Tom, added, "Jones is the curate; he won't be here to-night; and some of the bigger boys are very noisy and troublesome, and only come to make a noise. However, if they come we must do our best."

Meantime, the crowd of small ragged urchins had filled the room, and were swarming on to the benches and squabbling for the copy-books which were laid out on the thin desks. Grey set to work to get them into order, and soon the smallest were draughted off into the inner room with slates and spelling-books, and the bigger ones, some dozen in number, settled to their writing. Tom seconded him so readily, and seemed so much at home, that Grey felt quite relieved.

"You seem to get on capitally," he said; "I will go into the inner room to the little ones, and you stay and take these. There are the class-books when they have done their copies," and so went off into the inner room and closed the door.

My readers must account for the fact as they please; I only state that Tom, as he bent over one after another of the pupils, and guided the small grubby hands, which clutched the inky pens with cramped fingers, and went spluttering and blotching along the lines of the copy-books, felt the yellow scales dropping from his eyes, and more warmth coming back into his heart than he had known there for many a day.

All went on well inside, notwithstanding a few small outbreaks between the scholars, but every now and then mud was thrown against the window, and noises outside and in the passage threatened some interruption. At last, when the writing was finished, the copy-books cleared away, and the class-books distributed, the door opened, and two or three big boys of fifteen or sixteen lounged in, with their hands in their pockets and their caps on. There was an insolent look about them which set Tom's back up at once; however, he kept his temper, made them take their caps off, and, as they said they wanted to read with the rest, let them take their places on the benches.

But now came the tug of war. He could not keep his eyes on the whole lot at once, and, no sooner did he fix his attention on the stammering reader for the time being and try to help him, than anarchy broke out all round him. Small stones and shot were thrown about, and cries arose from the smaller fry, "Please, sir, he's been and poured some ink down my back," "He's stole my book, sir," He's gone and stuck a pin in my leg." The evil-doers were so cunning that it was impossible to catch them; but, as he was hastily turning in his own mind what to do, a cry arose, and one of the benches went suddenly over backwards on to the floor, carrying with it its whole freight of boys, except two of the bigger ones, who were the evident authors of the mishap.

Tom sprang at the one nearest him, seized him by the collar, hauled him into the passage, and sent him out of the street-door with a sound kick; and then, rushing back, caught hold of the second, who went down on his back and clung round Tom's legs, shouting for help to his remaining companions, and struggling and swearing. It was all the work of a moment, and now the door opened, and Grey appeared from the inner room. Tom left off hauling his prize towards the passage, and felt and looked very foolish.

"This fellow, and another whom I have turned out, upset that form with all the little boys on it," he said apologetically.

"It's a lie, 'twasn't me," roared the captive, to whom Tom administered a

sound box on the ear, while the small boys, rubbing different parts of their bodies, chorused, "'Twas him, teacher, 'twas him," and heaped further charges of pinching, pin-sticking, and other atrocities on him.

Grey astonished Tom by his firmness. "Don't strike him again," he said. "Now, go out at once, or I will send for your father." The fellow got up, and, after standing a moment and considering his chance of successful resistance to physical force in the person of Tom, and moral in that of Grey, slunk out. "You must go too, Murphy," went on Grey to another of the intruders.

"Oh, your honour, let me bide. I'll be as quiet as a mouse," pleaded the Irish boy; and Tom would have given in, but Grey was unyielding.

"You were turned out last week, and Mr. Jones said you were not to come back for a fortnight."

"Well, good night to your honour," said Murphy, and took himself off.

"The rest may stop," said Grey. "You had better take the inner room now; I will stay here."

"I'm very sorry," said Tom.

"You couldn't help it; no one can manage those two. Murphy is quite different, but I should have spoiled him if I had let him stay now."

The remaining half hour passed off quietly. Tom retired into the inner room, and took up Grey's lesson, which he had been reading to the boys from a large Bible with pictures. Out of consideration for their natural and acquired restlessness, the little fellows, who were all between eight and eleven years old, were only kept sitting at their pothooks and spelling for the first hour, and then were allowed to crowd round the teacher, who read and talked to them and showed them the pictures. Tom found the Bible open at the story of the prodigal son, and read it out to them as they clustered round his knees. Some of the outside ones fidgeted about a little, but those close round him listened with ears, and eyes, and bated breath; and two little blue-eyed boys without shoes—their ragged clothes concealed by long pinafores which their widowed mother had put on clean to send them to school in—leaned against him and looked up in his face, and his heart warmed to the touch and the look. "Please, teacher, read it again," they said when he finished; so he read it again, and sighed when Grey came in and lighted a candle (for the room was getting dark) and said it was time for prayers.

A few collects, and the Lord's Prayer, in which all the young voices joined, drowning for a minute the noises from the court outside, finished the evening's schooling. The children trooped out, and Grey went to speak to the woman who kept the house. Tom, left to himself, felt strangely happy, and, for something to do, took the snuffers and commenced a crusade against a large family of bugs, who, taking advantage of the quiet, came cruising out of a crack in the otherwise neatly papered wall. Some dozen had fallen on his spear when Grey re-appeared, and was much horrified at the sight. He called the woman, and told her to have the hole carefully fumigated and mended.

"I thought we had killed them all long ago," he said; "but the place is tumbling down."

"It looks well enough," said Tom.

"Yes, we have it kept as tidy as possible. It ought to be at least a little better than what the children see at home." And so they left the school and court and walked up to college.

"Where are you going?" Tom said, as they entered the gate.

"To Hardy's rooms; will you come?"

"No, not to-night," said Tom, "I know that you want to be reading; I should only interrupt."

"Well, good-night then," said Grey, and went on, leaving Tom standing in the porch. On the way up from the school he had almost made up his mind to go to Hardy's rooms that night. He longed, and yet feared to do so; and, on the whole, was not sorry for an excuse. Their first meeting must be alone, and it would be a very embarrassing one for him at any rate. Grey, he hoped, would

tell Hardy of his visit to the school, and that would show that he was coming round, and make the meeting easier. His talk with Grey, too, had removed one great cause of uneasiness from his mind. It was now quite clear that he had no suspicion of the quarrel, and, if Hardy had not told him, no one else could know of it.

Altogether, he strolled into the quadrangle a happier and sounder man than he had been since his first visit to the Choughs, and looked up and answered with his old look and voice when he heard his name called from one of the first-floor windows.

The hailer was Drysdale, who was leaning out in lounging coat and velvet cap, and enjoying a cigar as usual, in the midst of the flowers of his hanging garden.

"You've heard the good news, I suppose?"

"No, what do you mean?"

"Why, Blake has got the Latin verse."

"Hurra! I'm so glad."

"Come up and have a weed." Tom ran up the staircase and into Drysdale's rooms, and was leaning out of the window at his side in another minute.

"What does he get by it?" he said, "do you know?"

"No, some books bound in Russia, I dare say, with the Oxford arms, and 'Dominus illuminatio mea' on the back."

"No money?"

"Not much—perhaps a ten'ner," answered Drysdale, "but no end of κῦδος I suppose."

"It makes it look well for his first, don't you think? But I wish he had got some money for it. I often feel very uncomfortable about that bill, don't you?"

"Not I, what's the good? It's nothing when you are used to it. Besides, it don't fall due for another month."

"But if Blake can't meet it then?" said Tom.

"Well, it will be vacation, and I'll trouble greasy Benjamin to catch me then."

"But you don't mean to say you won't pay it?" said Tom in horror.

"Pay it! You may trust Benjamin for that. He'll pull round his little usuries somehow."

"Only we have promised to pay on a certain day, you know."

"Oh, of course, that's the form. That only means that he can't pinch us sooner."

"I do hope, though, Drysdale, that it will be paid on the day," said Tom, who could not quite swallow the notion of forfeiting his word, even though it were only a promise to pay to a scoundrel.

"All right. You've nothing to do with it, remember. He won't bother you. Besides, you can plead infancy, if the worst comes to the worst. There's such a queer old bird gone to your friend Hardy's rooms."

The mention of Hardy broke the disagreeable train of thought into which Tom was falling, and he listened eagerly as Drysdale went on.

"It was about half an hour ago. I was looking out here, and saw an old fellow come hobbling into quad on two sticks, in a shady blue uniform coat and white trousers. The kind of old boy you read about in books, you know: Commodore Trunnion, or Uncle Toby, or one of that sort. Well, I watched him backing and filing about the quad, and trying one staircase and another; but there was nobody about. So down I trotted, and went up to him for fun, and to see what he was after. It was as good as a play, if you could have seen it. I was ass enough to take off my cap and make a low bow as I came up to him, and he pulled off his uniform cap in return, and we stood there bowing to one another. He was a thorough old gentleman, and I felt rather foolish for fear he should see that I expected a lark when I came out. But I don't think he had an idea of it, and only set my capping him down to the wonderful good manners of the college. So we got quite thick, and I piloted him across to Hardy's staircase in the back quad. I wanted him to come up and quench, but he declined, with many apologies. I'm sure he is a character."

"He must be Hardy's father," said Tom.

"I shouldn't wonder. But is his father in the navy?"

"He is a retired captain."

"Then no doubt you're right. What shall we do? Have a hand at picquet. Some men will be here directly. Only for love."

Tom declined the proffered game, and went off soon after to his own rooms, a happier man than he had been since his first night at the Choughs.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Tom rose in the morning with a presentiment that all would be over now before long, and, to make his presentiment come true, resolved, before night, to go himself to Hardy and give in. All he reserved to himself was the liberty to do it in the manner which would be least painful to himself. He was greatly annoyed, therefore, when Hardy did not appear at morning chapel; for he had fixed on the leaving chapel as the least unpleasant time in which to begin his confession, and was going to catch Hardy then, and follow him to his rooms. All the morning, too, in answer to his inquiries by his scout Wiggins, Hardy's scout replied that his master was out, or busy. He did not come to the boats, he did not appear in hall; so that, after hall, when Tom went back to his own rooms, as he did at once, instead of sauntering out of college, or going to a wine party, he was quite out of heart at his bad luck, and began to be afraid that he would have to sleep on his unhealed wound another night.

He sat down in an arm-chair, and fell to musing, and thought how wonderfully his life had been changed in these few short weeks. He could hardly get back across the gulf which separated him from the self who came back into those rooms after Easter, full of anticipations of the pleasures and delights of the coming summer term and vacation. To his own surprise he didn't seem much to regret the loss of his *châteaux en Espagne*, and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in their utter overthrow.

While occupied with these thoughts, he heard talking on his stairs, accompanied by a strange lumbering tread. These came nearer; and at last stopped just outside his door, which opened in another moment, and Wiggins announced—

"Capting Hardy, sir."

Tom jumped to his legs, and felt himself colour painfully. "Here, Wiggins," said he, "wheel round that arm-chair for Captain Hardy. I am so very glad to see you, sir," and he hastened round himself to meet the old gentleman, holding out his hand, which the visitor took very cordially, as soon as he had passed his heavy stick to his left hand, and balanced himself safely upon it.

"Thank you, sir; thank you," said the old man after a few moments' pause, "I find your companion ladders rather steep;" and then he sat down with some difficulty.

Tom took the Captain's stick and undress cap, and put them reverentially on his sideboard; and then, to get rid of some little nervousness which he couldn't help feeling, bustled to his cupboard, and helped Wiggins to place glasses and biscuits on the table. "Now, sir, what will you take? I have port, sherry, and whiskey here, and can get you anything else. Wiggins, run to Hinton's and get some dessert."

"No dessert, thank you, for me," said the Captain; "I'll take a cup of coffee, or a glass of grog, or anything you have ready. Don't open wine for me, pray, sir."

"Oh, it is all the better for being opened," said Tom, working away at a bottle of sherry with his corkscrew—"and, Wiggins, get some coffee and anchovy toast in a quarter of an hour; and just put out some tumblers and toddy ladles, and bring up boiling water with the coffee."

While making his hospitable preparations, Tom managed to get many side-glances at the old man, who sat looking steadily and abstractedly before him into the fireplace, and was much struck and touched by the picture. The sailor

wore a well-preserved old undress uniform coat and waistcoat, and white drill trousers; he was a man of middle height, but gaunt and massive, and Tom recognised the framework of the long arms and grand shoulders and chest which he had so often admired in the son. His right leg was quite stiff from an old wound on the kneecap; the left eye was sightless, and the scar of a cutlas travelled down the drooping lid and on to the weather-beaten cheek below. His head was high and broad, his hair and whiskers silver white, while the shaggy eyebrows were scarcely grizzled. His face was deeply lined, and the long clean-cut lower jaw, and drawn look about the mouth, gave a grim expression to the face at the first glance, which wore off as you looked, leaving, however, on most men who thought about it, the impression which fastened on our hero, "An awkward man to have met at the head of boarders towards the end of the great war."

In a minute or two Tom, having completed his duties, faced the old sailor, much reassured by his covert inspection; and, pouring himself out a glass of sherry, pushed the decanter across, and drank to his guest.

"Your health, sir," he said, "and thank you very much for coming up to see me."

"Thank *you*, sir," said the Captain, rousing himself and filling, "I drink to you, sir. The fact is, I took a great liberty in coming up to your rooms in this off hand way, without calling or sending up, but you'll excuse it in an old sailor." Here the captain took to his glass, and seemed a little embarrassed. Tom felt embarrassed also, feeling that something was coming, and could only think of asking how the captain liked the sherry. The captain liked the sherry very much. Then, suddenly clearing his throat, he went on. "I felt, sir, that you would excuse me, for I have a favour to ask of you." He paused again, while Tom muttered something about great pleasure, and then went on.

"You know my son, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir; he has been my best friend up here; I owe more to him than to any man in Oxford."

The Captain's eye gleamed with pleasure as he replied, "Jack is a noble fellow, Mr. Brown, though I say it who am his father. I've often promised myself a cruize to Oxford since he has been here. I came here at last yesterday, and have been having a long yarn with him. I found there was something on his mind. He can't keep anything from his old father: and so I drew out of him that he loves you as David loved Jonathan. He made my old eye very dim while he was talking of you, Mr. Brown. And then I found that you two are not as you used to be. Some coldness sprung up between you; but what about I couldn't get at! Young men are often hasty—I know I was, forty years ago—Jack says he has been hasty with you. Now, that boy is all I have in the world, Mr. Brown. I know my boy's friend will like to send an old man home with a light heart. So I made up my mind to come over to you and ask you to make it up with Jack. I gave him the slip after dinner and here I am."

"Oh, sir, did he really ask you to come to me?"

"No, sir," said the Captain, "he did not—I'm sorry for it—I think Jack must be in the wrong, for he said he had been too hasty, and yet he wouldn't ask me to come to you and make it up. But he is young, sir; young and proud. He said he couldn't move in it, his mind was made up; he was wretched enough over it, but the move must come from you. And so that's the favour I have to ask, that you will make it up with Jack. It isn't often a young man can do such a favour to an old one—to an old father with one son. You'll not feel the worse for having done it, if it's ever so hard to do, when you come to be my age." And the old man looked wistfully across the table, the muscles about his mouth quivering as he ended.

Tom sprang from his chair, and grasped the old sailor's hand, as he felt the load pass out of his heart. "Favour,

sir!" he said, "I have been a mad fool enough already in this business—I should have been a double-dyed scoundrel, like enough, by this time but for your son, and I've quarrelled with him for stopping me at the pit's mouth. Favour! If God will, I'll prove somehow where the favour lies, and what I owe to him; and to you, sir, for coming to me to-night. Stop here two minutes, sir, and I'll run down and bring him over."

Tom tore away to Hardy's door and knocked. There was no pausing in the passage now. "Come in." He opened the door but did not enter, and for a moment or two could not speak. The rush of associations which the sight of the well-known old rickety furniture, and the figure which was seated, book in hand, with its back to the door and its feet up against one side of the mantelpiece, called up, choked him.

"*May* I come in?" he said at last.

He saw the figure give a start, and the book trembled a little, but then came the answer, slow but firm—

"I have not changed my opinion."

"No; dear old boy, but I have," and Tom rushed across to his friend, dearer than ever to him now, and threw his arm round his neck; and, if the un-English truth must out, had three parts of a mind to kiss the rough face which was now working with strong emotion.

"Thank God!" said Hardy, as he grasped the hand which hung over his shoulder.

"And now come over to my rooms; your father is there waiting for us."

"What, the dear old governor? That's what he has been after, is it? I couldn't think where he could have hove to, as he would say."

Hardy put on his cap, and the two hurried back to Tom's rooms, the lightest hearts in the University of Oxford.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN HARDY ENTERTAINED BY ST. AMBROSE.

THERE are moments in the life of the most self-contained and sober of us all, when we fairly bubble over, like a full bottle of champagne with the cork out; and this was one of them for our hero, who, however, be it remarked, was neither self-contained nor sober by nature. When they got back to his rooms, he really hardly knew what to do to give vent to his lightness of heart; and Hardy, though self-contained and sober enough in general, was on this occasion almost as bad as his friend. They rattled on, talking out the thing which came uppermost, whatever the subject might chance to be; but, whether grave or gay, it always ended after a minute or two in jokes not always good, and chaff, and laughter. The poor captain was a little puzzled at first, and made one or two endeavours to turn the talk into improving channels. But very soon he saw that Jack was thoroughly happy, and that was always enough for him. So he listened to one and the other, joining cheerily in the laugh whenever he could; and, when he couldn't catch the joke, looking like a benevolent old lion, and making as much belief that he *had* understood it all as the simplicity and truthfulness of his character would allow.

The spirits of the two friends seemed inexhaustible. They lasted out the bottle of sherry which Tom had uncorked, and the remains of a bottle of his famous port. He had tried hard to be allowed to open a fresh bottle, but the captain had made such a point of his not doing so, that he had given in for hospitality's sake. They lasted out the coffee and anchovy toast; after which the captain made a little effort at moving, which was supplicatingly stopped by Tom.

"Oh, pray don't go, Captain Hardy. I haven't been so happy for months. Besides, I must brew you a glass of grog. I pride myself on my brew. Your son there will tell you that I am a dead hand at it. Here, Wiggins, a lemon!" shouted Tom.

"Well, for once in a way, I suppose. Eh, Jack?" said the captain, looking at his son.

"Oh yes, father. You mayn't know

it Brown, but, if there is one thing harder to do than another, it is to get an old sailor like my father to take a glass of grog at night."

The captain laughed a little laugh, and shook his thick stick at his son, who went on.

"And as for asking him to take a pipe with it—"

"Dear me," said Tom, "I quite forgot. I really beg your pardon, Captain Hardy;" and he put down the lemon he was squeezing, and produced a box of cigars.

"It's all Jack's nonsense, sir," said the captain, holding out his hand, nevertheless, for the box.

"Now, father, don't be absurd," interrupted Hardy, snatching the box away from him. "You might as well give him a glass of absinthe. He is churchwarden at home, and can't smoke anything but a long clay."

"I'm very sorry I haven't one here, but I can send out in a minute." And Tom was making for the door to shout for Wiggins.

"No, don't call. I'll fetch some from my rooms."

When Hardy left the room, Tom squeezed away at his lemon, and was preparing himself for a speech to Captain Hardy full of confession and gratitude. But the captain was before him, and led the conversation into a most unexpected channel.

"I suppose, now, Mr. Brown," he began, "you don't find any difficulty in construing your Thucydides?"

"Indeed I do, sir," said Tom, laughing. "I find him a very tough old customer, except in the simplest narrative."

"For my part," said the captain, "I can't get on at all, I find, without a translation. But you see, sir, I had none of the advantages which you young men have up here. In fact, Mr. Brown, I didn't begin Greek till Jack was nearly ten years old." The captain in his secret heart was prouder of his partial victory over the Greek tongue in his old age, than of his undisputed triumphs over the French in his youth, and was not averse to talking of it.

"I wonder that you ever began it at all, sir," said Tom.

"You wouldn't wonder if you knew how an uneducated man like me feels, when he comes to a place like Oxford."

"Uneducated, sir!" said Tom. "Why your education has been worth twice as much, I'm sure, as any we get here."

"No, sir; we never learnt anything in the navy when I was a youngster, except a little rule-of-thumb mathematics. One picked up a sort of smattering of a language or two knocking about the world, but no grammatical knowledge, nothing scientific. If a boy doesn't get a method, he is beating to windward in a crank craft all his life. He hasn't got any regular place to stow away what he gets into his brains, and so it lies tumbling about in the hold, and he loses it, or it gets damaged and is never ready for use. You see what I mean, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm afraid we don't all of us get much method up here. Do you really enjoy reading Thucydides now, Captain Hardy?"

"Indeed I do, sir, very much," said the Captain. "There's a great deal in his history to interest an old sailor, you know. I dare say, now, that I enjoy those parts about the sea-fights more than you do." The Captain looked at Tom as if he had made an audacious remark.

"I am sure you do, sir," said Tom, smiling.

"Because you see, Mr. Brown," said the Captain, "when one has been in that sort of thing oneself, one likes to read how people in other times managed, and to think what one would have done in their place. I don't believe that the Greeks just at that time were very resolute fighters, though. Nelson or Collingwood would have finished that war in a year or two."

"Not with triremes, do you think, sir?" said Tom.

"Yes, sir, with any vessels which were to be had," said the Captain. "But you are right about triremes. It has always been a great puzzle to me how those triremes could have been

worked. How do you understand the three banks of oars, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, sir, I suppose they must have been one above the other somehow."

"But the upper bank must have had oars twenty feet long and more in that case," said the Captain. "You must allow for leverage, you see."

"Of course, sir. When one comes to think of it, it isn't easy to see how they were manned and worked," said Tom.

"Now my notion about triremes—" began the Captain, holding the head of his stick with both hands, and looking across at Tom.

"Why, father!" cried Hardy, returning at the moment with the pipes, and catching the Captain's last word, "on one of your hobby horses already! You're not safe!—I can't leave you for two minutes. Here's a long pipe for you. How in the world did he get on triremes?"

"I hardly know," said Tom, "but I want to hear what Captain Hardy thinks about them. You were saying, sir, that the upper oars must have been twenty feet long at least."

"My notion is—" said the Captain, taking the pipe and tobacco-pouch from his son's hand.

"Stop one moment," said Hardy; "I found Blake at my rooms, and asked him to come over here. You don't object?"

"Object, my dear fellow! I'm much obliged to you. Now, Hardy, would you like to have any one else? I can send in a minute."

"No one, thank you."

"You won't stand on ceremony now, will you, with me?" said Tom.

"You see I haven't."

"And you never will again?"

"No, never. Now, father, you can heave ahead about those oars."

The Captain went on charging his pipe, and proceeded: "You see, Mr. Brown, they must have been at least twenty feet long, because, if you allow the lowest bank of oars to have been three feet above the water-line, which even Jack thinks they must have been—"

"Certainly. That height at least to do any good," said Hardy.

"Not that I think Jack's opinion worth much on the point," went on his father.

"It's very ungrateful of you, then, to say so, father," said Hardy, "after all the time I've wasted trying to make it all clear to you."

"I don't say that Jack's is not a good opinion on most things, Mr. Brown," said the Captain; "but he is all at sea about triremes. He believes that the men of the uppermost bank rowed somehow like lightermen on the Thames, walking up and down."

"I object to your statement of my faith, father," said Hardy.

"Now you know, Jack, you have said so, often."

"I have said they must have stood up to row, and so—"

"You would have had awful confusion, Jack. You must have order between decks when you're going into action. Besides, the rowers had cushions."

"That old heresy of yours again."

"Well, but Jack, they *had* cushions. Didn't the rowers who were marched across the Isthmus to man the ships which were to surprise the Piræus, carry their oars, thongs, and cushions?"

"If they did, your conclusion doesn't follow, father, that they sat on them to row."

"You hear, Mr. Brown," said the Captain; "he admits my point about the cushions."

"Oh father, I hope you used to fight the French more fairly," said Hardy.

"But, didn't he? Didn't Jack admit my point?"

"Implicitly, sir, I think," said Tom, catching Hardy's eye, which was dancing with fun.

"Of course he did. You hear that, Jack. Now my notion about triremes—"

A knock at the door interrupted the captain again, and Blake came in and was introduced.

"Mr. Blake is almost our best scholar, father; you should appeal to him about the cushions."

"I am very proud to make your

acquaintance, sir," said the captain; "I have heard my son speak of you often."

"We were talking about triremes," said Tom; "Captain Hardy thinks the oars must have been twenty feet long."

"Not easy to come forward well with that sort of oar," said Blake; "they must have pulled a slow stroke."

"Our torpid would have bumped the best of them," said Hardy.

"I don't think they could have made more than six knots," said the captain; "But yet they used to sink one another, and a light boat going only six knots couldn't break another in two amidships. It's a puzzling subject, Mr. Blake."

"It is, sir," said Blake; "if we only had some of their fo'castle songs we should know more about it. I'm afraid they had no Dibdin."

"I wish you would turn one of my father's favourite songs into anapæsts for him," said Hardy.

"What are they?" said Blake.

"'Tom Bowling,' or 'The wind that blows, and the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor.'"

"By the way, why shouldn't we have a song?" said Tom. "What do you say, Captain Hardy?"

The captain winced a little as he saw his chance of expounding his notion as to triremes slipping away, but answered,

"By all means, sir; Jack must sing for me, though. Did you ever hear him sing 'Tom Bowling'?"

"No, never, sir. Why, Hardy, you never told me you could sing."

"You never asked me," said Hardy, laughing; "but, if I sing for my father, he must spin us a yarn."

"Oh yes; will you, sir?"

"I'll do my best, Mr. Brown; but I don't know that you'll care to listen to my old yarns. Jack thinks everybody must like them as well as he, who used to hear them when he was a child."

"Thank you, sir; that's famous—now Hardy, strike up."

"After you. You must set the example in your own rooms."

So Tom sang his song. And the noise brought Drysdale and another man up, who were loitering in quad on the look-out for something to do. Drysdale and the Captain recognised one another, and were friends at once. And then Hardy sang "Tom Bowling," in a style which astonished the rest not a little, and as usual nearly made his father cry; and Blake sang, and Drysdale, and the other man. And then the captain was called on for his yarn; and, the general voice being for "something that had happened to him," "the strangest thing that had ever happened to him at sea," the old gentleman laid down his pipe and sat up in his chair with his hands on his stick and began.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

It will be forty years ago next month since the ship I was then in came home from the West Indies station, and was paid off. I had nowhere in particular to go just then, and so was very glad to get a letter, the morning after I went ashore at Portsmouth, asking me to go down to Plymouth for a week or so. It came from an old sailor, a friend of my family, who had been Commodore of the fleet. He lived at Plymouth; he was a thorough old sailor—what you young men would call 'an old salt'—and couldn't live out of sight of the blue sea and the shipping. It is a disease that a good many of us take who have spent our best years on the sea. I have it myself—a sort of feeling that we must be under another kind of Providence, when we look out and see a hill on this side and a hill on that. It's wonderful to see the trees come out and the corn grow, but then it doesn't come so home to an old sailor. I know that we're all just as much under the Lord's hand on shore as at sea; but you can't read in a book you haven't been used to, and they that go down to the sea in ships, they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. It isn't their fault if they don't see His wonders on the land so easily as other people.

But, for all that, there's no man enjoys a cruize in the country more than a sailor. It's forty years ago since I started for Plymouth, but I haven't forgotten

the road a bit, or how beautiful it was; all through the New Forest, and over Salisbury Plain, and then on by the mail to Exeter, and through Devonshire. It took me three days to get to Plymouth, for we didn't get about so quick in those days.

The Commodore was very kind to me when I got there, and I went about with him to the ships in the bay, and through the dock-yard, and picked up a good deal that was of use to me afterwards. I was a lieutenant in those days, and had seen a good deal of service, and I found the old Commodore had a great nephew whom he had adopted, and had set his whole heart upon. He was an old bachelor himself, but the boy had come to live with him, and was to go to sea; so he wanted to put him under some one who would give an eye to him for the first year or two. He was a light slip of a boy then, fourteen years old, with deep set blue eyes and long eyelashes, and cheeks like a girl's, but as brave as a lion and as merry as a lark. The old gentleman was very pleased to see that we took to one another. We used to bathe and boat together; and he was never tired of hearing my stories about the great admirals, and the fleet, and the stations I had been on.

Well, it was agreed that I should apply for a ship again directly, and go up to London with a letter to the Admiralty from the Commodore, to help things on. After a month or two I was appointed to a brig, lying at Spithead; and so I wrote off to the Commodore, and he got his boy a midshipman's berth on board, and brought him to Portsmouth himself, a day or two before we sailed for the Mediterranean. The old gentleman came on board to see his boy's hammock slung, and went below into the cockpit to make sure that all was right. He only left us by the pilot-boat, when we were well out in the Channel. He was very low at parting from his boy, but bore up as well as he could; and we promised to write to him from Gibraltar, and as often afterwards as we had a chance.

I was soon as proud and fond of little Tom Holdsworth as if he had been my own younger brother; and, for that matter, so were all the crew, from our captain to the cook's boy. He was such a gallant youngster, and yet so gentle. In one cutting-out business we had, he climbed over the boatswain's shoulders, and was almost first on deck; how he came out of it without a scratch I can't think to this day. But he hadn't a bit of bluster in him, and was as kind as a woman to any one who was wounded or down with sickness.

After we had been out about a year we were sent to cruise off Malta, on the look-out for the French fleet. It was a long business, and the post wasn't so good then as it is now. We were sometimes for months without getting a letter, and knew nothing of what was happening at home, or anywhere else. We had a sick time too on board, and at last he got a fever. He bore up against it like a man, and wouldn't knock off duty for a long time. He was midshipman of my watch; so I used to make him turn in early, and tried to ease things to him as much as I could; but he didn't pick up, and I began to get very anxious about him. I talked to the doctor, and turned matters over in my own mind, and at last I came to think he wouldn't get any better unless he could sleep out of the cockpit. So, one night, the 20th of October it was—I remember it well enough, better than I remember any day since; it was a dirty night, blowing half a gale of wind from the southward, and we were under close-reefed topsails—I had the first watch, and at nine o'clock I sent him down to my cabin to sleep there, where he would be fresher and quieter, and I was to turn into his hammock when my watch was over.

I was on deck three hours or so after he went down, and the weather got dirtier and dirtier, and the scud drove by, and the wind sang and hummed through the rigging—it made me melancholy to listen to it. I could think of nothing but the youngster down below, and what I should say to his poor old uncle if anything happened. Well, soon after midnight I went down and turned into his hammock. I didn't go to sleep

at once, for I remember very well listening to the creaking of the ship's timbers as she rose to the swell, and watching the lamp, which was slung from the ceiling, and gave light enough to make out the other hammocks swinging slowly all together. At last, however, I dropped off, and I reckon I must have been asleep about an hour, when I woke with a start. For the first moment I didn't see anything but the swinging hammocks and the lamp; but then suddenly I became aware that some one was standing by my hammock, and I saw the figure as plainly as I see any one of you now, for the foot of the hammock was close to the lamp, and the light struck full across on the head and shoulders, which was all that I could see of him. There he was, the old Commodore; his grizzled hair coming out from under a red woollen night-cap, and his shoulders wrapped in an old threadbare blue dressing-gown which I had often seen him in. His face looked pale and drawn, and there was a wistful disappointed look about the eyes. I was so taken aback I couldn't speak, but lay watching him. He looked full at my face once or twice, but didn't seem to recognise me; and, just as I was getting back my tongue and going to speak, he said slowly: 'Where's Tom? this is his hammock. I can't see Tom;' and then he looked vaguely about and passed away somehow, but how I couldn't see. In a moment or two I jumped out and hurried to my cabin, but young Holdsworth was fast asleep. I sat down, and wrote down just what I had seen, making a note of the exact time, twenty minutes to two. I didn't turn in again, but sat watching the youngster. When he woke I asked him if he had heard anything of his great uncle by the last mail. Yes, he had heard; the old gentleman was rather feeble, but nothing particular the matter. I kept my own counsel and never told a soul in the ship; and, when the mail came to hand a few days afterwards with a letter from the Commodore to his nephew, dated late in September, saying that he was well, I thought the figure by my hammock must have been all my own fancy.

However, by the next mail came the news of the old Commodore's death. It had been a very sudden break-up, his executor said. He had left all his property, which was not much, to his great-nephew, who was to get leave to come home as soon as he could.

The first time we touched at Malta Tom Holdsworth left us, and went home. We followed about two years afterwards, and the first thing I did after landing was to find out the Commodore's executor. He was a quiet, dry little Plymouth lawyer, and very civilly answered all my questions about the last days of my old friend. At last I asked him to tell me as near as he could the time of his death; and he put on his spectacles, and got his diary, and turned over the leaves. I was quite nervous till he looked up and said,—"Twenty-five minutes to two, sir, A. M., on the morning of October 21st; or it might be a few minutes later."

"How do you mean, sir?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it is an odd story. The doctor was sitting with me, watching the old man, and, as I tell you, at twenty-five minutes to two, he got up and said it was all over. We stood together, talking in whispers for, it might be, four or five minutes, when the body seemed to move. He was an odd old man, you know, the Commodore, and we never could get him properly to bed, but he lay in his red nightcap and old dressing-gown, with a blanket over him. It was not a pleasant sight, I can tell you, sir. I don't think one of you gentlemen, who are bred to face all manner of dangers, would have liked it. As I was saying, the body first moved, and then sat up, propping itself behind with its hands. The eyes were wide open, and he looked at us for a moment, and said slowly, 'I've been to the Mediterranean, but I didn't see Tom.' Then the body sank back again, and this time the old Commodore was really dead. But it was not a pleasant thing to happen to one, sir. I do not remember anything like it in my forty years' practice."

To be continued.

THE ELDER'S DAUGHTER.

Cast her forth in her shame ;
  She is no daughter of mine ;
We had an honest name,
  All of our house and line ;
And she has brought us to shame.

What are you whispering there,
  Parleying with sin at the door?
I have no blessing for her ;
  She is dead to me evermore ;—
Dead ! would to God that she were !

Dead ! and the grass o'er her head !
  There is no shame in dying :
They were wholesome tears we shed
  Where all her little sisters are lying ;
And the love of them is not dead.

I did not curse her, did I?
  I meant not that, O Lord :
We are cursed enough already ;
  Let her go with never a word :—
I have blessed her often already.

You are the mother that bore her,
  I do not blame you for weeping ;
They had all gone before her,
  And she had our hearts a-keeping ;
And O the love that we bore her !

I thought that she was like you ;
  I thought that the light in her face
Was the youth and the morning dew,
  And the winsome look of grace :
But she was never like you.

Is the night dark and wild?
  Dark is the way of sin—
The way of an erring child,
  Dark without and within.—
And tell me not she was beguiled.

What should beguile her, truly?
  Did we not bless them both?
There was gold between them duly,
  And we blessed their plighted troth ;
Though I never liked him truly.

Let us read a word from the Book ;
  I think that my eyes grow dim ;—
She used to sit in the nook
  There by the side of him,
And hand me the holy Book.

I wot not what ails me to-night,
  I cannot lay hold on a text.
O Jesus ! guide me aright,
  For my soul is sore perplexed,
And the book seems dark as the night.

And the night is stormy and dark ;
  And dark is the way of sin ;
And the stream will be swollen too ;
    and hark
  How the water roars in the Lynn !—
It's an ugly ford in the dark.

What did you say? To-night
  Might she sleep in her little bed?—
Her bed so pure and white !
  How often I've thought and said
They were both so pure and white.

But that was a lie—for she
  Was a whited sepulchre ;
Yet O she was white to me,
  And I've buried my heart in her ;
And it's dead wherever she be.

Nay, she never could lay her head
  Again in the little white room
Where all her little sisters were laid ;
  She would see them still in the gloom,
All chaste and pure—but dead.

We will go all together,
  She, and you, and I ;
There's the black peat-hag 'mong the
    heather,
  Where we could all of us lie,
And bury our shame together.

Any foul place will do
  For a grave to us now in our shame :—
She may lie with me and you,
  But she shall not sleep with them,
And the dust of my fathers too.

Is it sin, you say, I have spoken?
I know not; my head feels strange;
And something in me is broken;
Lord, is it the coming change?
Forgive the word I have spoken.

I scarce know what I have said;
Was I hard on her for her fall?
That was wrong; but the rest were dead,
And I loved her more than them all—
For she heired all the love of the dead.

One by one as they died,
The love, that was owing to them,
Centred on her at my side;
And then she brought us to shame,
And broke the crown of my pride.

Lord, pardon mine erring child:
Do we not all of us err?
Dark was my heart and wild;
O might I but look on her,
Once more, my lost loved child.

For I thought, not long ago,
That I was in Abraham's bosom,
And she lifted a face of woe,
Like some pale, withered blossom,
Out of the depths below.

Do not say, when I am gone,
That she brought my grey hairs to the grave;
Women do that; but let her alone;
She'll have sorrow enough to brave;
That would turn her heart into stone.

Is that her hand in mine?
Now, give me thine, sweet wife:
I thank thee, Lord, for this grace of thine,
And light, and peace, and life;
And she is thine and mine.

ORWELL.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A GOOD ruler but a bad general was Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. The French defeated him at Auerstadt and Jena; mortally wounded, he retired to his own territories to die, but, being hunted out, took refuge within those of the Danish king. His enemies overran Brunswick and committed such dreadful excesses that the huzzars of Brunswick Oels, assuming a black uniform of perpetual mourning for their loss, signified a determination neither to give nor receive quarter by wearing on their shakoes a silver skull and cross-bones. They fulfilled the vow, and their hatred of the French was deepened by the death of the young Duke William Frederick, at Ligny, on the day before Waterloo. Mr. Millais has chosen for his contribution the parting of an officer of this famous *corps* of the Black-Brunswickers from his mistress. He insinuates a French leaning to her judgment by giving a French character to her face, and showing hung upon the wall of the room a print after David's picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps." She would have him stay, not only as her lover, but as the opponent of her own party. For this she has interposed herself between him and the door,—standing up against his breast, she holds it back with one hand upon the lock, although he firmly strives to open it and leave her. For this the tears are ready to start under her broad eyelids, and for this she lays her head against his bosom; her eyes are downcast, and her lips tremble with emotion—suppressed though evident. He looks at her depressed face, in pique averted from him, himself hurt that she owns not the call of duty he must obey.

"I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honour more"—

is the motto he might take from Lovelace's song. His will is stern and heart strong, and she does but make the duty painful by resisting. Maybe he feels that a political bias in-

fluences her conduct. Does this seem melodramatic, good reader—this story of vengeance, skulls, and cross-bones, and lovers' parting? Possibly it may to some who believe in no more earnest expression of passion than an operatic duet sung before the footlights. But let such sceptics see Millais' picture, and they will recognise more than the raptures of the kid-glove school. He has dealt with great wisdom upon the broad, bold, and blunt features of the German officer; the square forehead and knitted brow, the clear firm-set lips; the hair cut short giving a precision and rigidity to his face, which, brown but pale, typifies a resolute grief admirably. She too, with her French face, is half unworthy of such a lover, piqued and nigh fretful as she is. Passionate as a child, and unstable as water, she would stay his will with her prejudices. All this must strike the most unobservant as the converse of the motive of the "Huguenot"—to which this picture is a pendant. Let us think how the artist displays his knowledge of the heart in thus treating two allied subjects so diversely. In both the woman would save her lover, one by keeping him away from danger; the other, humbler and more devoted, bowing to the will of the strong-hearted man, strives only to gain him a little safety—only a little—with the badge of Guise! We are to suppose too that she is not aware of the Protestantism of her lover, at any rate that it is not *publicly* known; so she is tempting him to no overt dishonour—as she of the Black-Brunswicker does; therefore the entreaty of that sweet face, whose beauty men have not yet done justice to, because forsooth it is not tamely vacant of expression. The depth of her tenderness is very different from that passionate caprice of the lady of Brussels, who would not guard her lover, but rather lock him up out of the way of hurting or being hurt.

For technical merit this work is a triumph throughout. Getting over the difficulty of the mass of black in the soldier's uniform by any means would be honourable to the painter, but every artist will appreciate the skill with which Millais has opposed this by a sudden contrast of the intense white of the lady's dress, so that they negative one another; then, to overcome the chill effect of both—having grouped round them warm greens of the wall-paper, *mauve* of the lady's shawl, and hot transparent brown of the polished mahogany door, white and black repeated in the print on the wall,—he adds the warm-tinted floor, the variety in unity of broken tints of warm or cold counterchanged upon the black and the white dress; lastly, the focalization of hot tint with crimson-scarlet of the broad arm-ribbon of the lady, and the subtle employment of downright cold blue in the braid running athwart the soldier's figure. We shall be told that these are technical subtleties people don't understand, but reply that they are *not* subtleties, but patent to the least taught eye. Colour is as much an art as music, being in fact to the eye what music is to the ear,—the expression of beauty—

> "That may overtake far thought,
> With music that it makes."

The time is rapidly coming when this will be understood, and critics no more omit to describe the colour of a picture—heart of art as it is—than they would the melody of a piece of music.

Mr. Frith's "Claude Duval" displays no such knowledge as Mr. Millais' work. Comparatively it is deficient in artistic power and feeling for the subject, relatively coarse as that is. Claude Duval, the highwayman, took a lady out of her coach and made her dance a corranto with him in the road while his companions rifled the equipage. His figure is stiff and angular, needs grace and spirit of action; that of the lady is much better; she looks pallid with fear, and trembling with suppressed anger. The group inside the coach is the best part of the picture; a masked ruffian enters it with a grin, demanding the occupiers' valuables. An old lady clasps her hands entreatingly, a younger one faints at the spectacle. An old man

sits bound by the roadside, after having struggled against the thieves.

Sir E. Landseer has outdone himself with his great picture, "A Flood in the Highlands." A torrent rushes through the village street, bearing large pine-trees torn up by the roots, and carried down from the bank above; these have fallen across a waggon, the horse of which struggles in the flood; some men on the roof of a cottage endeavour to save him by means of a rope, that stretched to the utmost does but check the speed. Immersed, and nigh spent, an ox has come driving full upon a cottage in the foreground, and with bloody nostrils and distended eyes, strives vainly to get footing for its hoofs. A goat whose eyes are glazing in death is swept down beside the larger beast, and will soon sink in the waves. Upon the roof of this last cottage, up to the very threshold of which the water flows, are gathered its inhabitants, a woman with her child, whom she has just taken from the cradle; and now, so ghastly is the spectacle of death presented by the drowning beasts before her that she lets even the infant lie scarce noticed on her lap. Glaring with rounded eyes of horror, and parted jaw, fixed wide in terror, with outthrust head, and body bowed, she stares, her forehead in deep lines, and her cheek hollowed out fearfully. The cradle is empty, the clothes tossed over; before it a sheep-dog, with pricked ears and quivering flanks, whimpers with fright. Behind her sits an old man, blind, scarce conscious, but mutely praying; by his side, a boy, dripping wet, clasps a puppy he has saved close to his chest; the boy is pallid-cheeked, and his eyes red. On a ladder, by which they have reached the roof, is a group of poultry, fussily troubled, and stupidly selfish. The cock roosts lazily; one of the hens in her nervous alarm—true bit of nature this—has laid an egg, which, falling on a lower step before a cat, astonishes her greatly, as, with curved tail, she rises to inspect it. Above the poultry, a mouse creeps upon the step, having judiciously put them between himself and the cat. The trophies of the household, that have been saved as its palladium, lie heaped in front,—a brass-studded target, wherewith the old grandsire might have gone to battle in the '45; a heap of plaids, and triple case of Highland knives. Overhead the great pines roar in the wind's strife, bending their red branches like canes; black game, driven from the moors, cling there; and the wild grey clouds of storm hurry heavily over the scene of ruin. Close under the eaves of the cottage in front, a hare, borne down from the open, and sheltered from the force of the deluge by the slack-water, burrows fearfully in haste a way into the thatch of the habitation of its enemies; its ears are laid back, and the eyes, that Nature has made ever expressive of alarm, have now no meaning in them but the wild instinct of self-preservation. We have said the water has reached the cottage threshold, and it has flooded the interior. A flock of ducks swim before it. Over it is placed a board, with the inscription denoting the occupation of the inmates; thus:—

ALICK GORDON.
Upputting.
Stance mile East.

For the benefit of Southron readers, let us say that "upputting"—genuine old Saxon the Celtic proprietor has adopted—is equivalent to the offer of "beds." Does not promise good ones even; you may stop, and that is all; still less does it hold out hopes of "good entertainment for man and beast," so rife, but so seldom fulfilled, in the English villages. "Stance mile East," signifies that there is a mile-stone so placed. In the Highlands the primitive direction to travellers is by the points of the compass, and not "first turning to the right and third to the left," of the less intelligible English custom.

Mr. Elmore's picture, "The Tuileries, 20th June, 1792," has for subject Marie Antoinette before the mob. The lowest of the people have flooded the Palace; and, the Queen's attendants having brought her children, in order that their presence might protect their

mother, she, standing behind a large table, faces her enemies with the hereditary resolution of the Austrian race. This keeps down the manifestation of terror; and she is haughtily self-possessed enough, the inward dread showing itself alone in her sunk features, and eyelids that droop quiveringly. She has assumed the Republican cockade. The Dauphin sits upon the table's edge, clinging to his mother, wearing the red cap of liberty. Leaning by the side is her daughter, whom she clasps against her breast. Madame is nearer the window, far more terrified than she who is more in danger. Beyond the table is a hot crowd of urgent and shrieking women, and a few men, armed and unarmed. A withered hag vociferates loudly, snapping her lean talons at the Queen. The last has been impressed with the appearance of a younger woman who had been loudest of all. Remonstrating, she demanded what harm she had done the people, that they should hate her: "I was happy when you loved me." The woman addressed, who has a coarse beauty, moved by this, desisted, and now looks half regretfully upon the Queen. A more brutal girl rebukes such tenderness of heart, and urges further violence. The crowd sways, to and fro, jostling about, and, screaming oaths of vengeance, seems bent on destruction. In front of the table lies a gilded chair of state, broken to pieces; the gilded crown shattered upon its back. The whole picture is full of action and commotion, displays great variety of character and expression, and for execution is much superior to anything the artist has yet produced.

Contrasted to this in all respects is Mr. Dyce's "St. John leading Home his Adopted Mother." After the entombment, it is related that the "beloved" "took her to his own home." They move across the front of the picture, St. John leading the Virgin,—no lacrymose beauty, but a worn woman, past the prime of life, by the hand. His face, notwithstanding a certain asceticism of execution that makes it look peevish, is as beautiful as it should be, his divided hair falling in equal masses on his shoulders, the features calm, pale, and regular; he moves erect and elastically, with a graceful mien, the loose robes flowing about him as he goes, his head bare. The Virgin's head is covered with a wimple; her sorrow-stricken face depressed, and head held sideways; her dress massed about her. Behind is seen the new tomb, two sitting at its entrance: from the gate of the inclosure two more depart; upon the horizon the sun of a summer dawn arises through a mass of purple cloud, throwing golden light upon the sepulchre; while Christ's mother and the "most loved" pace away from its radiance into the chilly shadow of the foreground. This foreground is elaborately and delicately wrought with weeds, grass, and herbage. The adoption of a system of execution like that of the early Italian school is not inapt to the subject.

"The Man of Sorrows," by this painter, shows Christ seated in the wilderness. This is an elaborately executed work, displaying far more power of colour than that above described. The landscape portion is delightfully faithful, and most tenderly treated; but the artist has, probably from a desire to show the universality of the motive he illustrates, chosen an English instead of an Eastern view, for his background. All the herbage is English; the sky, soft grey-blue, like an English sky. It may be that the face of the Redeemer lacks the dignity of resignation; but his action, seated upon a bank, with head downcast and hands strongly clasped upon his lap, is expressive, and admirably apt. Mr. Dyce's "View of Pegwell Bay," notwithstanding its extreme delicacy and careful treatment, from the want of due gradations of tone and breadth of effect, pleases us less than either of the before-named. Bits of nature, seen especially in the foreground rocks, glittering pools of water, and shining, saturated sand, are really delicious.

The scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," Petruchio overthrowing the

table, by Mr. Egg, is admirably full of action and character. The tamer has sprung from his seat, plunged the carving-fork into the joint of meat before him, holds it up so, brandishes the carving-knife, and looks melo-dramatic thunders at the waiting-men. Poor Katherine, bursting with wrath, and yet dismayed at the outrageous conduct of her master, knits her brows vainly, and would gladly escape. Her face is an admirable study of expression, not at all in the conventional style of character in which she is often represented, but showing a fresh conception of the character altogether. The execution is a little thin in some parts, as in the heads of two servants that are opposed to the light of an open window. This picture exhibits extremely fine qualities of colour, of a deep and vigorous kind; it is rich, without being hot or tawdry.

Mr. John Phillip's "Marriage of the Princess Royal" is a very fine work of its class. More has been made out of the subject than was to be expected from the constraints and inconveniences under which it must have been executed. The portraits are excellently done, and the row of rosy bridesmaids gives a peculiar charm to the work. A flood of rosy soft light seems to come out of them, doubtless indicative of the artist's intense satisfaction in dealing with anything so charming and so natural.

A long warm tract of moonlight in the sea, that goes rippling and gently heaving to afar off, where it is lost in the vapours of the mysterious horizon, over which the soft luminary's light casts a radiant veil,—the sky calm and still, and slow clouds travelling athwart it! A mild gentle wind like a sleeping pulse lifts the sail of an open boat, filling it in irregular puffs, but to collapse again, letting the cordage rattle softly. Three are seated in the boat. A young man, with large gaunt eyes fixed in thought, leans forward in his place, the long robes of a Greek of the later time folded about him, and his whole attitude bespeaking the feelings of one who had just seen a great horror, so great that he contemplates the impression on his brain again and yet again, as that of a spectacle that should never leave his sight. Beside him, and all at length upon the vessel's thwart, a woman leans back, her face upturned, regarding the sky vaguely and dreamily as that of one whose great dread was over, and now, exhausted with the suffering, yet feels a great happiness nigh within her grasp. Nearer to us, and facing them, so that her back is towards ourselves, sits a second woman, also young, holding a Greek lyre upon her knee, over whose strings from time to time her fingers go, bringing out a melancholy wail, like that of one who, saved in person, had yet lost that which was more than all. The lighted gloom of night above and around,—stillness, the lisping of the sea chattering by the keel! A few low notes of music, and the night-wind rustling in the sail! This is Mr. Poole's picture of "Glaucus, Nydia, and Ione escaping from Pompeii." It is like a vision or a dream, the ecstatic fancy of an opium-eater in his narcotic sleep, just when the fervour of the drug is slaked and the procession of imagery takes pathetic and mournful phases. The wide and moonlit sea, and three escaping from a lava-burnt city; the darkness of preternatural night that had been instead of day. Thus they had left crowds, earthquake, fire, and falling rocks,—the ashes that made night, the crashing palaces, and the roaring, shrieking people,—to find themselves upon the open, secret sea, alone and silent under the weight of awe. Such is the impression excited by this singularly poetical work. Its sole intention has been to create an impression of something vaguely beautiful, undefined, vast, and dreamy. The figures are almost formless; the heads, technically speaking, are ill-drawn; the hands disproportionate; the very colour itself, upon which the whole impression is founded, will not bear examination or comparison with the simple prosaic truths of nature. Despite all this, the intense feeling of the artist has not failed to arouse a reciprocating sympathy in our own minds, and there is no painter, not even Land-

seer himself, whom we should miss more from his place on the wall than Paul Falconer Poole.

There is a great contrast to be found in the manner of treating a poetic subject, on comparison of this picture of the flight from Pompeii, by Poole, with that by the painter of the "Evening Sun," Mr. F. G. Danby. "Phœbus rising from the Sea," by the lustre of his first vivifying rays, through the drifting forms of a rolling wave, calls into worldly existence "The Queen of Beauty," which wordy title is in itself against the picture. The work is an attempt to express the antique classic feeling upon a representation of nature poetically conceived. It is dawn over the Greek sea,—a mass of golden clouds on the horizon are modelled into the shape of Phœbus and his car, and those attendants of the morning that ever dance before it. Farther off, and just lighted by the warm ray, is a cloudy Olympus, the gods sitting in council or banquet, for their whole forms are so vague and undetermined that it is difficult to determine which. It is a mere cloud-phantasm, such as the fancy feigns when idly gazing at the summer sky. The calm sea of the morning flows softly to the shore, and breaks in the gentlest waves upon a shell-strewn beach. Overhead is the argentine azure of day's new birth. Venus seated in a shell and a group of nymphs are on the shallows of the shore. But Mr. Danby has ruined the motive of his subject by treating it prosaically. The cloudy Olympus looks a sham beside the solid sand and multitude of sea-shells. Apollo and his horses affect us not, because they come in contact with the truthful and natural painting of the sea. The contrast jars between the realm of fact and that of imagination. The artist must convey the intended impression by means of one or the other alone; they are not to be mixed with impunity—hence the total failure of all pictures of dreams, except when ideally treated, as Rembrandt did that of Jacob. We cannot tolerate the figure of a sleeping man and a picture of his dream stuck in the sky: either we are with the dreamer and unconscious of ourselves and the dream; or we see the dream alone, and our imagination must be content with the dream: no presentiment of both can exist together, but is repulsive to the feelings and the taste. Thus Mr. Danby has failed. His poetic Venus and cloud-realms above go down before the hard sand of the shore and dash of the sea-waves, and we are brought to see the bad drawing of the goddess herself, and distortions of the nymphs. We actually rejoice, so prosaic is the impression, that these queer females are near the shore, and not like to be drowned. Mr. Poole gives us nothing whatever of nature, but the brain-impression of a poetic instinct: we do not come in contact with substantial angles of fact, but drift with him into the region of fancy.

Placed upon the line, in a conspicuous position, is a picture by Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A., entitled "Sacred Music," No. 176, showing three vulgar women, all of whose faces are out of drawing; one singing, and two playing on mandolins. If such a picture as this is hung, what must have been those thousands that are annually rejected. Or, turn to another of Mr. Hart's pictures. It is considered imperative upon an artist, before he commences a picture, if it contains architecture, to acquaint himself with at least the leading principles of the construction and ornamentation of any style to be employed. If he paints from a particular locality, he must present us with something like a portrait of that place if existing; if not so, he must reconstruct it from authorities as well as he can. There is hardly any building of the middle ages that could be more easily reconstructed than old St. Paul's Cathedral; there are oceans of prints of it; descriptions and plans abound. Its history could be traced from decade to decade,—from completion to ruin in the Great Fire of London. Mr. Hart chooses a subject showing the interior of this building, "Archbishop Langton, after a Mass in old St. Paul's, conjuring the Earl of Pembroke and the Barons to extort from John

the Ratification of the Charter of Henry the First." Here is the primate and the barons, here the most beautiful of English cathedrals. Alas, Mr. Hart! is that the glorious rose-window men raved about; are these the piers of old St. Paul's? Indeed there is hardly one of them upright. Has the artist no more eye for beauty than to "do" them thus, devoid of carving, or of ornament, of proportion even? Are those the arches and that the groined roof above? The figures may be better, let us hope; so, look. Indeed, they are not quite so bad, and might *stand*, which the columns will hardly do; we see what the dresses are meant for in every quality but texture; and, although there is bad drawing in every one of them, yet nothing like so palpable an offence to the observer's taste as showing a cathedral without carvings and without colours, and in the state to which the iconoclasts, and the white-wash brushes of centuries of Deans and Chapters, have reduced the other glories of English architecture. Not less extraordinary and not less false is the flesh painting, or the surface of tinted chalk, for it is as dry as that, and as crude as a coarse system of handling can make it. Few of the faces are in better drawing in this picture than in the last. Mr. Hart is Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, a post at one time held, or rather we should say filled, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose mantle must be too small for his successor. If this gentleman had never painted better pictures than these pretentiously placed works, we should, notwithstanding his eminent position, have passed him over in silence. But Mr. Hart has done much better things than those he has exhibited of late years. A time was when he did not offend the public with ill-drawn and vulgar faces, and when at least he aimed at colour.

In the picture to which we have referred, the archbishop points eagerly to the roll of the Charter held by an attendant. Some of the barons attest their devotion to the cause by pledging themselves to Heaven; one kneels kissing his naked sword. Behind the archbishop is a group of acolytes and several military vassals of the Church; one of the last is upon his knees, ardently kissing a reliquary containing bones. If the neglect of the most ordinary rules of art shown in the treatment of the architecture be not sufficient to convict this painter of the utmost indifference to public opinion, let the spectators examine the mail worn by the knights and barons. Any one who knows the peculiarly beautiful and delicate construction of this fabric will see at a glance that it is not the genuine mail, but rather a coarse imitation of it, probably obtained at a *costumier's*, and rendered with a careless hand in the picture. This is but a type of the treatment throughout.

Let us turn from these to the works of an artist who loves and understands nature, and renders for us all her beauties that the brush can render. We refer to those of Mr. Hook, four in number. Take, first, "Stand clear!"—a fisherman's boat coming ashore, leaping to the beach, as it were, the clear green sea's last wave curving out under her stem in a long bright arch that comes gently hissing from the shingle to fling itself impatiently forward. "Stand clear!" is the order to us on shore to avoid the rope that one of her crew casts to his mates that they may make her fast by it. It springs out of his hands in bold curves, and leaps before the boat. The fisherman himself, an old salt, stands up furling the sail; a boy sits upon the gunwale, just ready to drop into the water the instant she touches; another sits within, looking out for some one amongst the bystanders. There is a perfectly delightful expression on this lad's face. No painter understands more entirely the colour of a sea-bronzed face than Mr. Hook, or can give so well the salted briny look of an old sailor's skin, or the tawny gold seen in that of a smooth-faced lad which has been subjected to the same influences. "Whose Bread is on the Waters" is the title of another picture by this artist. A fisherman and a boy are in an open boat,

sturdily hauling in a net that comes up loaded with fish, whose glittering silver scales, fresh from the sea, sparkle on the brown cordage of the net like lustrous jewels. The boy pulls with a will, setting his foot against the boat's thwart; the man, stronger and more deliberate, gives a "dead haul." The sea is of deep fresh green, very different from the sea of painters generally, but sparkling and full of motion, intensely varied in colour, and displaying an amount of knowledge of nature that is delightful to contemplate, and one that all who love her will recognize with ever-increasing satisfaction. The way the waves rise and dash over, shows it is wind against tide, for their foamy little crests fall back into their own hollows; the turbulent tops of these waves, pettish as they seem to be, and hasty without force, and too small to be the cause of awe to us, shows a fine reticence of the artist's power. He does not care to bully our admiration out of us, but takes it captive with fidelity to nature. The sea, not angry now, is yet working up, and the sky above shows signs of a gale in its long-drawn clouds, purplish and deep grey. The brassy colour of the firmament, where the sun has just gone down, and a veil of shifting vapour above that melts the edges of the clouds into the luminous ether — these last, drawn to streaks—are signs of wind to come.

The waters dash crisply and freshly in the last-named pictures, but the artist's illustration to Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break,"—

"O, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"—

shows the calmest of calm seas, a silver sea, filled with subdued light, and seeming asleep in light, the long low billows that roll, not like waves that break and dash, but the heaving of a vast sheet of glittering waters, in shallow trenches, flat for miles, yet creeping and sweeping along in a restless heave, as the chest of one deep asleep moves gently to his breathing. Such the sea that is overhung with a misty veil; not lifting, because universal, and still, because there is not a breath of wind to find itself in this deep bay, whose air itself dozes over the waters at rest. The silent sleepy heat that holds the whole scene to this quiet, has drawn that dreaming misty veil from the sea, to overhang a hill; it wraps also the high, deep-verdured cliffs in the same delicate shade. All is asleep, and a silvery silence reigns. By some piles in the front floats a boat and a boy in it singing, his sister leaning backwards upon the gunwale, paddling her arm over the side in the water, that burns beneath the little craft with a deep vivid green, of the sunlight contrasted and concentrated through the translucent waters. The reflections of the piles tremble upon the water that stealthily creeps about them, making ring within ring at every slow heave, as it ascends the solid timber. So silent seems it all, that one might hear the boy's voice (he pours it out in a low monotonous sea song) even far off on the mist-veiled cliff. The bay is broken in two by a jutting point, telling of an estuary beyond, round which go the white glimmering sails of a barque, as she is borne in, not by the wind, for the canvas hangs useless from the yards, but by the tide alone that is setting inwards. The reader will see that our admiration for this picture is unbounded; indeed the poetic feeling needed to express the theme supplied by the Laureate's verses, is exquisitely rendered, and that moreover in the most loyal way the task could be executed—which is, representing natural thoughts, however refined, pathetic, and subtle they may be,—by the aid of most refined, pathetic, and subtle-meaning nature herself alone. A delightful pastoral, "The Valley in the Moor," is the remaining picture by this artist. It seems to us a little crude in green colour; but, notwithstanding, is very faithful as a portrait of nature.

Excepting these, which from their class we may rank with the landscapes, the best representation of nature is Mr. Anthony's "Hesperus," a large picture, showing a piece of open land under an evening sky, when the star named

reigns brightly, even in the lustre of a sunset. The sun has gone down behind the trees on the margin of the open country, and casts a soft crimson radiance upon the fleecy clouds that swim above; the air cool and bright and clear; the vegetation dark red with autumn tints, harmonising with the tawny brown of the stiff clay land, and orange of a gravel road over which passes a team and waggon. We commend to the observer's study the sky in all its delicate and beautiful colouring.

Mr. Dobson's picture of the Nativity, styled "Bethlehem," needs our attention. It shows some fine points of design, especially that of a kneeling shepherd; the infant Christ himself is charmingly treated, lying back playing with his fingers as infants will. In Mr. Simeon Solomon's "Moses," the mother of the deliverer of Israel is taking farewell of him before he is deposited among the bulrushes. The sister of Moses waits beside holding the basket, and, standing upright, peers over her mother's arm at the child. Their faces, although, it appears to us, a little too dark, are full of expression and characteristic tenderness. The colour throughout this picture is extremely good, the varying textures of the dresses excellently rendered, and the accessories all displaying thought and originality. "Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shurr," by Mr. F. Goodall, is a large work, representing an Arab sheikh addressing his tribe before they break up an encampment at the hills of Moses, on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. This is solidly and powerfully painted, has much variety of character in it, and appears to have been executed, either on the spot, direct from nature, or from faithful sketches of nature. Mr. John Brett's elaborate and delicate study from the margin of a plantation, where a hedger is mending a wattled fence, does him infinite honour for the care and fidelity with which he has rendered all the herbage and wild-flowers about. Some fine roses are delicious in colour and freshness; and, although believing the hyacinths that are in the front to be a little positive in blue, we say so under the correction of so cunning a renderer of nature as the artist. This picture is styled, from the figure it contains, "The Hedger." Unquestionably this figure is thin in execution, and does not come out so solidly as it should.

Mr. A. Solomon's "Drowned, Drowned," is a large picture, showing the arrival of a party of rakes from a masquerade, in costume, at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, just as a waterman has rescued from the river the body of a girl, an unfortunate, who has cast herself away in despair. We are to suppose that the foremost of these men has been the cause of the wretched girl's ruin; and now, coming suddenly upon her corpse, thus dragged, foul and dripping, from the river, he stands aghast and horrified at the spectacle, checks instinctively the advance of a female companion, who, clinging to his arm, comes gaily along, heedless of her own fate. Behind is another man similarly accompanied, his companion coquetting with him. A policeman kneels before the dead girl, casting the light of his lanthorn on her face, so that it is clearly seen. The waterman points out to a bystander the place he brought the body out from, and is dilating upon the event and his own share in it especially. A girl with a basket of violets upon her head stands behind, looking commiseratingly upon the lost one. There is a fine perception of character shown in the treatment of this last figure. She is one of those hard women, whom misfortune has made undemonstrative, to say the least, if not cold-hearted; so she only stands by, and seems to give but a general look of sympathy to the spectacle before her. If the artist had treated this subject with more complete fidelity,—that is, actually painted the background on the spot it represents, and heedfully rendered the locality, and, above all, the effect of cold early dawn rising over the city, the awful stillness of which would have given a solemnity to the event,—we should have had a far more moving picture than the present,

which has undeniably been executed in the studio, and therefore does not render the subtler qualities of nature, which, rightly rendered, would have been an immense help to the motive of the whole. As it is, the picture is grimy rather than forceful, and heavy rather than clear. This prosaic method of working has, in short, injured the poetry of the subject.

The omission of the two upper rows of pictures from this gallery is really a great improvement, and gives a notable appearance of size to the rooms. Pictures placed on those rows of yore could never be seen, and were ever the misery of their painters, who, naturally enough, complained bitterly of the result of their confidence in the justice of the hangers. The very small number of miniatures also is a novelty, which we fear tells of the havoc made by photography amongst the professors of the agreeable little art. The Octagon Room contains only prints. Among the sculptures, Baron Marochetti's "Portrait — marble statuette" of a child, although not particularly original in design, has a manly breadth of treatment about it that is agreeable. Mr. Thomas Woolner's bust of Sir William Hooker is a noble specimen of artistic skill in the very highest order of art—faithful, finished, naturalistic, yet delicate and vigorous to an unequalled degree. The same artist's three medallion portraits of Messrs. Norman, Crawford, and A. A. Knox, are fine examples of sound treatment. Mr. A. Munro has several portraits in marble, displaying his usual pleasing and graceful style of execution.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN AND MR. WILSON.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

A GRAVE event has befallen India—the gravest, I believe, in its consequences, whether for good or evil, that has happened since the rebellion. A Governor, who promised to show himself the best that has ruled in that country since the days of Lord William Bentinck, whose trusted subordinate he was once, has been, through his own indiscretion, suddenly recalled, and is believed to have anticipated that recall by resignation.

Through his own indiscretion. There is no blinking the fact. As Governor of Madras, Sir Charles Trevelyan was subordinate to the Council of the Governor-General of India, sitting at Calcutta. A financial scheme for all India had been put forth publicly, in a speech of great power, by a gentleman sent out from this country for the express purpose of taking charge of Indian finance, and a bill founded on that scheme had been introduced, with the sanction of the Governor-General, into the Legislative Council. Sir Charles Trevelyan, deeming that scheme and bill mischievous and fatal as respects the Presidency over which he was Governor, not only remonstrated against it, and drew up a scheme on wholly opposite principles, which he embodied in a minute, and which obtained the assent of his colleagues, members of the Madras Council, but, without consulting them, without previous sanction from his official superiors, on his sole responsibility, sent that minute to the public press. Nor is it possible to deny that in the tone of the minute, as well as in the fact of its publication, there is much that is inconsistent with the requirements of public duty.

But there is a discretion which may lose a country. There is an indiscretion which may save it. I believe that Sir Charles Trevelyan's indiscretion was such. I need not say I am sure, had he not believed this, he never would have committed it.

Let us look the fact in the face. It is proposed to impose at once three absolutely new taxes upon from 150 to 180 millions of people. It is admitted

by the proposer that there are "absolutely no data upon which any reliable "calculation can be made of their result."

I say that the history of mankind affords no instance of such an experiment, carried out on such a scale. I say that it is perfectly impossible for me to conceive of its succeeding under such conditions. I say that the deepest gratitude is owing to the first man who comes forward and shows under what conditions, within what limits, it cannot succeed, and therefore should not be tried.

Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. Mr. Wilson left this country, not perhaps amid such a chorus of universal good opinion as the applause of farewell meetings and dinners might lead one to think, but still with the reputation of a very able, very hard-working, and very experienced financier. I think his scheme a very able one. I wish to see it tried, on a safe and limited scale. I hope it may succeed, so as eventually to be applicable on a larger one. Even were it to fail, I believe him to be entitled to our very great gratitude for devising it. Anything more absurd, anything more wicked than our financial administration of India hitherto, it is impossible to conceive. We have so ruled a land of the utmost fertility, capable of producing everything under heaven, with a practical monopoly of growth as respects several articles in great demand, teeming with a docile and industrious population, as to have a deficit in thirty-three years out of the last forty-six (1814—1860), a surplus only in thirteen, the net total deficit amounting to nearly sixty-four millions. Mr. Wilson comes, and says: This shall be no longer. All thanks to him for so doing. He says: I will do no further towards sapping the productive powers of the country at their very root by adding to the weight of the land-tax. I will tax production in its fruits, and consumption in its enjoyments. Right again, most right. But when he comes to the specific measures for applying these principles—a tax on incomes, a licence-duty for trades, a duty on tobacco —then the whole question of *specific* merit is opened up as to every one of these taxes, and the application of every one, and the figure of every one. A tax may be admirable as respects ten millions of people, detestable as respects the ten next millions, their neighbours. Admit if you like—and I sincerely trust it is so—that Mr. Wilson's taxes are perfectly adapted for Northern India, which he has seen, what possible ground can there be for supposing that they are equally adapted to Central and Southern India, which he has not seen?

Let us test this by a comparison. In the year 2060, North American conquerors have established their dominion over the whole of Europe, minus part of Russia, a few small European states remaining here and there as their tributaries, but all the present distinctions of race, language, habits, religion, remaining the same, and the relation between conquerors and conquered being complicated by the fact that the former are Mormonites, whose creed is abhorrent to European notions. They have not shown themselves able financiers; the surplus revenues of every most flourishing state have mostly vanished upon its annexation; yearly deficits have been, for a length of time, the rule. After a dangerous rebellion, a shrewd Yankee is sent from Connecticut to set the finances of America's European empire straight. He takes a rapid run *viâ* Southampton and London, through Belgium and North Germany, returns to Hamburg, the capital of the empire, and three months after arrival, puts forth a new budget, imposing three spick and span new taxes on the whole population, from the North Cape to Gibraltar, averring beforehand that he cannot calculate what they will bring in. Whereupon, a subordinate official, of very great European as well as American experience, who only rules over France, Spain, and Portugal, gets up and says: "Your scheme won't do in any way for the countries under *my* charge; I undertake for them to restore the balance between income and expenditure without new taxes, by merely reducing expenditure." Now, judging of the twenty-first century by the lights

of the nineteenth, should not we hold that both might be quite right within the sphere of their own experience; but the shrewd Yankee most probably quite wrong in attempting to tax France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Hungary, half Germany, half the British Isles, not to speak of the Scandinavian countries, from his three months' experience of Southern England, Belgium, and half Germany? Why do we not see that what would be folly in the twenty-first century *is* folly in the nineteenth?

I believe, for my own part, Sir Charles Trevelyan had thoroughly calculated the cost of his own indiscretion. I believe he thought, and thought rightly, that the only appeal against the monstrous folly of Calcutta centralization which could save the country committed to his charge, lay to public opinion. I believe that, to make that appeal, he voluntarily sacrificed, not place and power alone, which he could well afford, but reputation. I believe that the true answer to that appeal on the part of his ultimate superiors in this country would have been—not to recall him, as they have done; not to send him to Calcutta, as Mr. Danby Seymour foolishly advised—but to have hurried a bill through both houses, declaring the Madras Presidency, for a twelvemonth at first, exempt from the jurisdiction of the Council in India, and to have cast upon Sir Charles the full responsibility of making good his own pledges; or, better still, to have at once authorized him by despatch to act upon those principles, and then to have come before Parliament with a bill of indemnity for themselves and for him.

For, if we will look into the heart of the matter, which Mr. Bright alone has done hitherto, the fault of all this lies in the insane concentration of power in the Calcutta Council.

If any one were to put before us the problem: How are 180 millions of people, speaking twenty or thirty different languages, following four different religions (themselves split up into innumerable sects), varying almost *ad infinitum* in race, colour, customs, modes of life, thought, and feeling, to be governed by 100,000 men of another race, colour, and religion, and of strikingly different customs, modes of thought and feeling, from all the rest?—I suppose the very last solution which would occur to any one would be this: You shall establish a legislative and administrative body at one extremity of the country, which shall have supreme control over the whole, so that there shall be, as far as possible, one law, one police, one system of government taxation, affecting the whole of these 180 millions of men, and reducing them, as far as the dominant 100,000 can succeed in doing so, to unity and nationality. Now this is precisely the task which England has set before herself in governing India. One might have thought that the late rebellion would have roused her to a sense of the mischiefs attending its fulfilment; since that rebellion was only put down by means of such remnants of local autonomy as still subsist in our military organization, whereby the native armies of Bombay and Madras were rendered available to subdue the rebellious native army of Bengal; or by means of such temporary autonomy as was allowed to Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, and was exercised on a smaller scale, in fact, in a hundred separate localities, by every individual English official who was not carried away by the flood. Yet the lesson seems to have been utterly thrown away, and our whole empire is to be staked on the cast of a die, since Mr. Wilson himself practically admits that his three new taxes amount to no more.

It is not indeed four independent governments which India wants, but twenty or thirty—to be entirely self-ruled within, with power to federate for economical purposes, but with no other subordination except direct to the mother-country. Possibly, the power of making peace and war might be vested in a supreme governor-general; but since India is no farther from us now in point of time than were the West Indies thirty years ago, it seems difficult to believe that even this can be

strictly necessary; indeed half our Indian wars ere this, I suspect, would have been saved by the absence of such a power. I believe it is impossible to calculate the wondrous development of local activity and life which such a decentralization would call out; the vigour of root which European intellect might then show forth, striking deep into a soil which it now only languidly trails over, in the constant expectation of being transplanted from high to low, from bleak to sunny, from clay to sand; the improved processes of government which emulation would then realize. I believe that Sir Charles Trevelyan's self-sacrifice will bear its fruits; that Indian centralization will reel and crumble beneath the very weight of his fall; that men will no longer be satisfied with a mock uniformity of rule, which requires, for the success of its experiments, that such a man should be driven from his post. The autonomy of the Presidencies is the least result which I expect from his indiscretion. God grant that it may not have to realize itself through the preliminary process of a rebellion, in precisely that portion of India which passed almost scatheless through the last!

This is not the time to discuss, in their application to India, the three great methods of equalizing income and expenditure—reduction of expenditure; increased taxation; or increased expenditure for reproductive purposes. I have confined myself hitherto simply to one point—the utter absurdity of supposing that an entirely new system of taxation can be enforced all at once throughout all India. I do not wish to complicate with details that simple point, self-evident when once perceived, only not perceived, I venture to think, through that political short sight which renders some men actually incapable of perceiving things on account of their very evidence—just as, I take it, the limited vision of the mole renders it incapable of realizing the bulk of the elephant. With the highest admiration for Sir Charles Trevelyan's character, I am far from approving of many of his acts since his assumption of the government of Madras; his conduct towards one great Indian family in particular—to judge from a recent pamphlet by Mr. J. B. Norton—painfully recalls old Leadenhall-street officialism. But I am bound to say that, as respects this financial scheme, even in matters of detail, there is strong reason to think that Sir Charles Trevelyan is, for Madras, right altogether. A landowner in his own Presidency writes thus (15th March), knowing as yet only Mr. Wilson's scheme, and not Sir Charles's opposition to it:—

"You will have read Wilson's *great* "speech. . . . Its delivery will mark an "Indian epoch; but his scheme of "native taxation is another affair. I "hope that will not also mark an "epoch. I go thoroughly along with "the principles, adopt every one of "them where practicable; but how can "they be practicable in Madras, where "the European collectors and assistants "are the sole reliable instruments in "each province for assessing the licence "and income tax? Trust the duty to "the amlahs, and see if the natives "will pay. In Madras, the artizans and "small shopkeepers are, as a rule, too "poor to pay. Wilson has planned an "admirable machine, and has to learn "that he is without the power of setting "it in motion."

Again, as to Sir Charles's undertaking to meet expenditure by retrenchment, I can only add that an Indian officer of great experience in military administration in Bombay, and as free from rashness by temperament as he is by age, has expressed to me the confident belief that the thing is perfectly feasible—not in Madras, about which he knows little, and Sir Charles may be fairly supposed to know much—but in Bombay, which, it has been publicly stated, has never yet paid its own expenses.

If it be asked, *Why* should Mr. Wilson's taxes be good for Northern India, bad for Southern? the answer should be quite sufficient, For the same reason that taxes or charges which

suit England do not suit France, and *vice versâ*—so that *octroi* duties would drive Englishmen to rebellion, as turnpike tolls would Frenchmen—so that we could as little bear a tobacco monopoly as France an income-tax. But for those who know anything of Indian history, the answer is plainer still. Northern India has capital; Southern, with a few exceptions, has not. The Madras Presidency,—though now, thank God, rapidly recovering under a milder system,—has for half a century been drained by the force-pump of ryotwar, or annual, settlements of the land revenue, except in those few districts formerly attached to Bengal, where a permanent settlement has been allowed to subsist. These being accepted,—unless at her capital, in the persons of a few native chieftains exceptionally treated, and in those of her money-lenders, she has no taxable incomes. Still less, as the above-quoted letter indicates, has she trades which would bear a licence-duty. The reverse is the case in Bengal, where the permanent settlement has favoured the accumulation of capital—in the northern provinces, where a third system of land revenue has at least not wholly destroyed it. Let a few years pass, and out of her now accruing income Madras will have accumulated capital sufficient to bear Mr. Wilson's burthens. At present, they would stop the very power of accumulation, and thus run counter to the very principles of his own budget.

A singular want of judgment, it may be observed, has hitherto attended the recall of India's governors. Such a punishment, or its equivalent, has invariably reached those who were among her ablest and best. Lord Macartney lost the governor-generalship because he would not take it without the power of overruling his council, which was straightway granted to his successor. Lord Wellesley was worried out of office by "the ignominious tyranny of Leadenhall Street." Lord William Bentinck was recalled from Madras for not having prevented a plot which never existed. Sir Charles Metcalfe was not suffered to retain permanently the governor-generalship. Lord Ellenborough was recalled, after saving an empire which Lord Auckland had done his best to lose. He lost office in the Board of Control for writing a despatch which, as we know now from Mr. Russell's Diary, embodied the universal feeling of all on the spot who were qualified to judge; the spirit of which was, in practice, carried out from the first out of sheer necessity, and has eventually received the most signal homage through the acts of Lord Canning himself. Sir Charles Trevelyan now adds his name to the noble list of India's luckless ones. He may well be proud of his company.

NOTE.

Through an untoward misprint, the word "*Pantheïsm*" was, in the last sentence but one of Mr. Ludlow's article on "Spiritualistic Materialism" (vol. ii. p. 51), printed as "*Pantheism*," and the greater portion of the impression went off before the error could be remedied. The phrase should stand thus:—

"But against such Pantheism, overt or latent, in the gristle or in the bone, there is no better preservative than the *Pantheïism*, if I may use the term, of Christianity."

The writer would not, but for what has happened, have deemed it necessary to point out that the distinction he sought to establish was between the looking upon all as God (*παν-θεον*), and upon all as from God, or divine (*παν-θειον*).

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1860.

SWISS-FRENCH LITERATURE: MADAME DE GASPARIN.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THE surface of the earth has gold-fields intellectual, as it has material. Take a map of Switzerland, draw a line SS.W. from about Bâle to Martigny, not straight, but incurved so as to follow the valleys of the Upper Birse, the middle Aare, and the Saane, and you will have marked out one of such, of which the Eldorado diggings, or richest nugget-nest, will be found at the south-western extremity. Within that field, about as large as Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex together, more of intellectual power has been developed than in many a great empire; in that Eldorado corner a good three-fifths of the whole has taken its rise. The tract in question embraces the Jura chain and the greater part of the valley between its eastern slopes and the western ones of the Alps, so far as the Gallic tide has extended until met and arrested by the Teutonic. With an outlying district or two, such as the valley of the Upper Rhône as far as Visp, it represents French Switzerland.

Strange to say, indeed, this gold-field is but of comparatively recent discovery. Three centuries alone have seen its treasures brought to light. Nothing in the earlier history of Switzerland foretold its splendours. The great names of that earlier history are all German. From Tell to Zwingli the Teutonic race has a monopoly of Swiss glory. Basel—not yet Bâle—is in some respects the Geneva of the early half of the sixteenth century,—a centre of free thought. From Froben's presses are poured forth the works of Erasmus, of Luther; Erasmus comes to die beside his friend. French Switzerland only wakens up from the day when Farel, the restless apostle of French Protestantism, invading Switzerland, carries Neufchâtel as by assault (1530), and on his return from a synod of the Waldenses of Piedmont, stops at Geneva (1532), where in three years (1532-5) the bishop's yoke is broken from off the city, and political independence is the fruit of religious reform. Farel is succeeded by those other great Frenchmen, Calvin and De Bèze, and under them grows up that marvellous theocracy which, however stern and oppressive it may show itself to us under some of its aspects, yet made Geneva one of the very centres of European thought. Think of one small town having given in three centuries, to physical science Saussure, Deluc, De Candolle, Huber; Charles Bonnet to metaphysics; to jurisprudence, Burlamaqui, Delolme, Dumont (not to speak of our Romilly, a Genevese watchmaker's son); to history, Sismondi, Guizot; Necker and Sismondi again to political economy; to diplomacy, Albert Gallatin; to literature proper, Rousseau and Madame de Stael,—besides the Diodatis, Leclercs, Senebiers, Mallets, Pictets, and other miscellaneous celebrities.

Protestantism, therefore, may be said to have created French Switzerland; Protestantism is that which has made it entitled to stand out before Europe as the representative of all Switzerland. It is easy to see why. If there be one marked characteristic of the Swiss race, it is its individualism. Inhabiting for the most part a very thinly populated country,—always at war, so to speak, with nature, since even his sunniest valleys are swept by the wintry mountain blasts,—the Switzer is obliged to earn his own living, to fight his own way. He is essentially a worker and a fighter; shrewd, prudent, determined; endowed with more good sense than genius; his thrift shading easily into avarice; a trader even when he fights. Now the Calvinistic reformation is the most individualizing of all the theological movements of the sixteenth century, and it was thus admirably adapted to the tendencies of the Swiss mind, whilst the position of Geneva, as a harbour for French Protestantism whenever expelled by fire and sword from its own country, and thereby in constant antagonism with Romanist France, tended to develop this character to the uttermost. Not, indeed, but what the Protestant cantons of German Switzerland have always held a respectable place in the intellectual annals of Europe. Haller, of Berne; J. von Müller, of Schaffhausen; and, above all the sons of Zurich, the "Athens of German Switzerland," the Gessners, Lavater, Tschudi, Zimmermann, with Zchokke in our own days, give to that district quite a fair average of literary and scientific merit. But already on the borderland between Gaul and German, at Bâle (which now every year becomes more French), the Bernouillis and Euler are French in language; and it is unquestionable that to French Switzerland belong those few really great Swiss names which stamp themselves upon their age, the Rousseaus, De Staels, Guizots. Romanism, moreover, continued to cling to the rock-summits of German Switzerland, harbouring with it ignorance and intellectual torpor, at the very heart of the old Teutonic nucleus of the land. And thus it came to pass, as I said, that wherever Swiss individualism had to speak out before Europe, it did so mainly in French.

Conversely again, we need not be surprised to find that if there be one character which distinguishes Swiss-French literature and science, it is precisely this individualism. Here we find ourselves dealing with men who think for themselves. Their very mediocrity becomes thus original by the force of circumstances. Was there ever a heavier writer, a more mediocre thinker than Necker? And yet that Genevese banker, standing in his plebeian respectability amid the brilliant French court, daring to declare, in an age of prodigality and insolvency, that economy is a public duty, that it is the business of kings to rule for the good of their subjects, has an originality which it is impossible to mistake in contemporary pictures, and becomes thereby for a time the very idol of a nation. Dumont is not a man of very great genius; but he has the originality to discover Bentham, who for twenty years perhaps is scarcely known except in Dumont's paraphrases.

These Swiss-French have thus, in the modern history of France herself, an importance which no impartial observer should overlook. They represent that principle of individualism which the French Reformation tended perhaps unduly to develop, which generations of despotism, from Richelieu downwards, took every pains to trample out. The type-man of them all,—the man whose value we Englishmen are least apt to appreciate,—is Rousseau. What is Rousseau's essential function in the eighteenth century? Above all, to stand up against that last despot whom a Frenchman will yet obey, when he has cast off every other yoke,—King Wit, then lording it over Europe under the name of Voltaire. I know of no greater marvel in history than the influence of Rousseau. In an essentially *spirituel* age, without a particle of *esprit*, —in an essentially courtly age, a mere

boor,—devoid of every worldly advantage,—incapable of joining or leading school, sect, or party,—he becomes, he, Jean Jacques the misanthrope, a very power in the world, balancing even that of the lord of Ferney. No one can fairly judge Rousseau except in contrast with Voltaire. The relation between them is that of absolute antagonism. The one is essentially positive, the other essentially negative. The life of the one is one long struggle—oh, through what hideous failures often!—to do good. The highest efforts of the other are but to undo evil—with what noble success indeed sometimes, let the name of Calas testify. It is easy for us to rail at Rousseau's "rose-pink" sentiment, at the immorality of Julie or St. Preux. But place them beside the "Pucelle," and then see to what immorality that tale of passion really was the antidote. When shall we practically learn that God's medicine is not more timid than man's? that He too knows in what proportions even poisons may be used to check or quell disease? Unwholesome as Rousseau's works may be for the nineteenth century, they were priceless for the eighteenth. Voltaire was for ever crushing out all enthusiasm; Rousseau for ever kindling it; Voltaire was essentially an intellectual aristocrat; Rousseau, the ex-lackey, never ceased to be one of the many. Whatever of noble and generous, of loving and self-sacrificing, lived amid the fires of the French revolution and survived them, one man above all others has France to thank for it under God, Rousseau the Genevese.

Nor would it, I believe, be sufficient to give Switzerland the credit of Rousseau's influence, her native-born son. It is characteristic of all countries with strongly-marked natural features, of all nations with strongly-marked generic qualities, that they impress a perceptible influence upon the guests who come to sojourn among them. Neither Calvin nor De Bèze would probably have been in France what they were at Geneva. Still less, I believe, would Voltaire have been anywhere else what he was at Ferney. To that period belong the purest pages of his history, such as that story of Calas to which I have referred. The persevering *pluck* which he displayed in it would have been physically impossible in Paris. I believe it would have been no less beyond his moral reach amidst the frivolous corruption of French society. There blows through it all, as it were, a waft of free mountain air.

Between Rousseau and the next great name which I shall have to mention, Switzerland gives to France one no longer of splendour, but of infamy. This time, however, it is right to say that it is not free Geneva, but Neufchâtel, completely under the thumb of wooden Friedrichian Prussianism, which sends forth the most hideous figure of the French Revolution, Marat. And yet I do not know but what, even in this portent of humanity, we may recognise the distinctive individualism of the Swiss character. Mediocre in all things, the time exhibits no other instance of mediocrity so self-sufficient, and rising to such importance. The man thoroughly dares to be that which he is—hence his power. Marat with his greasy cap and scurvied frame is, after all, but the loathsome caricature of Rousseau "the savage," as he was called, and called himself. The peculiarity of both men is that they are always ready to stand defiant against those who are held to be their fellow-combatants. Marat quails as little before Danton or Robespierre, as Rousseau before Voltaire or Diderot.

But Geneva boasts no such heroes as Marat. Other names are hers. Not to speak of the Dumonts, Clavières, Mallet Dupans, who represent her during the revolutionary crisis,—what Rousseau is in one century, Madame de Stael is at the beginning of the next. We need not emulate the admiration of the generation which preceded us for Madame de Stael's writings in themselves. But her historical greatness can, I think, but grow. It is one of contrast, like that of Rousseau. You must measure her by him against whom she measured herself. Only when we have appre-

ciated the colossal and yet fascinating greatness of the First Napoleon, as he showed himself, with Greek profile and eagle eye, springing up, as it were, from the ruins, from the ashes of old France, young, beautiful, brave, mighty; in war, driving the nations asunder before his sword; in peace, making the walls of a new social order to rise about him from the ground, as to the sound of some magic lyre,—a sort of Phœbus-Ares or Balder-Odin among men,—only then can we discern also the strange greatness of that woman's voice lifted against him in protest, from Coppet or elsewhere; not dwelling on old traditions, like De Maistre or Châteaubriand; not backed, like our English statesmen, by Tory obstinacy and national pride, but singing alone, as it were in the very ears of the despot, the weird and deadly song of the future, the song of Freedom and of Peace, of the fraternal independence of the nations. Very wonderful was the power of that voice. Years after her death it seemed yet to murmur in music round every name that had once been familiar to it; and the selfish and sceptical Benjamin Constant died the object of a nation's reverence because Madame de Stael had once chanced to care for him, and had for a time kindled his dry heart into indignation and eloquence. It is hardly too much to say that the spirit of Madame de Stael was that which presided over that, on the whole, very noble period in the history of French liberalism, its fifteen years of opposition under the government of the Restoration. Nor can we deem her influence wholly extinct so long as a De Broglie thinks and writes, and lives respected. So great is the debt of France to that other noble Genevese.

And what greater name do we find in France, during that period of fifteen years and the next of eighteen which follows it, than that of Guizot? If we look to his worth as a writer, he and that other Swiss (though not by descent), Sismondi, are in truth the fathers, under both its leading aspects, of the present historical school. Sismondi exhibits to us the patient research into original authorities, without which all historical thought is baseless; Guizot, along with this, that keen questioning of facts till they yield up their inmost meaning, without which historic research remains fruitless. If we look to Guizot's political career, on the other hand,—though the close of it is to me singularly painful and unworthy of him,—who can deny that for some years the Swiss professor had made himself not only the foremost man in France, but one of the two or three foremost in Europe? And if he failed, why was it, but because he stooped from Swiss independence to the practice of Louis Philippian despotism?

Shall we take some less ambitious names, though no less likely to endure? I will single out two, in wholly different spheres: Agassiz, of Fribourg, and Vinet, of Lausanne. The country that has produced two such names in a generation may well rest satisfied. Agassiz, one of the greatest of contemporary naturalists, on whom, by universal consent, the mantle of Cuvier has descended,—Vinet, the real father of modern French religious thought, the most Pascal-like since Pascal of French writers. How many names of mark within their sphere cluster round his — the Merle d'Aubignés, Gaussens, Malans, Cellériers, Bonrets, Bosts, Cherbuliez, &c.—is well known to religious readers; whilst from him proceed directly the two most remarkable, though mutually opposed, schools of contemporary French theology, those of De Pressensé and Schèrer. And now there has come forth from the same quarter one who seems destined to exercise, within the sphere of French thought, a religious influence more widespreading, more popular, than any other number of her school, the authoress of the "Horizons Prochains" and the "Horizons Célestes," Madame de Gasparin.

Of this lady herself, it is sufficient to say that she is the wife of Count Agénor de Gasparin, son of that Count de Gasparin who was long a minister under Louis Philippe. M. Agénor de Gasparin was himself for several years a member

of the Chamber of Deputies, where his position may be briefly characterised by saying that he showed himself there as frankly Protestant as M. de Montalembert showed himself frankly Romanist, and won the respect of all. He afterwards took a prominent part in the formation of that "Free Church" of Protestant France, which certainly includes within it the most stirring and energetic members of the general body.

Now, if Calvinism in general exhibits mainly the individualist side of Christian doctrine—if the French Calvinistic Church, from the circumstances of its position as the Church of a long unrecognised and often persecuted minority, tends to bring out that individualist side with peculiar sharpness—if the like tendency results in the Swiss Church from the national position and characteristics of the Swiss people—it has been naturally carried to an extreme by the events in the midst of and in opposition to which the Vinet school of theology grew up, and by the special constitution of the "Free Church." Those who are in anywise familiar with the state of religion on the Continent, know that half a century ago an almost complete religious deadness spread over French Switzerland,—that Socinianism, following in the wake of despotic and aristocratic rule, established its very throne at Geneva. Against these two tendencies—the aristocratic and the Socinian—a sort of cross-reaction took place. A coarse, vulgar democracy, devoid of all religious principle, copied from the lowest French models, of which M. James Fazy is the too successful embodiment, rose up against the old Genevese aristocracy, and threw it. A spring of earnest, self-devoted, thoughtful, sometimes learned, Christian faith welled out, and soon carried away, for all religious purposes, the dry bones of old Socinianism. Meanwhile a strange change was taking place. As each struggle was unfortunately carried on, in great measure, within separate spheres —as many of the religious reformers had not the insight to discern the political necessities of their age and country, nor the political reformers the power to see that political reform, uninspired by religious faith, can end but in a mere change of machinery—it came to pass that the conquerors met in turn as opponents, whilst the conquered passed, so to speak, each to the service of the other conqueror. Religious reform became identified with political conservatism—political reform, with irreligion; old Socinianism easily ranging itself, under colour of the most absolute Erastianism, beneath the banners of democracy, in order to worst its opponents by means of the civil arm. Hence, though indeed even less in Geneva than in its neighbouring French and Protestant canton of Vaud, that shameless oppression of the Church by the majority which developed the "Free Church" of Vaud. And as Swiss democracy, blindly echoing the voice of French, had taken up the cry of Socialism—an idea which the Swiss character seems specially incapable of understanding—it followed that the religious reformers grew to embody in that word all the blasphemy, lawlessness, oppression which they saw around them. Socialism, as will be seen almost anywhere in Vinet's works, is for that admirable thinker a mere monster and portent. He is too much unnerved at sight of it ever to reach its root-idea, as being simply the effort to *organize* social relations, and to elevate that labour into a science and an art. He never stops to inquire whether the problem, how to conciliate the claims of society with those of the individual, may not occupy some of those socialists whom he inveighs against quite as much as himself. Socialism for him must be a dreadful conspiracy against individual freedom and worth; the very word of society, you would say, makes him almost shiver. To understand his vehemence, we must remember that for him, as taught by the lessons of daily experience, "society" meant in practice a knot of ignorant parish demagogues pretending to organize a Church; whilst "the individual" was the poor "pasteur" their victim.

Swiss democracy had been a bad copy

of French; the French "Free Church" was a somewhat better copy of the really heroic Swiss ones. It is founded, I heard it declared by one of its most eloquent champions, M. Pilatte, in one, certainly, of the very noblest sermons I ever heard,—not (as the words might seem to follow) on that foundation other than which, St. Paul tells us, hath no man laid, but upon "individual profession." It sets itself in direct opposition to the "churches of multitude," as it terms those that venture to hold God's revealed Will and Love a somewhat firmer foundation than the fleeting "profession" of man. For their behoof it has invented the contemptuous term of "multitudinism;" individualism it openly glorifies; many of its members repelling the baptism of those infants, likeness to whom, we are told, makes us children of the kingdom. How many broader and nobler currents flow mingled with these, especially in the works of M. de Pressensé—how the sense of God's universal Fatherhood has taken root in what would otherwise seem an ungenial soil—how a deeper study of the Scriptures and of the fathers, a broader educational training, a wider outlook over men and things, have induced also a catholicity of spirit towards Romanism, towards even heathen creeds and philosophies, an acknowledgment of Christ's everlasting and universal working as the Light of the world in the minds and consciences of men, to which we are sadly unaccustomed in such quarters—how openly the extreme consequences of Calvinistic doctrine have been protested against in this body, the latest offshoot of Calvinism—I have not here the space to show.

So much for the quarter whence Madame de Gasparin's works proceed. She has been long before the public as an author. I have before me the second edition, dated 1844, of her earliest work, "Marriage from a Christian point of view;" so that it must be sixteen years and more since she achieved her first success as an author. But that success was almost limited to the "religious" public. And, indeed, between these early works and the two last, there is all the difference between the larva and the butterfly. None of them belong indeed quite to the class of those quarter or half-pounds of spiritual starch commonly called "good books," which are as incapable of alone nourishing the soul of man as material starch alone his body. But it was impossible to guess from them the high qualities which distinguish the last two; only in the latest predecessor of these, "Some Faults of the Christians of our Day"—full of searching and often caustic truth—can we now, looking back, discern, as in the ripened chrysalis, the folded wings which have since outspread themselves to the sun.

The "Near Horizons" went forth last year anonymously, not from any special Protestant book-shop, but from that of the great popular publishers of Paris, the Michel Lévys. The appeal thus made to a wider public than Madame de Gasparin had yet addressed was fully justified by the result. The value of the book was soon pointed out by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and ere this three editions have appeared. Yet the book hardly promised to be popular The "Near Horizons" are those of heaven itself. The various sketches of which the work consists mostly have death-beds for subjects, and a certain monotony thus runs through it, felt indeed only when it is read off at once, and which the freshness of feeling and language otherwise entirely keeps off. Yes, freshness; for after her sixteen years of authorship, it is only now that Madame de Gasparin, young no longer, has completely reached the expression of that quality. Freshness is the great charm of the book, as it is of its successor. You feel that you are dealing with one who has looked at nature, who has looked at religion, at first hand. So wondrous are the pictures of nature in the former, that it seems at first sight impossible they should have been written by any other than that sovran queen of French landscape painters in words, George Sand. And yet soon—apart from in-

dications of fact or of doctrine which individual knowledge may suggest as decisive against the supposition—the very character of the style declares it impossible. George Sand's style is that of her favourite scenes of central France, with their fat plains or stretches of common, never undulating into more than hill and dale, with streams swift or sluggish, pebbly or clayey, but all unconscious of torrent or waterfall: so that she must leave Berry for Auvergne to find that "Black Town" which she was lately depicting to us; it is Rafaelesque or Mozartlike in its perfection, vehement without roughness, lofty without reaching to the sublime. Madame de Gasparin's style, on the contrary, is essentially a mountain style, hasty often and abrupt, now rushing like a torrent, now towering like a rock. Mountains too are a leading subject for her pen, with their ravines and their pine-trees,—those Jura Mountains, which already, if I mistake not, have proved the main source of inspiration for Calame the landscape painter, but of which Madame de Gasparin may be called the first poet, as Rousseau was of the Alps.

Of Madame de Gasparin's powers of word-painting, take the following example :—

"It is not yet the time for beautiful fungi,—those strange creations which sow the wood with their warm tints when October has stripped the glades flowerless. They are queer characters, full of mystery. Some are honest, some vicious. I don't speak of the deadly ones, I mean the face, the bearing of them. Some delicate, milk-white, planted all in a ring, as if to mark the spot where the fairies danced last night. The others solitary, blackish, livid, traitor-faces ruminating some crime apart. These purple, doubled with orange, spreading forth the magnificence of their mantle in the midst of a crowd of grey buttons that hold themselves at a distance,—a pasha in his harem. Those with a silver lustre, smooth as silk, with a dome of satin above, and spotless ribbing beneath. Some are iridescent, some pale golden. How came they? how go they? What sun, when autumn mists grow heavy on the soil, what sun empurpled them, what painted them with sulphur, what gave them the rainbow reflections of mother-of-pearl? Why does the cow that crops the latest plants, that twists off the leaves touched with the frost; why does the sheep wandering under the bare oak-trees leave them untouched? I know not."

The first sketch, "Lisette's Dream," the main charm of which lies, however, in its descriptions, is directed against what, in her next work, the writer will call "a Paradise which frightens one." Lisette, an old peasant-woman, has dreamed of Paradise—of a house of gold, bright as the sun of midday, wherein she saw a fair old lady, severe and yet sweet of mien, who sat and knitted in perfect bliss, but forbade her the door. She is frightened; such a vision of Paradise oppresses her. The writer comforts her with the remembrance of the thief on the cross.

"At this hour, since many a winter, Lisette has entered the house of gold.

"Does she knit, impassive, in beatitude, from age to age, beside the silver-haired matron? I think not; I believe her to be alive and active in heaven as upon earth. Cares have passed away; happiness beams immutable, supreme life reveals its mysteries to the ardent soul of Lisette."

"The Three Roses" represent three young girls dying before twenty. All three sketches are inimitable in their graceful tenderness. I will not spoil them by attempting to analyse, but will only detach the following paragraph :—

"Little cries answer one another:

"'Have you any?'—'Yes.'—'A good place?' Silence.

"There is no hunt in which selfishness displays itself better than in the hunt after lilies of the valley. One holds one's tongue. To say *no* would be lying; to say *yes* would be to lose one's find. One makes haste; if scrupulous, one makes a little murmur which pledges one to nothing; and the treasure once reaped, one creeps farther on, very far on, into some other odorous nest all sown with white bunches."

The "Tilery," as we may call it, takes its name from the description of an entirely secluded house, inhabited by a family of tile-makers, who take delight, the wife especially, in their loneliness. "The Hegelian" is a tale of 1849, placing before us, in striking contrast, the wild enthusiasm of German revolutionists, and the innocent bloodthirstiness of the reactionists :—

"'Shot,' cried the general. . . . Shot the chiefs! shot the soldiers! shot the imbeciles

who let them alone.' As I named to him this one and that, the general, with an expressive gesture, took aim, winked, pulled the trigger, uttered his absurd 'shot,' and then laughed a big simpleton laugh."

Amongst the other sketches, I would chiefly point out "The Poor Boy,"—wonderfully beautiful all through,—which gives the life of a grotesque idiot, maltreated by his father, till, in his last illness, the religious sense is kindled in him, and he dies in peace. "The Pigeon-house," is not "what you "think. There is no other pigeon-"house but a poor room, no other pigeons "than an old man and his wife." It is the story of the last years of an old Lyonnese upholsterer, a good workman, but a shallow and weak mind, coming to Paris in the hope of finding work, with a wife, his good genius, to whom he is tenderly attached; and after various ups and downs, losing his wife and going off into semi-imbecility. Though away from her beloved mountains, the writer shows here a delicate truth of observation and firmness of touch which could not be surpassed. "Marietta," again, is a charming tale of a hideous, though gentle-souled dwarf, cared for with the most thoughtful delicacy by an old shoemaker, her cousin.

Very slight are for the most part these sketches, as, indeed, the writer warns us from the first. Their one great quality is, that they are all from nature, and by one who has eyes to see. But they have all of them a singular charm of style. The French of these Swiss writers, as M. Ste. Beuve has observed ere this, has always a pleasant archaic provincialism about it,—a smack of that sixteenth century, so various and so free, ere yet France had put on the periwig of the "Grand Siècle." This is remarkable, amongst other writers, in that charming teller of tales Rudolph Töpffer, the caricaturist schoolmaster, whose "Travels in Zigzag," though too lengthy, constituted, even before "Tom Brown," the first great literary homage paid to boy-nature. But apart from mere archaisms and provincialisms, the style of Madame de Gasparin in her "Near Horizons" is full of words and expressions which have a sweet country smell about them, though the dialect is not the same as that with which George Sand has made us familiar. Very different, indeed, is the point of view of the Protestant authoress from that of her world-famous contemporary; not only as being strictly religious, but also under the social aspect. Here we have only glances cast from above, bright and loving indeed, but still not actual outlooks from that sphere of artizan and labourer life into which George Sand seems to have fairly penetrated. It is always the great lady, in town or country, going forth to help, to comfort, to speak of Christ, using, nobly and generously, her own social privileges for the benefit of others; it is not a soul oppressed with the weight of those very privileges, striving and struggling, even, it may be, at the cost of sin, to be one with the poorest and the lowest.

The "Heavenly Horizons" is, in its success, even a more remarkable work than its elder born. Again it has been reviewed in the *Deux Mondes*, by Emile Montegut, and with singular favour; again it has reached a third edition. Yet this deals no longer with nature's glories, even as vehicles for higher things, no longer sketches the sunlights or the shadows of human life. It is occupied all through directly with the highest, gravest subjects,—death, heaven, immortality, resurrection, the new creation. If the writer's style has forgone the field of its charming rusticities, yet, struggling with mighty purposes, it becomes as it were even more picturesque than ever in its brave freedom, its bold abruptness. The cardinal idea of the book may be said to be a protest against the "Paradise which frightens one," a Paradise of absorption, or even of rest,—the "apocryphal Paradise" of the painters, of Dante, a "Chinese scene painted with strange "figures," as the writer somewhere calls it. That the soul does not sleep, that personal identity subsists after death, that affections are eternal, such are the

points on which the writer exhausts her most incisive arguments.

"Who made our affections? God or the devil? Forgive me my precision of terms. Now if God put affections into us Himself; if He judged His work as good, will He judge it as bad all of a sudden, on such a day? He who endowed the earth with attachments so mighty and so sweet, could He disinherit heaven of them? Easily could He have placed us in an atmosphere of uniform and I will say tasteless love, like in all, equal for all, an ocean islandless and shoreless. He has not done it. Men have imagined this, not God.

"Men think monotony great. God finds it poor. Just take away from man his preferences. Behold, he loves all things and all men with identical feelings; his father no more nor less than the generality of old men; that unknown child quite like his own. Friends he has none; or rather you, I, a stranger, the Grand Turk at need, we are his friends, in the same degree, in the same manner. This man is not a man; I see in him arms, legs, I discover no heart. And if really he is alive, if it be not an automaton, I say that loving all he loves nothing, that I care little for his general tendernesses, and that I would rather be the neighbour's cat than his wife or his son.

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"Yet this is how men settle heaven, these are the guests with which they people it.

"Oh, how differently God has made it, how differently He has made man!

"God has created the family, which man would not have invented, which in the savage state he annihilates, which in the excesses of corrupt civilization he ceases to acknowledge, which most of our philosophies dissolve. God has strongly bound the sheaf, the man to his wife, the father to his child. And when with a word Paul would depict Roman degradation, he writes, 'Men without natural affections.'

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"Yes, there are families up yonder, united by indissoluble links, each loving the other with a love more solid than earth has known. No selfishness narrows it, no unfaithfulness befouls it; neither does the ambition of power stifle it, nor the passion of gold dry it up; it renews itself without ceasing in the worship of God, and that worship quenches it not, but makes it shine eternally like itself.

"—— Yet Jesus has said that in heaven there is no taking nor giving of women in marriage.

"Doubtless. Another condition, other relations. Our earthly marriage has consequences which future life could not admit of. What is transitory ceases, what is immortal subsists. Now Christian love is immortal.

"To convince yourself of this, admit the contrary for an instant. Represent to yourself Abraham, that mighty individuality," (Oh, Madame de Gasparin!) "without Sarah, that other individuality," (Oh!) "so closely bound to his own. Go a step further; imagine Jacob indifferent to Rachel. He meets her, the gentle beloved, the companion of his pilgrimages, he meets her in this Paradise of uniform tints. No names more, no touching memories, no tenderness. He meets her, and unmoved in eye, unmoved in thought, he glides beside her. A soul taken at haphazard inspires him with the like love. The mother of Joseph, the mother of Benjamin, he feels nothing towards her which he does not feel in the same degree for any other inhabitant of heaven. Ah! she whom weeping he laid on the road to Bethlehem, she remains there still. Both are dead. The beings whom in higher regions you call yet Rachel, Jacob, have nothing in common with the hearts which burned here below with a love at once so divine and so human. I recognise them no more.

* * * *

"Be it so. But with the persistency of the affections you introduce sorrow into Paradise. All whom you love, will they have a place there? Are you sure of finding them there? A father, a child....

"I fall at thy feet, my God! I fall with a cry which is an act of faith. Thou wilt save them, Thou wilt fetch them; beneath Thy fervent love all hardening of heart shall melt. If it should be otherwise! .... My God, have pity on me! I know that Thou lovest them; I know that Thou wilt wipe away my tears; I believe with all my soul that Thou wilt not wipe them away whilst narrowing my heart. Thou comfortest by giving; Thou takest nought away of that which is good, that which Thyself hast found very good. And then, behold a mystery: Thyself, O God, from the bosom of Thine immutable felicity, Thou seest those that have lost themselves. Yet Thy Love and Thy Charity remain; Thou hast not sacrificed Thy love to Thy felicity. Veiled harmonies these, but of which I hear the far-off echo.

"What Thy omniscience did for Thee, Thy compassions will do for me.

"My love shall not die. Struck all along the road, covered with wounds, not thus shall I enter the kingdom of God; bleeding and maimed. The God before whom despair takes flight will not chase it away by dispersing to the four winds the ashes of my recollections. Indifference shall not cure me of sorrow. My God has other remedies for suffering which has just loved.

"My tendernesses will live, Lord, as Thy love, as Thy tendernesses. Thy heart, Jesus risen from the dead, is my warrant for my heart's vitality."

In the earlier pages of her book, Madame de Gasparin says, that she only speaks to those whom she terms "the redeemed," those who have felt their guilt and their impotency, and have

fallen at God's feet imploring mercy. And yet, apart from its scriptural instances, what is the passage I have quoted but a fervid appeal to the common humanity of every one of us, "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics" as well as Christians of churches old and new, state and free,—an appeal grounded on the nature of Him who is the Father of all,—a cry to the heart, in the name of Him who is the Lord of the hearts of all? Indeed, if I might characterise the "Heavenly Horizons" in two words, I would say that the essential beauty of the book, as well as its distinctive characteristic, consists in its passionate humanity. So much broader, thank God, is the spirit of man than the systems in which it seeks to inclose itself, that the world is filled with such contradictions, whether in the writings or in the lives of men. Feelings perpetually overlap dogmas. The large heart and the narrow doctrine often quaintly meet in one. A man will damn you Sunday after Sunday from his pulpit, who will treat you as the best of friends when he comes down from it. And so Madame de Gasparin, professing only to address "the redeemed," has illustrated a truth which she ignores, by speaking to the hearts of all.

And now I need hardly point out how these books, written by the mistress of a Parisian household, are yet essentially Swiss-French books,—how they illustrate, though with a fervour and a poetry of style of which Switzerland has supplied no instances since Rousseau,—that proud and vigorous individualism of the Swiss race. Here again, then, we may recognise the influence of that Swiss element in French thought on which I have dwelt. Western Switzerland is indeed essentially married to France, as the mountain to the plain; bracing her with crisp airs, feeding her streams with snows. But the marriage, to be healthy and prolific, must be one not of violence and slavery, but of free love. There could be few greater moral curses for France than the trampling out of that nest of Protestant faith, free thought, self-reliant manhood, which lies now on her eastern border, in a fold of the great central mountain-chain of Europe.

Nor would the mischief, I suspect, be less great materially than morally. Despotism shuts a country more and more up within itself. Freedom always overbrims in blessings. The trade and industry of free Switzerland have accumulated within her narrow limits a vast amount both of capital and of acquired skill, by which her neighbours, France especially, largely profit. Not only is her industrial ability such, that out of cotton bought at Liverpool, charged with all the cost of transit thence, by rail or river, to the very heart of the continent, she is able to manufacture certain fabrics which undersell our own in neighbouring markets; but she actually supplies capital to the factories of Eastern France. Thus, it is well known that, thanks to *commandite*, Bâle has created Mulhouse. The same superiority exists, as we pass into the sphere of handicrafts. Districts, which in France would send forth only workers in the coarser kinds of labour, send them forth in Switzerland in the finer; a village which in France would breed stone-cutters or carpenters, trains in French Switzerland its watchmakers or confectioners; who, if afterwards they go forth throughout all the world, yet above all take up their sojourn in France, and even if not, yet under their French names generally give France the credit of their success. No physical peculiarities of the country suffice to explain these facts; they are above all the fruits of freedom; they must perish if that be rooted out. May Switzerland long retain her own! May the powers of Europe, true to their long-pledged word, suffer no imperial ambition to invade or paralyze it! May Switzerland be ever more true to herself, and strong in the consciousness of her rights, of her worth in the political fabric, as one of the very corner-stones of European peace, remember always that, as the French proverb says, God helps those who help themselves!

But helping herself, let her seek help from God. Let her learn that true

democracy does not consist in abuse of *momiers*, and needs other representatives than a James Fazy. True it is, that the God whom her pious men have chiefly shown to her, is not the one whom she blindly gropes for. Excessive religious individualism has too much obscured for her the divine breadth of the Church. What Switzerland needs, is to see the God of Israel, the God of the nation, behind the God of the single believer. If the crisis of her independence—as many signs indicate—is nigh, in that Name only will she stand,—will she conquer.

THE FAIR AT KEADY.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

My friend, John Penruddock, over in Ireland, with whom I spent a month last summer, made a deeper impression on me than I can tell. For years I had not seen such a man. There was a reality and honest stuff in him, which, in living with him and watching his daily goings on, revealed itself hour by hour, quite new to me. The people I had been accustomed to meet, talk with, live with, were so different. The tendency of each of these was towards art in one form or other; and there was a certain sadness somehow in the contemplation of them. They fought and strove bravely, but like the Old Guard at Waterloo, it was brave fighting on a lost field. After years of toil there were irremediable defects in that man's picture; fatal flaws in that man's book. In all their efforts were failure and repulse, apparent to some extent to themselves, plain enough to me, the passionless looker-on. That resolute, hopeless climbing of heaven of theirs, was, according to the mood, a thing to laugh at or a thing to weep over. With Penruddock, all was different. What he strove after he accomplished. He had a cheerful mastery over circumstances. All things went well with him. His horses ploughed for him, his servants reaped for him, his mills ground for him successfully. The very winds and dews were to him helps and aids. Year after year his crops grew, yellowed, were cut down, and gathered into barns, and men fed thereupon; and year after year there lay an increased balance at his banker's. This continual, ever-victorious activity of his seemed strange to me. We usually think that poets, painters, and the like, are finer, more heroical than cultivators of the ground. But does the production of a questionable book really surpass in merit the production of a field of unquestionable turnips? Perhaps, in the severe eyes of the gods, the production of a wooden porringer, watertight and fit for household uses, is of more account than the rearing of a tower of Babel, *meant* to reach to heaven. Alas! that so many must work on these Babel towers; cannot help toiling on them to the very death, though every stone is heaved into its place with weariness and mortal pain; though, when the life of the builder is wasted out on it, it is fit habitation for no creature, can shelter no one from rain or winter snow, towering in the eyes of men a *Folly* (as the Scotch phrase it) after all.

Penruddock had promised to take me to see the fair at Keady a fortnight before it came off; but was obliged on the day immediately preceding that event to leave his farm at Arran-More on matter of important business. It was a wretched day of rain, and I began to tremble for the morrow. After dinner the storm abated, and the dull dripping afternoon set in. While a distempered sunset flushed the west, the heavy carts from the fields came rolling into the court-yard, the horses' fetlock deep in clay, and steaming like ovens. Then,

at the sound of the bell, the labourers came, wet, weary, sickles hanging over their arms, yet with spirits merry enough. These the capacious kitchen received, where they found supper spread. It grew dark earlier than usual, and more silent. The mill-wheel rushed louder in the swollen stream, and lights began to glimmer here and there in the dusty windows. Penruddock had not yet come. He was not due for a couple of hours. The time began to hang heavily; so, slipping to my bed, I solved every difficulty by falling asleep.

The lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, and the loud voices of men in the court-yard beneath, awoke me shortly after dawn. In the silence that ensued I again fell asleep, and was roused at last by the clangour of the breakfast-bell. When I got up, the sun was streaming gloriously through the latticed window; heaven was all the gayer and brighter now for yesterday's gloom and sulky tears, and the rooks were cawing and flapping cheerfully in the trees above. When I entered the breakfast-room, Penruddock was already there, nothing the worse for his journey; and the tea-urn was bubbling on the table.

At the close of the meal, Tim brought the dog-cart to the door. Pen glanced at his watch. "We have hit the time exactly, and will arrive as soon as Mick and the cattle." There was an encouraging chir-r-r, a flick of the whip, and in a trice we were across the bridge, and pegging along the highway at a great pace.

After proceeding about a mile, we turned into a narrow path which gradually led us up into a wild irregular country. Corn-fields, flax-tanks, and sunny pasture lands, dotted with sheep, were left behind as up hill we tugged, and reached at last a level stretch of purple moor and black peat bog. Sometimes for a mile the ground was black with pyramids of peat; at other times the road wriggled before us through a dark olive morass, enlivened here and there with patches of treacherous green; the sound of our wheels startling into flight the shy and solitary birds native to the region. Ever and anon, too, when we gained sufficient elevation, we could see the great waves of the landscape rolling in clear morning light away to the horizon; each wave crested with farms and belts of woodland, and here and there wreaths of smoke rising up from hollows where towns and villages lay hid. After a while the road grew smoother, and afar the little town of Keady sparkled in the sun, backed by a range of smelting furnaces, the flames tamed by the sunlight, making a restless shimmer in the air, and blotting out everything beyond. Beneath us the high road was covered with sheep and cows, and vehicles of every description, pushing forward to one point; the hill paths also which led down to it were moving threads of life. On the brow of the hill, just before we began to descend, John pulled up for a moment. It was a pretty sight! A few minutes' drive brought us into Keady, and such a busy scene I had never before witnessed. The narrow streets and open spaces were crowded with stalls, cattle, and people, and the press and confusion were so great that our passage to the inn where our machine was to be put up was matter of considerable difficulty. Men, stripped to trousers and shirt, with red hair streaming in the wind, rushed backwards and forwards with horses, giving vent at the same time to the wildest vociferations, while clumps of sporting gentlemen, with straws in their mouths, were inspecting with critical eyes the points of the animals. Travelling auctioneers set up their little carts in the streets, and with astonishing effrontery and power of lung harangued the crowd on the worth and cheapness of the articles which they held in their hands. Beggars were very plentiful, disease and deformity their stock-in-trade. Fragments of humanity crawled about upon crutches. Women stretched out shrunken arms. Blind men rolled sightless eyeballs, blessing the passenger when a copper tinkled in their iron jugs; cursing yet more fervently when disappointed in their expectation. In one place a melan-

choly acrobat in dirty tights and faded tinsel, was performing evolutions with a crazy chair on a bit of ragged carpet; he threw somersaults over it, he stood upon his head on it, he embraced it firmly and began spinning along the ground like a wheel, in which performance man and chair seemed to lose their individuality and become one as it were; and at the close of every feat he stood erect with that indescribable curve of the right hand which should always be followed by thunders of applause, the clown meanwhile rolling in ecstasies of admiration in the sawdust. Alas! no applause followed the exertions of the artist. The tights were getting more threadbare and dingy. His hollow face was covered with perspiration, and there was but the sparsest sprinkling of half-pence. I threw him half-a-crown, but it rolled among the spectators' feet, and was lost in the dust. He groped about in search of it for some little time, and then came back to his carpet and his crazy chair. Poor fellow! he looked as if he were used to that kind of thing. There were many pretty faces among the girls, and scores of them were walking about in holiday dresses. Rosy-faced lasses with black hair and blue eyes shadowed by long, dark eyelashes. How they laughed, and how sweetly the brogue melted from their lips in reply to the ardent blarney of their sweethearts! At last we reached an open square, or cross as it would be called in Scotland, more crowded, if possible, than the narrow streets. Hordes of cattle bellowed here. Here were sheep from the large farms standing in clusters of fifties and hundreds; there a clump of five or six with the widow in her clean cap sitting beside them. Many an hour ago she and they started from the turf hut and the pasture beyond the hills. Heaven send her a ready sale and good prices! In the centre of this open space great benches were erected, heaped with eggs, butter, cheeses, the proprietors standing behind anxiously awaiting the advances of customers. One section was crowded with sweetmeat stalls, much frequented by girls and their sweethearts. Many a rustic compliment there had for reply a quick glance or a scarlet cheek. Another was devoted to poultry; geese stood about in flocks, bunches of hens were scattered on the ground, their legs tied together; and turkeys, inclosed in wicker baskets, surveyed the scene with quick eyes, their wattles all the while burning with indignation. On reaching the inn, which displayed for ensign a swan with two heads afloat on an azure stream, we ordered dinner at three o'clock, and thereafter started on foot to where Penruddock's stock was stationed. It was no easy matter to force a path; cows and sheep were always getting in the way. Now and then an escaped hen would come clucking and flapping among our feet; and once a huge bull, with horns levelled to the charge, came dashing down the street, scattering everything before him. Finally, we reached the spot where Mick and his dogs were keeping watch over the cows and sheep.

"Got here all safe, Mick, I see."

"All safe, sir, not a quarter o' an hour ago."

"Well, Burdett, I have opened my shop. We'll see how we get on."

By this time the dealers had gathered about, and were closely examining the sheep, and holding whispered consultations. At length, an excited-looking man came running forward; plunging his hand into his breeches pocket, he produced therefrom half-a-crown, which he slapped into Penruddock's hand, at the same time crying out "Ten-and-six a head." "Fifteen," said John, returning the coin. "Twelve shillings," said the man, bringing down the coin with tremendous energy; "an' may I niver stir if I'll give another farthin' for the best sheep in Keady." "Fifteen," said John, flinging the half-crown on the ground; "and I don't care whether you stir again or not." By this time a crowd had gathered about, and the chorus began. "There isn't a dacenter man than Mr. Penruddock in the market. I've known him iver since he came to the counthry." "Shure an' he is," began another; "he's a jintleman every inch. He always gives to the poor man a bit o' baccy, or

a glass. Ach, Mr. Loney, he's not the one to ax you too high a price. Shure, Mr. Penruddock, you'll come down a sixpence jist to make a bargain." "Is't Mr. Loney that's goin' to buy?" cried a lame man from the opposite side, and in the opposite interest. "There isn't sich a dealer in county Monaghan as Mr. Loney. Of coorse you'll come down something, Mr. Penruddock." "He's a rich one, too, is Mr. Loney," said the lame man, sidling up to John, and winking in a knowing manner, "an' a power o' notes he has in his pocket-book." Mr. Loney, who had been whispering with his group a little apart, and who had again made an inspection of the stock, returned the second time to the charge. "Twelve-an'-six," cried he, and again the half-crown was slapped into Penruddock's palm. "Twelve-an'-six, an' not another farthin' to save my sowl." "Fifteen," said John, returning the half-crown with equal emphasis; "you know my price, and if you won't take it you can let it stand." The dealer disappeared in huge wrath, and the chorus broke out in praises of both. By this time Mr. Loney was again among the sheep; it was plain his heart was set upon the purchase. Every now and then he caught one, got it between his legs, examined the markings on its face, and tested the depth and quality of its wobl. He appeared for the third time, while the lame man and the leader of the opposing chorus seemed coming to blows, so zealous were they in the praises of their respective heroes. "Fourteen," said Mr. Loney, again producing the half-crown, spitting into his hand at the same time, as much as to say, he would do the business now. "Fourteen," he cried, crushing the half-crown into Penruddock's hand, and holding it there. "Fourteen, an' divil a rap more I'll give." "Fourteen," said John, as if considering, then throwing back the coin, "Fourteen-and-six, and let it be a bargain."

"Didn't I say," quoth John's chorus-leader, looking round him with an air of triumph, "didn't I say that Mr. Penruddock's a jintleman? Ye see how he drops the sixpence. I niver saw him do a mane thing yet. Ach, he's the jintleman ivery inch, an' that's saying a dale, considerin' his size."

"Fourteen-an'-six be it then," said the dealer, bringing down the coin for the last time. "An' if I take the lot you'll give me two pounds in t' myself?"

"Well, Loney, I don't care, although I do," said Penruddock, pocketing the coin at last. A roll of notes was produced, the sum counted out, and the bargain concluded. The next moment Loney was among the sheep, scoring some mark or other on their backs with a piece of red chalk. Penruddock scattered what spare coppers he possessed among the bystanders, and away they went to sing the praises of the next bargain-maker.

Pen turned to me, laughing. "This is a nice occupation for a gentleman of respectable birth and liberal education, is it not?"

"Odd. It is amusing to watch the process by which your sheep are converted into bank-notes. Does your friend, Mr. Loney, buy the animals for himself?"

"Oh, dear no. We must have middlemen of one kind or another in this country. Loney is commissioned to purchase, and is allowed so much on the transaction."

By this time a young handsome fellow pushed his horse through the crowd and approached us. "Good morning," cried he to Penruddock. "Any business doing?"

"I have just sold my sheep."

"Good price?"

"Fair. Fourteen-and-six."

"Ah, not so bad. These cattle, I suppose, are yours? We must try if we can't come to a bargain about them." Dismounting, he gave his horse in keeping to a lad, and he and John went off to inspect the stock.

Business was proceeding briskly on all sides. There was great higgling as to prices, and shillings and half-crowns were tossed in a wonderful manner from palm to palm. Apparently, no trans-

action could be transacted without that ceremony, whatever it might mean. Idlers were everywhere celebrating the merits and "dacency" of the various buyers and sellers. Huge greasy leather pocket-books of undoubted antiquity, were to be seen in many a hand, and rolls of bank-notes were deftly changing owners. The ground, too, was beginning to clear, and purchasers were driving off their cattle. Many of the dealers who had disposed of stock were taking their ease in the inns. You could see them looking out of the open windows; and, occasionally, a man whose potations had been early and excessive went whooping through the crowd. In a short time John returned with his friend.

"Captain Broster," said John, presenting him, "has promised to dine with us at three. Sharp at the hour, mind, for we wish to leave early."

"I'll be punctual as clockwork," said the captain, turning to look after his purchases.

We strolled up and down till three o'clock, and then bent our steps to the inn, where we found Broster waiting. In honour to his guests the landlord himself brought in dinner, and waited with great diligence. When the table was cleared we had punch and cigars, and sat chatting at the open window. The space in front was tolerably clear of cattle now, but dealers were hovering about, standing in clumps, or promenading in parties of twos and threes. But at this point a new element had entered into the scene. It was dinner hour, and many of the forgemen from the furnaces above had come down to see what was going on. Huge, hulking, swarthy-featured fellows they were. Welshmen, chiefly, as I was afterwards told; who, confident in their strength, were at no pains to conceal their contempt for the natives. They, too, mingled in the crowd, but the greater number leaned lazily against the houses, smoking their short pipes and indulging in the dangerous luxury of "chaffing" the farmers. Many a rude wit-combat was going on, accompanied by roars of laughter, snatches of which we occasionally heard. Broster had been in the Crimea, was wounded at Alma, recovered, went through all the work and privation of the first winter of the siege, got knocked up, came home on sick leave, and having had enough of it, as he frankly confessed, took the opportunity on his father's death, which happened then, to sell out and settle as a farmer on a small property to which he fell heir. He chatted about the events of the war in an easy, familiar way, quietly, as if the whole affair had been a game at football; and when courage, strength, and splendid prospects were changed by unseen bullet, or grim bayonet stab, into a rude grave on the bleak plateau, the thing was mentioned as a mere matter of course! Sometimes a comrade's fate met with an expression of soldierly regret, slight and indifferent enough, yet with a certain pathos which no high-flown oration could reach. For the indifferent tone seemed to acquiesce in destiny, to consider that disappointment had been too common in the life of every man during the last six thousand years to warrant any raving or passionate surprise at this time of day; and that in any case our ordinary pulse and breath time our march to the grave; passion beats the double-quick, and when it is all over, there is little need for outcry and the shedding of tears over the eternal rest. In the midst of his talk, voices rose in one of the apartments below: the noise became altercation, and immediately a kind of struggling or dragging was heard in the flagged passage, and then a tipsy forgeman was unceremoniously shot out into the square; and the inn door closed with an angry bang. The individual seemed to take the indignity in very good part; along he staggered, his hands in his pockets, heedless of the satirical gibes and remarks of his companions, who were smoking beneath our windows. Looking out, we could see that his eyes were closed, as if he scorned the outer world, possessing one so much more satisfactory within himself. As he went he began to sing from sheer

excess of happiness; the following stanza coming distinctly to our ears.

"When I was a chicken as big as a hen,
My mother 'ot me an' I 'ot her agen;
My father came for to see the r-r-rrow,
So I lifted my fist an I 'ot him a clow."

"I hope that fellow won't come to grief," said Broster, as the forgeman lurched through a group of countrymen intent on a bargain, and passed on without notice or apology, his eyes closed, and singing as before,

"Ses my mother, ses she, there's a peeler at hand."

"By Jove, he's down at last, and there'll be the devil to pay!" We looked out: the forgeman was prone in the dust, singing, and apparently unconscious that he had changed his position. A party of farmers were standing around laughing; one of them had put out his foot and tripped the forgeman as he passed. The next moment, a bare-armed, black-browed hammersmith stood out from the wall, and, without so much as taking the pipe from his mouth, felled the dealer at a blow, and then looked at his companions as if wishing to be informed if he could do anything in the same way for them. The blow was a match dropped in a powder magazine. Alelu! to the combat. There were shouts and yells. Insult had been rankling long in the breasts of both parties. Old scores had to be paid off. From every quarter, out of the inns, leaving potheen and ale, down the streets from among the cattle, the dealers came rushing to the fray. The forgemen mustered with alacrity, as if battle were the breath of their nostrils. In a few seconds, the square was the scene of a general *melée*. The dealers fought with their short heavy sticks; the forgemen had but the weapons nature gave, but their arms were sinewed with iron, and every blow told like a hammer. These last were overpowered for a while, but the alarm had already spread to the furnaces above, and parties of twos and threes came at a run, and flung themselves in to the assistance of their companions. Just at this moment, a couple of constables pressed forward into the mad yelling crowd. A hammersmith came behind one, and seizing his arms, held him, despite his struggles, firmly as in a vice. The other was knocked over and trampled under foot. "Good heavens, murder will be done," cried Broster, lifting his heavy whip from the table. "We must try and put an end to this disgraceful scene. Will you join me?" "With heart and soul," said Penruddock, "and there is no time to be lost. Come along, Burdett." At the foot of the stair we found the landlord shaking in every limb. He had locked the door, and was standing in the passage with the key in his hand. "McQueen, we want out; open the door."

"Shure, jintlemen, you'r not goin' just now. You'll be torn to paces if you go."

"If you won't open the door give me the key, and I'll open it myself."

The landlord passively yielded: Broster unlocked the door, and flung the key down on the flagged passage. "Now, my lads," cried he to half a dozen countrymen who were hanging-on spectators on the skirts of the combat, and at the same time twisting his whip lash tightly around his right hand till the heavily leaded head became a formidable weapon, a blow from which would be effective on any skull of ordinary susceptibility; "Now my lads, we are resolved to put an end to this, will you assist us?" The captain's family had been long resident in the county, he was himself personally known to all of them, and a cheerful "ay, ay," was the response. "Penruddock, separate them when you can, knock them over when you can't, Welshman or Irishman, its quite the same." So saying, in we drove. Broster clove a way for himself, distributing his blows with great impartiality, and knocking over the combatants like ninepins. We soon reached the middle of the square, where the fight was hottest.

The captain was swept away in an eddy for a moment, and right in front of Penruddock and myself two men were grappling on the ground. As they rolled over, we saw that one was the hammersmith who had caused the whole affray. We flung ourselves upon them, and dragged them up. The dealer with whom I was more particularly engaged had got the worst of it, and plainly wasn't sorry to be released from the clutches of his antagonist. With his foe it was different. His slow sullen blood was fairly in a blaze, and when John pushed him aside, he dashed at him and struck him a severe blow on the face. In a twinkling, Penruddock's coat was off, while the faintest stream of blood trickled from his upper lip. "Well, my man," said he, as he stood up ready for action, "if that's the game you mean to play at, I hope to give you a bellyful before I've done." "Seize that man, knock him over," said Broster; "you're surely not going to fight *him*, Penruddock, it's sheer madness; knock him over." "I tell you what it is," said Penruddock, turning savagely, "you sha'n't deprive me of the luxury of giving this fellow a sound hiding." Broster shrugged his shoulders, as if giving up the case. By this time the cry arose, "Black Jem's goin' to fight the gentleman," and a wide enough ring was formed. Many who were prosecuting small combats of their own desisted, that they might behold this greater one. Broster stood beside John. "He's an ugly mass of strength," whispered he, "and will hug you like a bear; keep him well off, and remain cool for Heaven's sake." "Ready?" said John, stepping forward. "As a lark i' the mornin'," growled Jem, as he took up his ground. The men were very wary, Jem retreating round and round, John advancing. Now and then one or other darted out a blow, but it was generally stopped, and no harm done. At last the blows went home; the blood began to rise. The men drew closer, and struck with greater rapidity. They are at it at last, hammer and tongs. No shirking or flinching now. Jem's was flowing. He was evidently getting severely punished. He couldn't last long at that rate. He fought desperately for a close, when a blinding blow full in the face brought him to the earth. He got up again like a madman, the whole bull-dog nature of him possessed and mastered by fierce, brutal rage. He cursed and struggled in the arms of his supporters to get at his enemy, but by main force they held him back till he recovered himself. "He'll be worked off in another round," I heard Broster whisper in my ear. Ah! here they come! I glanced at John for a moment as he stood with his eye on his foe. There was that in his face that boded no good. The features had hardened into iron somehow; the pitiless mouth was clenched, the eye cruel. A hitherto unknown part of his nature revealed itself to me as he stood there. Perhaps unknown to himself. God help us, what strangers we are to ourselves! In every man's nature there is an interior unexplored as that of Africa, and over that region what wild beasts may roam! But they are at it again; Jem still fights for a close, and every time his rush is stopped by a damaging blow. They are telling rapidly; his countenance, by no means charming at the best, is rapidly transforming. Look at that hideously gashed lip! But he has dodged Penruddock's left this time, and clutched him in his brawny arms. Now comes the tug of war, skill pitted against skill, strength against strength. They breathe for a little in one another's grip, as if summoning every energy. They are at it now, broad chest to chest. Now they seem motionless, but by the quiver of their frames you can guess the terrific strain going on. Now one has the better, now the other, as they twine round each other, lithe and supple as serpents. Penruddock yields! No! That's a bad dodge of Jem's. By Jove he loses his grip. All is over with him. John's brow grows dark; the veins start out on it; and the next moment Black Jem, the hero of fifty fights, slung over his shoulder, falls heavily to the ground.

At his fall a cheer rose from the

dealers. "You blacksmith fellows had better make off," cried Broster; "your man has got the thrashing he deserves, and you can carry him home with you. I am resolved to put a stop to these disturbances—there have been too many of late." The furnace men hung for a moment irresolute, seemingly half inclined to renew the combat, but a formidable array of cattle-dealers pressed forward and turned the scale. They decided on a retreat. Black Jem, who had now come to himself, was lifted up, and, supported by two men, retired toward the works and dwellings on the upper grounds, accompanied by his companions, who muttered many a surly oath and vow of future vengeance.

When we got back to the inn, John was very anxious about his face. He washed, and carefully perused his features in the little looking-glass. Luckily, with the exception of the upper lip slightly cut by Jem's first blow, no mark of the combat presented itself; at this happy result of his investigations he expressed great satisfaction—Broster laughing the meanwhile, and telling him that he was as careful of his face as a young lady.

The captain came down to see us off. The fair was over now, and the little streets were almost deserted. The dealers—apprehensive of another descent from the furnaces—had hurried off as soon as their transactions could in any way permit. Groups of villagers, however, were standing about the doors discussing the event of the day; and when Penruddock appeared he became, for a quarter of an hour, an object of public interest for the first time in his life, and so far as he has yet lived, for the last; an honour to which he did not seem to attach any particular value.

We shook hands with the captain; then, at a touch of the whip, the horse started at a gallant pace, scattering a brood of ducks in all directions; and in a few minutes, Keady,—with its white-washed houses and dark row of furnaces, tipped with tongues of flame, pale and shrunken yet in the lustre of the afternoon, but which would rush out wild and lurid when the evening fell,—lay a rapidly dwindling speck behind.

ON THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL INFLUENCE OF THE NEW GOLD.

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

It is very important to arrive at some definite opinion on a subject which has been so much confused.

I wish to direct attention to three distinct series of effects which have been produced by the new gold.

Firstly. The substance which is by so many nations adopted as a medium of exchange has been augmented in quantity.

Secondly. The new gold has influenced the wealth and the social condition of the countries in which it has been discovered.

Thirdly. Great Britain has been affected by this change in the social and material condition of one of her most important colonies.

When it was found in 1851 that Australia and California would each year supply nearly 30,000,000*l.* of gold, or, in other words, at least four times as much as all other gold mines had annually yielded before, it was supposed that gold would rapidly decline in value to the extent of at least twenty-five per cent. The best authorities now agree that this decline has not as yet occurred. I will, in the first place, state the reasons which justify this supposition, and then explain in what manner the increased gold has been absorbed, and its value been maintained. An inductive proof of a change in the value of gold requires data which cannot be obtained, for a comparison of general prices during the

last ten years will not afford a sufficient proof. Thus the average price of wheat is lower now than then. The value of gold compared with wheat has risen; but how erroneous would it be thence to conclude that its general value had risen! Wheat has declined in price because it can be imported cheaply from other countries. On the other hand, the price of meat and dairy produce has of late risen considerably. This rise in price we know is partly due to the increasing wants of an advancing population, and especially to the increased consumption of a more numerous and better paid labouring class; but although we know this, we cannot assert that the rise in the price of such produce has not been augmented by a fall in the general value of gold. Manifestly such comparisons avail nothing. The price of silver will afford the most important evidence. Silver and gold have been adopted as the general media of exchange because they are liable to little change in their value. The value of these metals, like agricultural produce, is determined by the cost of obtaining them under the most unfavourable circumstances. Therefore their value is not altered, unless the current rate of profit in a country falls, and renders it profitable to work worse mines than those already worked; or, on the other hand, rises, and renders it no longer profitable to work these worse mines. Where commodities are employed in industrial occupations, the demand is variable; their value depends upon the demand; and this value constantly tends to obtain that position of stable equilibrium when the supply equals the demand. But the quantity of gold and silver which is used for industrial purposes is comparatively very insignificant; and when a substance is used merely as a medium of exchange, the demand is always exactly equal to the supply; the aggregate supply determines the value, and the value in a cross way regulates the supply, because the supply must give such a value as will cause the current rate of profit to be obtained in the worst mines. If, therefore, within the last ten years no silver mines of exceptional richness have been discovered, and the worse mines which were then worked are worked now, it affords strong evidence that nothing has occurred to affect the value of silver. If, therefore, gold has declined in value twenty-five per cent., silver estimated in gold would have increased twenty-five per cent. in price. But it has not increased five per cent. This, I believe, affords important evidence that the general value of gold has not yet declined. For some years up to 1840 our exports and imports had steadily increased. About that time the progress seemed to have ceased, for from 1840 to 1846 our exports remained at the stationary point of about 50,000,000*l.* per annum. The fettered energy of the country seemed to have achieved its utmost. Free trade and the repeal of the navigation laws unloosed these fetters, and then the country started on a career of the most extraordinary progress. Our exports in nine years advanced from 50,000,000*l.* to 115,000,000*l.* In 1847, 475,000,000 lbs. of cotton were imported; in 1856 more than 1,000,000,000 lbs. This increased commerce stimulates the accumulation of capital; the wage-fund of the country is augmented, and wages, especially in the manufacturing districts, obtain a very decided rise. Free trade also cheapens many of the prime necessaries of life, and much more can therefore be spared for luxuries. No luxury is more prized by the poor than tea; and hence we find that only 50,000,000 lbs. of tea were imported in 1850, but that 86,000,000 lbs. were imported in 1856. In Europe, during the last few years, there has been a great failure of the silk crop. China has been resorted to; and thus, while only 1,700,000 lbs. of silk were imported in 1850, more than 4,000,000 lbs. were imported in each of the years 1854, 1855. The plodding industry of the Chinese enables them to supply this increased tea and silk; but, surrounded with all the prejudices which have resulted from an isolation of two thousand years, we can induce them to take no useful commodities in return. They will be

paid in silver, and we are thus obliged to adjust the balance of trade by a large annual exportation of silver. Nothing can be more anomalous than our present commercial relations with China. The figures which have just been quoted show that the present commercial progress of Great Britain is perhaps most strikingly exhibited by the advancing demand for Chinese products. Our imports from that country are year by year increasing in quantity and in value, and yet our exports to that country diminish rather than increase. About 1844 the value of our exports averaged 2,000,000*l.* Of late years they have scarcely averaged 1,000,000*l.*, and, small as is our export trade to China, it is large in comparison with that of other countries. Thus the annual exports of the United States to China do not exceed 300,000*l.*, and the exports which are sent from the Continent are still more insignificant. Great Britain consequently becomes, to a great extent, the emporium of Eastern produce. The products of the East are brought to England, and then again are distributed not only over the continent of Europe, but even over Canada and the United States; and the settlement of the balances of the Indian and Chinese trade is made through England for the civilized world. Until 1850 the adjustment of this commerce required the export of only a small amount of silver to the East; but a drain then commenced, which has advanced with steady rapidity, and in 1856 this country alone exported to the East the enormous sum of 14,500,000*l.* of silver. The silver coinage of France has, to a great extent, supplied this silver. 45,000,000*l.* have been thus abstracted from her silver coinage in six years, from 1852—1858. Gold has supplied its place. The absorption of so much gold in this way has induced M. Chevalier, in his work "On the probable Fall in the Value of Gold," so admirably translated by Mr. Cobden, to describe France as a parachute, which has retarded the fall in the value of gold. France has supplied so much silver—

Firstly. Because of the large amount of silver coinage she formerly possessed; and

Secondly. Because, unlike us, she has a double standard. Any slight variation in the fixed relative values of these two metals will induce all payments to be made in one of these metals alone. Every extension of credit enables a certain amount of the circulating medium to be dispensed with; and it is probable that our vastly increased commerce and trade has required little, if any greater quantity of the circulating medium for all those transactions which may be described as wholesale; but, as I have before observed, a great increase in the national capital must have accompanied this commercial progress. The wage-fund is a component part of this capital. Wages are almost always paid in coin. This points to another way in which much of the new gold has been absorbed. The possibility of accounting for the absorption of the new supplies of gold, confirms the opinion that its value has not yet declined. But the fact that there has been no reduction, proves that gold would have greatly risen in value had not these supplies been forthcoming. The rise, too, would have been sudden, and therefore most serious. The conditions of every monied contract would be altered, the national debt would be a more severe burden, and the extension of our commerce with the East would meet with the most difficult obstacle.

When feudal Europe ripened into commercial Europe, the gold of America was discovered; and now that free trade has inaugurated a new social and commercial era, the gold of Australia and California is ready at hand to aid the progress.

M. Chevalier asserts that henceforth the value of gold will rapidly decline at least fifty per cent. I regard this as a much too confident prophecy. The wage-fund of most countries is increasing, in some cases most rapidly. This will absorb a great deal of gold. Our commerce with the East is so anomalous, that prophecies seem to me to be useless. Every year

there is a constantly greater quantity of Eastern produce required, and therefore this increased commerce will very soon annually absorb, instead of 14,000,000*l.* of specie, 20,000,000*l.*, unless some great change in the habits of the Chinese induces them to consume more European commodities. On such a point who will hazard a prediction? Thus, in a few years, the East will absorb all the silver of the West. Shall we then be able to induce the Chinese to take gold as readily as they do now silver? There is another consideration which seems to me to be not sufficiently noticed. A change in the value of gold always generates a counteracting force, whose tendency is to restore the metal to its former value. Suppose the supplies of gold continue to be the same as they are now, and that after a certain time gold declines in value. Gold-digging is not—I may say, cannot be—permanently more profitable than other employments. Directly a decline in the value of gold takes place, gold-digging will to many become less profitable than other labour. They will therefore cease to dig; this will diminish the aggregate supply of gold, and this diminution will tend to restore its value. I will now proceed to explain in what way the gold discoveries have assisted the advance of Australia. Production has three requisites:—

Firstly. Appropriate natural agents.

Secondly. Labour to develop the resources of nature.

Thirdly. This labour must be sustained by the results of previous labour, or in other words, by capital.

Long previous to 1848 the great natural resources of Australia were known, vast tracts of fertile land had been explored, and her climate had been pronounced healthy. There was an overplus of labour in our own country, and much additional capital would have been at once accumulated had an eligible investment presented itself. Little labour and capital were, however, applied in Australia, and her advance was slow. We know the discovery of gold changed all this; let us then seek the secret of the change. Previous to the gold discoveries, the chief field for the investment of capital was agriculture. In a young country farming operations meet with many obstacles. The stock and implements are expensive, no steady supply of labour can be ensured; and without the investment of a great deal of capital in roads, and other such works, produce can with difficulty be brought to market; and when it is brought, the demand is uncertain. The same considerations apply to manufactures, and also to general mining operations; for lead, copper, and iron mines require most expensive machinery, and a large co-operation of labour. This explains the usual slow progress of colonies, even when they offer the greatest industrial advantages. But as soon as it was heard that gold was spread over a large breadth of the Australian continent, thousands flocked to share the spoil. They only took the simplest tools; they needed no capital, but just sufficient food to support them while labouring; and each one felt that he could work independently, and risk nothing more than his labour and his passage-money. Australia, having thus suddenly obtained an abundance of manual labour, possessed two of the requisites of production; the third, capital, was quickly supplied to her. The savings of the gold-diggers formed a large capital, and English capital now flowed in even too broad a stream to supply the wants of this labouring population. Australia for a time suffered much inconvenience, because gold-digging absorbed much of the labour which had been previously applied to other employments; not that more was earned in this pursuit than in others, but there is a magic spell in the name of gold. Gold-digging has the excitement of a lottery, and the chances of a lottery are always estimated at more than their true value. After a time, other pursuits absorbed a due proportion of labour, and thus Australia possessed every attribute of industrial success, and her future prosperity was established.

About 1848, England was suffering

from those ills which political economy attributes to over population. Wages were becoming lower, and increasing population necessarily made food more expensive. Ireland had famine, and we had most deplorable distress. I have mentioned that the discovery of gold acted more powerfully than any other circumstance to induce a large emigration from Great Britain. Any decrease in the number of those who seek employment must cause a rise of wages, but emigration from a country like our own effects even a more important advantage. I have before observed that the price of agricultural produce at any time must be such as will return the ordinary rate of profit to the worst land in cultivation. If, therefore, the wants of an advancing population cause more land to be brought into cultivation, the food which is thus raised involves a greater expenditure of labour and capital than that which was before produced, and thus as population advances food becomes dearer. In a thickly peopled country there are two obstacles to the material prosperity of the poor :—

Firstly. The number of those competing for employment reduces wages.

Secondly. Food rises in value as it becomes necessary to strain the resources of the fertile land.

Emigration, therefore, has increased not only the monied wages, but the real wages of our labourers. In some of our colonies, such as Canada, so little of the fertile land has been cultivated, that for some time the greater the immigration is to those parts, the more abundant will be the supply of cheap food which will be exported to our own country. Emigration therefore, as it were, adds a tract of fertile land to our own soil. Again, labour is remunerated from capital. The amount saved, or in other words, the capital which is accumulated, is regulated by the returns which this capital will obtain. If population is stationary, and capital increases, wages will rise and profits will fall ; if, on the other hand, capital increases, the rate of profit will fall. Can we affirm anything with certainty about the tendency of profits, when capital and population both increase ? Any augmentation in the numbers of the labourers must exercise an influence to reduce wages, and therefore to raise profits. But there is another consideration. In a thickly peopled country like Great Britain, the returns of the Registrar-General plainly indicate that the increase of population amongst the labouring class is determined by the expense of living, for the number of marriages invariably increases or decreases as food is cheap or dear. Such being the case, there is always a portion of the labouring class whose wages are very little more than sufficient to provide them with the necessaries of life. Such wages I will describe as minimum wages. Since we have seen that an increasing population must always have a tendency to make food dearer, these minimum wages must, from this cause, have a constant tendency to rise.

This acts as a counteracting force to reduce profits. We can now attribute another important influence to emigration. It raises wages by reducing the number of the labouring class ; but since, as I have said, it adds a tract of fertile land to our own soil, it cheapens food, and since cheap food prevents a reduction in the rate of profit, there will be a greater inducement to save. The capital of the country will from this cause become augmented, and there will be therefore a larger fund to be distributed amongst the wage-receiving population. When emigration is thus considered, its vast social and economical importance can be understood. Mr. J. S. Mill, who, perhaps more than any other person, has systematically thought upon the means to ameliorate the condition of the poor, emphatically insists, that it is necessary to make a great alteration in the condition of, at least, one generation—to lift one generation, as it were, into a different state of material comfort.

He attributes little good to slight improvements in the material prosperity of the poor, because, unless accompanied

with a change in their social habits, the advantage is sure, as it were, to create its own destruction, by encouraging an increase of population. It seems that there can be no agency so powerful as emigration to effect a decided change in the material condition of the poor. I therefore regard the discovery of gold to be of the utmost social value to England, for it has been so potent an agent to induce emigration, that it has caused Australia in ten years to advance from a settlement and become a nation, with all the industrial appliances of the oldest and most thriving commercial community.

THE VOLUNTEER'S CATECHISM,

BY T. HUGHES, CAPTAIN COMMANDING 19TH MIDDLESEX;

WITH A FEW WORDS ON BUTTS,

BY J. C. TEMPLER, CAPTAIN COMMANDING 18TH MIDDLESEX, "HARROW RIFLES."

WHY are we volunteering? What's the meaning of it all? What is it that is making noblemen, and men of fortune, and lawyers, and merchants, and tradesmen, and clerks, and artisans, give up their usual pursuits, sacrifice their leisure hours (often few enough, Heaven knows), and incur trouble, and expense, and drudgery, that they may acquire the manual and platoon exercises, be able to hit a target at 200 yards, and know how to form open column, and to wheel into line?

It is high time for us all to be asking ourselves seriously, what we *do* mean? whether we have any meaning at all in the matter? For, either the nation is drifting into a gigantic piece of tom-foolery, of uniform-wearing, and swash-bucklerism, and playing at soldiers, which will last for a summer or two, and then be quietly extinguished, with the approval of all rational men, never to be revived again in our day; or she is rousing herself to undertake seriously one of the hardest tasks which she can set herself, and yet one which, successfully accomplished, will yield results, the worth whereof no living Englishman can estimate.

On the surface of our volunteering there are signs which might lead a casual observer to the tom-foolery belief. We hear of absurd persons going about, arrayed in sashes or sidearms to which they have no right; the Government has even had, at the request of the commanders of corps, to issue notices and prohibitions against such. In one quarter, distressed and distressing volunteers are whining in the cheap papers that the Guards don't salute them; another set are blustering that their unhappy rank is not recognised at Court, and threatening an ungrateful Sovereign with the withdrawal of their services as a penalty for her want of appreciation. The uniform question has attained a melancholy importance; there has been much childishness shown in the choosing of officers. Nevertheless, on the whole, he who drew from such surface-signs the tom-foolery conclusion would be mistaken.

Let any man go to a parade of Volunteers, and just look at the rank and file, and he will be convinced. They are as a rule men, and not boys; full-grown men, with professions and trades to work at, and families to support, or, at any rate, bread to earn for themselves. There is, probably, not one in five of them who has got over the feeling of dismay, bordering on disgust, which comes on him, whenever he finds himself walking about the streets in a uniform; not one in a hundred who has not other pursuits to which he would rather give the time which volunteering swallows up ruthlessly. To many the

time is a serious pecuniary sacrifice. And yet they come time after time, and work undeniably well while they are at it, and bear meekly in the streets the frequent "Who shot the dog?" and "As you were," of the youthful Cockney.

You believe, then, that enough Englishmen are downright in earnest about volunteering to make it a serious national movement? Yes. Then be good enough to refer to the question put at the head of this paper, "What do these Englishmen who are downright in earnest mean by it all?"

A good many of us, perhaps, have hardly had time to answer that question to ourselves; our volunteering time has been so well filled, what with goose step, and squad drill, and manual and platoon drill, and position and bayonet drill, and battalion drill, and skirmishing drill, and these last abominably moist parade days in the parks,—not to mention bye-days of what we may call foreign service on Putney Heath or the Scrubbs. However, let us see. Of course not one of us means just the same thing as his rear file, or right-hand man, or any other man of his corps. The pivot man of the right section, No. 1, means that he for his part hopes some day to fight a Zouave; while he of the left, No. 2, desires mainly an appetite for dinner. Nevertheless, to a considerable extent we do all mean the same thing. There are a certain number of objects which we all aim at, though some care most to hit one, and some another.

What, for instance?

Well, first and foremost, we mean that English homes are to be made absolutely, and beyond all question, safe. Love and reverence for home, for our women and children, for roof-tree and hearth; upon that we found ourselves before all. That, many of us may believe, perhaps, to be at the bottom of all true fighting, and of all true preparation for fighting; whatever war-cry or banner may be in the air, all true fighting must, we should hold, base itself somehow on this, or be wild, mad work,—probably, devil's work. No need to dwell on this part of our meaning. Has not our laureate gathered it all into eight deathless lines:—

"Thy voice he hears in rolling drums
"That beat to battle where he stands,
"Thy face across his fancy comes
"And gives the battle to his hands;
"One moment, while the trumpets blow,
"He sees his brood around thy knee;
"The next, like fire he meets the foe,
"And strikes him dead for thine and thee."

Then again, we mean that we are thoroughly and fairly sick of invasion panics—that in this last twelve years we have several times been eating our hearts out in shame and rage at seeing our great country whipped into wild terror by wild talk in the newspapers; and that we don't want to stand much more of this sort of thing. We mean something more, too, than being done with panics,—we mean that we want our Governments to steer a straight and steady course through the tangled drift-weed and icebergs of the ocean of modern politics: insulting no one, cringing to no one; but standing faithfully and sternly by every righteous cause and every righteous man. They have not always done this of late; we have seen the weak bullied and the strong flattered, and have not enjoyed the sight. And now, when all old forms of national and social life in Europe are pitching in the heavy rising sea, ready to break from their moorings, and drift no man knoweth where, we want to see our country an ark to which all eyes may turn, and which will lend help to all who need it and deserve it,—"A refuge from the "storm, a shadow from the heat, and the "blast of the terrible ones." This she may be, this she ought to be,—this she can never be unless our Governments feel that they have a nation behind them on whom they can rely. England will want her whole strength in the times that are coming. We Volunteers mean that she shall have it ready for use in the most telling form; and we believe that volunteering is the way to help her to it, and the only way.

Again, we mean that, all in good time, we want the Army Estimates lowered, and that we don't see our way to it except through effectual and permanent volunteering.

Again, notwithstanding the many noble efforts at social reform in the last twelve years, there is no denying that classes in England are still standing lamentably apart. The difficulty of finding a common standing-ground, anything in which we may all work together and take our pastime together; where we can stand shoulder to shoulder, and man to man, each counting for what he is worth; the peer without condescending, and the peasant without cringing, is almost as great as ever. Here, in volunteering, we think we have found what may, when rightly handled, do much towards filling up this gap,—a common subject of interest, a bond which may in the end bind the nation together again in many other ways besides teaching us men how to form rallying squares, and prepare to receive cavalry side by side.

Again, we mean that, to the best of our belief, steady volunteering will make individual Englishmen healthier of body, stronger and steadier of hand, quicker of eye, prompter in action, and more generally alert and intelligent than they are at present.

This is not all we mean, but may suffice for the present. And now to pass to another side of the subject.

As you are so bent on volunteering, where do you mean to stop? Definite aims are desirable things: now, what are you volunteers going to be content with? Will 200,000, with 40,000 or 50,000 marksmen among them, do? Will 500,000, with 100,000 marksmen, do?

We shall have, no doubt, to put up with much less than we like, even if all things go well and smoothly (which they most assuredly won't); but if it comes to talking of being content, we shall be content with this and nothing less: We shall be content when it shall be held to be a slur on an adult Englishman if he does not know the use of arms, and the ordinary drill of a soldier. We shall be content when the nation is armed and drilled, when every man shoulders musket once a week or so, as much as a matter of course as he puts on a decent coat on Sunday mornings. That is what will satisfy us as respects numbers.

As respects proficiency, we shall be content when our corps are equal to any troops in the world that have never seen actual service—when Lord Clyde, or General Mansfield, or our own Inspector-General, declares that he would as soon go into action with us as with any troops he ever saw, who had not smelt powder. Why not? What is to hinder it? The short experience we have had proves that we are already treading on the heels of the regulars, if we don't beat them, in shooting. Surely, with a little resolution, and steady practice, we can learn our drill as well as any of them. Remember, we are only nine months old or so. What may we not hope in nine years' time?

Fine talk, my dear Sirs, fine talk; but wouldn't it be better to draw it a little milder, and then people won't laugh so loud at your failures, which are sure to come. To which we reply in the words of good old George Herbert—

> "Faint not in spirit; he who aims the sky
> "Shoots higher far than he who means a tree."

And so we leave our doubting friends, with the assurance that no amount of sage or sneering advice, cold water, or inextinguishable laughter shall hinder us from going as near this mark as we can. The only chance of getting near it at all is to start with the resolution to be content with nothing short of thorough success. A low standard will make no good men: we hope to pull up to a very high one; in any case, hit or miss, we refuse to square our hopes and cut down our practice to suit a low one.

But let no one suppose that Volunteers are not aware of the enormous difficulty of the work they have to do. We have all felt something of it already, and shall soon feel more of it. Just now, no doubt, volunteering is at flood

tide for the year 1860. We have been reviewed by her Majesty, and rather imagine that we have done ourselves credit. We are just going to shoot at the great national meeting, started, organized, and carried through, entirely by some of the leading Volunteers of the kingdom. We look forward shortly to our great sham-fighting, but not sham-working, field-day of the season; when we hope to exhibit prodigies of valour and intelligence, under the command of Volunteer brigadiers, but also under the approving and envious eyes of generals and colonels of the regulars. There will be a very different state of things when the next number of this Magazine appears. The volunteering appetite will then be beginning to lose its edge, and the up-hill work will be at hand. Enthusiasm will be cooling; very possibly we shall be having small musters, careless drills, lots of withdrawals, and wiseacres will be saying, "We always told you how it would be."

Very well—we expect that it will be so; we accept it, but we don't mean to be beat by it. The question will be then, how is it to be met? How are we to pull through the slack water so as to hold our corps together to make play again the moment the tide turns. That question will, no doubt, be pressing upon us soon, and will require practical consideration. Meantime, let Volunteers rejoice in the flood-tide. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." We will utter nothing like the ghost of a croak just now. We shall better occupy ourselves by making these pages the means of imparting to others the experience we have been able to gather on the several subjects of interest and importance that have yet to be settled, and we can assure our readers that we do so in no pedantic spirit, but in the hope of aiding our brother Volunteers to avoid the mistakes and errors that we have ourselves committed.

First in the list of subjects that press for immediate solution is that of practice ranges for rifle shooting. Some companies of early formation are still without them; some have but short distances; while others, holding as mere tenants at will, on sufferance, are unwilling to incur the necessary expenses in erecting a butt on such uncertain tenures. A really good range should satisfy the following conditions: It should be 1,000 yards in length by 10 yards in width; it should be level, or nearly so, along its entire distance; it should intersect no rights of way, and none should cross its line of direction for 1,500 yards from the back of the targets, unless the ground rises and forms a natural bar to the flight of the bullet; it should be readily accessible to the members of the corps, and therefore as central as possible with respect to head-quarters; it should all be held of one lessor, who should also possess the land as well at the sides as at the back of the butt: in addition, there should also be spaces for the marker's butt or mantlet, and for a shed for shelter. The *course*, if it may be so called, would be not unlike the half-mile gallop at Newmarket. We are aware the conditions we have mentioned are rarely to be met with; but where they do combine, they constitute a first-rate range, presenting the grand features of safety with the constant means of practice. On such a ground, a substantial brick butt, with proper buttresses, 30 feet wide by 20 feet high, with earth-work faced with turf up to 12 feet high, and amply sufficient for a single company, might be erected for about 80*l.*; and, including marker's butt and a timber-built shed, for 100*l.* over all,—and in proportion for a larger erection. In some places an earth-work altogether might be more cheaply constructed, and, where so, it is the best, and in others a fascine or faggot-butt, and some have tried oak faced with iron; but, as a general rule, the brick wall (14 inch work is enough) will be found the most economical, and it gives that impression of permanency which of all things at present it is so desirable to create. There it stands fixed and demonstrative against all cavillers of the success of the first effort—a monument of the hearty good-will and patriotism of the present generation;

the point around which larger efforts in the same direction may centre in future, should the necessity arise. It is not until every village in England contains its rifle-practice range, that the Volunteer system will be established without fear of relapse; and we sincerely trust that the present summer will witness the erection of good and substantial butts in every part of the country.

Now it will be found that in most neighbourhoods but one such range as we have described could be selected: 1,000 yards is a long stretch of land, and when 1,500 more is added to it, it taxes the capacities of a country, as any engineer, or follower of hounds, will tell you. Harford Bridge Flat, which tried the speed and bottom of the Quicksilver Mail or Exeter Telegraph teams in the old coaching times, was unique in its way; and, passing by the other conditions as more or less attainable, it follows as a rule, that in any particular district there is but one *best* range, and it becomes an object of the greatest importance to the volunteer corps to obtain it.

We will throw out of consideration the cases of those fortunate companies that are placed near some friendly proprietor, who at once accommodates them with all that can be wished for, as these form but a small percentage of the whole, and we will deal with those less happily circumstanced, who are in view of the promised land, but are denied the access, and have to conduct the hard negotiation with lukewarm or unfriendly occupiers, who would fain repeat the story of the railways, and exact almost fabulous prices for acreage and accommodation. 1,000 yards multiplied by 10, gives 2A. 0R. 10P. —and allowing 30P. more for mantlet and shed, two acres and a quarter is all that is required, and 10*l.*, or, at the most, 15*l.* an acre, should be a fair compensation: but little real injury is done; no fencing is required, and the occupier has the herbage if the land is in grass. The following simple form of agreement is all that is necessary between the parties; of course, any special terms incident to particular cases may be added, but in ordinary cases, and for getting on comfortably together, the simpler the agreement the better:—

"Date [say 24th June, 1860]. Agree-
"ment between A. B. [the occupier] and
"C. D. [the captain of the company], as
"follows:

"1. The said A. B. lets, and the
"said C. D. takes, at 22*l.* 10*s.* yearly
"rent, the use of the plot marked off
"by white posts from the closes No. 4,
"5, and 6 [as the case may be], in the
"parish map of [name of parish], and
"containing 2A. 1R., the rent to be paid
"quarterly, and first on the 29th of
"September next.

"2. The said plot is to be used as a
"Rifle Practice Range for the
"Volunteers, and such other corps or
"persons as they may permit, and may
"be excavated, and all necessary erec-
"tions and earth-works made and placed
"thereon for that purpose.

"3. The said A. B. may use the said
"plot for any purpose not interfering
"with the said C. D.'s uses, but shall not
"be compensated for any injury to crops
"occasioned by such uses, nor permit
"any rifle practice on the plot without
"the said C. D.'s sanction: injuries to
"live stock to be compensated for."

(Signed) "A. B.
"C. D."

A copy should be signed by each party, and the stamp will be in proportion to the rent. See the stamp tables.

And here it will be proper to call attention to the false position in which corps and companies are placed by the conditions of acceptance of offers of service in the memorandum issued by the War Office, and which are enforced through the medium of the lords-lieutenant of counties. By the 2d condition —"Before giving his sanction for the
"formation of any rifle corps, the Secre-
"tary of State will require that safe
"ranges for rifle practice be obtained of
"not less than 200 yards—this being
"the minimum of any practical utility."
The words are *be obtained.* It is clear that this requirement is entirely out of place as a condition precedent,—it should

be assumed, in aid of the formation of rifle companies, that safe ranges for rifle practice, of not less than 200 yards, are obtainable in any neighbourhood; and if supervision for the protection of the public is necessary, the check should come in its proper time, and not be applied until the men are ready to begin shooting with ball-cartridge. In its regular sequence it should stand side by side with the recent War Office circular, which enjoins officers commanding not to permit ball-practice until the members have obtained the certificate of the inspector appointed by Government. There are plenty of difficulties to be overcome by the promoters of a volunteer rifle company on the threshold of the undertaking, without having impossible conditions imposed on them; and that this is impossible, if it be construed strictly, is clear, for all that can be assumed at the time it is insisted on is, that there is a reasonable expectation that a particular range, of which the inspection is invited, can be had. At this point of time, there are no parties to bind: the captain, with whom the legal contract can alone be made, is not appointed; the committee of management, or whoever is promoting the effort, can only say to the occupier of the land, if we succeed in forming a corps, we will take such a range from you on such terms,—to which the occupier assents. All, however, is inchoate, incomplete, and prospective; it is sure to be weeks, and it may be months, before the time comes when the need of the range arises; in the interim, the mere passage of time may work changes in the position or will of the parties that may prevent the carrying out the original proposal; fresh terms may become necessary, and a fresh status induced. It requires but a glance to see the false position the corps stands in all this time; they have been formed on the faith of a condition they may be unable to fulfil, and when the time comes, should the arrangement fall through, they are a company without a range, its having been obtained being the condition of their very existence. And the anomaly is rendered the more striking by the fact, that the subsequent breach of the condition does not suspend the company; and so, while they cannot form without a range, they can continue without one; and, as soon as they can obtain the promise of another, they can invite a fresh inspection, which is ordered as a matter of course, and the only penalty inflicted is that it shall take place at the charge of the company. We ask, can anything be more illogical? A condition is imposed, which common sense treats as impossible by both sides from first to last. Still it has had a retarding influence, and in some instances has prevented the formation of companies, and would have done so in still more, but that all prospective difficulties have been disregarded in the general enthusiasm that has carried out the national will; and besides, the time is only now come with the majority of corps that were formed at the close of 1859 and the beginning of 1860, in which the difficulty of obtaining a good range is beginning to be felt. The time is also now come that this condition be swept out of the requisitions altogether.

The setting up a rifle company is a matter of steps; and, in the ordinary course, the very last round of the ladder is the shooting with ball at the butts. The committee meetings, the correspondence with the lord-lieutenant, the approval of the corps by her Majesty, the choice of uniform, the appointment of officers, the engagement of drill and musketry instructors, the recruit and company drill, the position practice and musketry lessons—these, as well as the obtaining of the certificate of the inspector appointed by the Government, all precede the actual ball practice at the targets. Why then should the obtaining the range be made the thread upon which the whole is to depend, and that at the risk of the promoters, who have long since discharged their duties, and have either merged into the body of the corps, or ceased to retain all connexion with it? We have dwelt at some detail on this, as it has an important

bearing on that part of the case in which we insist that facilities should be afforded by the Legislature in procuring rifle ranges for the Volunteers, instead of the hindrance which is imposed by the operation of the present rule.

We now approach a more interesting branch of the subject, and proceed to inquire into the legal questions that will be sure to arise out of the exercise of ball practice at the targets. In some sense it may be considered as the conflict of the public with the private right, for it is a simple sequitur that if the volunteer movement is meritorious, the becoming expert marksmen, which must be attained by practice at the butts, is meritorious also. Still, in many cases, perhaps even in most, this practice will interfere with the enjoyment of others; a neighbouring owner or occupier, for instance, can scarcely be expected to walk about his farm within reach of the shooting, inspecting crops and cattle, with that calm repose, that slowness of mind, that has been the privilege of the Bœotian intellect for so many ages. If he could feel morally certain that all his volunteer friends were marksmen—that, if they missed the target, they would at least hit the butt—it might be otherwise; but he knows that with every precaution there will be some who will be sure to miss not only the target, but the butt also, and that that Minié bullet has a wonderful long track of its own, and may come dropping about in a most unexpected manner. Things are a little ticklish and uncomfortable then, and his ear becomes "less Irish and more nice." Can he, however, complain? Can he insist on the reduction of rent? Has he any legal redress? The volunteers are doing no unlawful act. On the contrary, they are exercising a lawful and praiseworthy vocation. Before the ball practice begins, the occupier can only complain that he is afraid of what will happen; and, as the common law redresses only actual injuries, he has no right of action until he is injured in person or property: neither could he treat the prospective as the existing nuisance, and proceed to abate it by his own act, or indict it on the criminal side of the court. At this time it is all "quia timet," and his only remedy would be by moving for an injunction in Chancery to restrain the ball practice. His success here would probably depend on the particular case; in some instances it might be granted, while in others it would be refused; and at most, perhaps, he might only be able to restrain the practice of the company until guarantees were given to the satisfaction of the court that proper butts would be erected and all proper precautions taken; that the Hythe rules for shooting would be strictly observed, and that all shooting would be in the presence of an officer, and the results duly registered. Still, a proceeding in Chancery, however quickly disposed of, would fall hard on the company; and few have funds to spare for any such contingency. Again, assuming the occupier to lie by and wait until some stray bullet had found its way into his land, we can imagine his stumbling upon it with feelings akin to those of Robinson Crusoe, when he discovered the print of the foot on the sand; there it is, sure enough, and the next may be for him. Now, however, he has his action of trespass, and he may sue the man who fired the shot, if he can find him out; or the officer who gave the order for the practice, for the bare interference of the unwelcome stranger with his land. Juries would not be likely to give him much; but the mere flight over his soil by the bullet, though it lodged in land beyond his, would entitle him to his suit; and it is this that renders it so important that the land on the sides and at the back of the butts should all be in one holding with the range itself: in such case the rights are governed by the contract; but otherwise the corps must purchase the goodwill of others, if they wish for an immunity from legal proceedings. It is clear, from what we have said, that if the position of a neighbouring occupier is ticklish from the flight of some random bullet, that of the commanding officer is not less so from the not much worse bullet of the law. He may be called on

to defend acts done in his absence, and to make compensations for which he has no funds from the corps. Nay, even it may become a question for a jury, whether the butt was a reasonable and proper butt, looking at all the surrounding circumstances of time and place. Ten feet high, or even the targets alone, might be ample on Salisbury plain; while ten feet multiplied by five would be insufficient in some of the populous neighbourhoods of London or Liverpool. Should the metropolis ever be fortified in the manner suggested in a very able paper recently published in a contemporary journal, the earthworks themselves will probably solve the question for the Middlesex companies, by supplying excellent butts at their bases; in the interim, however, the position is an uncertain one, and there can be no doubt corps will be exposed to the risk of suits both at law and in equity, from which, in our opinion, in the prosecution of a public object, they ought to be relieved. It will have to be settled whether the commission of the volunteer officer protects him for acts done without negligence in the discharge of his duty, although they may occasion injury and loss to others; and in the present uncertainty occasioned by the novelty of the subject, we suggest that the Government inspector should be called on to certify the fitness of all butts for rifle practice, and that his certificate be held conclusive in the courts of judicature of the country. This would at once narrow the questions at issue very considerably, and be a great protection, as well to the public as to corps and their commanding officers. As matters stand at present, it is certain that officers commanding volunteer companies incur risks that do not attach to officers in the regular service, simply because all ball practice is carried on by the latter in places absolutely safe; and, besides, their commission protects them. With the volunteer officers, however, it is a question yet to be settled, whether their commission protects; and it will take some time to erect absolutely safe butts throughout the country; and we therefore warn all volunteer officers commanding of the absolute necessity there is of adopting every precaution, and requiring a most rigid observance of the rules that have been laid down at Hythe relating to ball practice. Had this been done, the shooting of the dog, which brought so much odium on Volunteers, could not have happened. No shooting about by individuals at their own will and pleasure should be permitted at all. The ball practice should be at the butts, and butts alone, and always in the presence of an officer or serjeant, and the results always registered. If men will practise otherwise, they should do it with their own rifles, and at their own proper risk and costs.

Having thus shown the difficulties that beset the obtaining of rifle ranges, and the risks incurred in the use of them, we have to consider what measures should be taken to assure the proper amount of ball practice by the Volunteer on the one side, with the greatest possible safety to the public on the other. It is a problem by no means easy to solve. We strongly maintain, as a first step, that all that pertains to the actual rifle practice—that is to say, the weapon itself, the ammunition, and the range—should be supplied by the country. The rifleman, in finding time and uniform, makes the far larger sacrifice—to say nothing of the many incidental expenses of railway travelling, and the like; and, even if an extra halfpenny in the pound is added to the income-tax, he helps to pay it. At present, the rifles themselves are supplied, and the ammunition and ranges should follow; but, if these be withheld, we then insist that a compulsory power should be conferred by statute, enabling corps to lease the butt-ranges in their respective neighbourhoods, making all reasonable compensation to the occupiers of the land. In all probability, recourse would seldom be had to the Act, as the knowledge that it might be resorted to would facilitate negotiation. Neither of our suggestions need interfere with the free action of the system, which freedom should be maintained

strictly inviolate. The movement can only be carried out to its grand ultimate end, of every man in England who is capable becoming a Volunteer, by the energy and free-will of the people themselves. We would only give it greater play, and a more extended action, by releasing it from the obstacles that now impede its progress, and by making the Government responsible for the ranges. Already the movement has achieved wonders, and the infant of yesterday has expanded into the giant of to-day, clasping with the arms of a Briareus the whole length and breadth of the land. To all classes it appeals alike as a source of pleasure and advantage; it combines duty with pastime, health with sport; it banishes sloth and inaction, and frowns upon dandyism and tinsel; it strengthens the love of country, and enhances the blessings of home; it gathers men together in a generous rivalry and cheerful exercise, and will sustain and renew—perhaps increase—the pristine vigour of the race. And it was time that some such diversion should have reached us. In the higher ranks, the manly love of sport was becoming bastard and degenerate—the miserable battues had well-nigh trodden out the old keen zest and love of it; in the middle ranks, the eagerness for business and habit of money-getting was fast absorbing every thought, to the detriment of all the higher and nobler instincts; while the lower classes, struggling in the contest for life, were too far apart from the rest to feel that there was an identity of interest for them. The people were still "the lords of human kind;" but it required some strong stimulus to awaken all the native energy of the race. This the rifle movement has done, and the fondest aspiration of the "high chief of Scottish song," should the stern necessity arise, would now certainly be realized—

> "And howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
> "A virtuous populace will arise the while,
> "And stand a wall of fire around our much-loved isle."

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURES EXPECTED AND UNEXPECTED.

THERE was a silence of a few seconds after the Captain had finished his story, all the men sitting with eyes fixed on him, and not a little surprised at the results of their call. Drysdale was the first to break the silence, which he did with a "By George!" and a long respiration; but, as he did not seem prepared with any further remark, Tom took up the running.

"What a strange story," he said; "and that really happened to you, Captain Hardy?"

"To me, sir, in the Mediterranean, more than forty years ago."

"The strangest thing about it is that the old commodore should have managed to get all the way to the ship, and then not have known where his nephew was," said Blake.

"He only knew his nephew's berth, you see, sir," said the Captain.

"But he might have beat about through the ship till he had found him."

"You must remember that he was at his last breath, sir," said the Captain; "you can't expect a man to have his head clear at such a moment."

"Not a man, perhaps; but I should a ghost," said Blake.

"Time was everything to him," went on the Captain, without regarding the interruption, "space nothing. But the strangest part of it is that *I* should have seen the figure at all. It's true I had

been thinking of the old uncle, because of the boy's illness; but I can't suppose he was thinking of me, and, as I say, he never recognised me. I have taken a great deal of interest in such matters since that time, but I have never met with just such a case as this."

"No, that is the puzzle. One can fancy his appearing to his nephew well enough," said Tom.

"We can't account for these things, or for a good many other things which ought to be quite as startling, only we see them every day. But now I think it is time for us to be going, eh, Jack?" and the Captain and his son rose to go.

Tom saw that it would be no kindness to them to try to prolong the sitting, and so he got up too, to accompany them to the gates. This broke up the party. Before going, Drysdale, after whispering to Tom, went up to Captain Hardy, and said,—

"I want to ask you to do me a favour, sir. Will you and your son breakfast with me to-morrow?"

"We shall be very happy, sir," said the Captain.

"I think, father, you had better breakfast with me, quietly. We are much obliged to Mr. Drysdale, but I can't give up a whole morning. Besides, I have several things to talk to you about."

"Nonsense, Jack," blurted out the old sailor, "leave your books alone for one morning. I'm come up here to enjoy myself, and see your friends."

Hardy gave a slight shrug of his shoulders at the word friends, and Drysdale, who saw it, looked a little confused. He had never asked Hardy to his rooms before. The Captain saw that something was the matter, and hastened in his own way to make all smooth again.

"Never mind Jack, sir," he said, "he shall come. It's a great treat to me to be with young men, especially when they are friends of my boy."

"I hope you'll come as a personal favour to me," said Drysdale, turning to Hardy. "Brown, you'll bring him, won't you?"

"Oh yes, I'm sure he'll come," said Tom.

"That's all right. Good-night, then;" and Drysdale went off.

Hardy and Tom accompanied the Captain to the gate. During his passage across the two quadrangles, the old gentleman was full of the praises of the men, and of protestations as to the improvement in social manners and customs since his day, when there could have been no such meeting, he declared, without blackguardism and drunkenness, at least amongst young officers, but then they had less to think of than Oxford men, no proper education. And so the Captain was evidently travelling back into the great trireme question when they reached the gate. As they could go no farther with him, however, he had to carry away his solution of the three-banks-of-oars difficulty in his own bosom to the Mitre.

"Don't let us go in," said Tom, as the gate closed on the Captain, and they turned back into the quadrangle, "let us take a turn or two;" so they walked up and down the inner quad in the starlight.

Just at first they were a good deal embarrassed and confused: but before long, though not without putting considerable force on himself, Tom got back into something like his old familiar way of unbosoming himself to his refound friend, and Hardy showed more than his old anxiety to meet him half-way. His ready and undisguised sympathy soon dispersed the few remaining clouds which were still hanging between them; and Tom found it almost a pleasure, instead of a dreary task, as he had anticipated, to make a full confession, and state the case clearly and strongly against himself to one who claimed neither by word nor look the least superiority over him, and never seemed to remember that he himself had been ill-treated in the matter.

"He had such a chance of lecturing me and didn't do it," thought Tom afterwards, when he was considering why he felt so very grateful to Hardy. "It was so cunning of him, too. If he had begun lecturing, I should have begun to defend myself, and never have

felt half such a scamp as I did when I was telling it all out to him in my own way."

The result of Hardy's management was that Tom made a clean breast of it, telling everything, down to his night at the ragged school; and what an effect his chance opening of the Apology had had on him. Here for the first time Hardy came in with his usual dry, keen voice, "You needn't have gone so far back as Plato for that lesson."

"I don't understand," said Tom.

"Well, there's something about an indwelling spirit which guideth every man in St. Paul, isn't there?"

"Yes, a great deal," Tom answered, after a pause; "but it isn't the same thing."

"Why not the same thing?"

"Oh, surely you must feel it. It would be almost blasphemy in us now to talk as St. Paul talked. It is much easier to face the notion, or the fact, of a demon or spirit such as Socrates felt to be in him, than to face what St. Paul seems to be meaning."

"Yes, much easier. The only question is whether we will be heathens or not."

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why, a spirit was speaking to Socrates, and guiding him. He obeyed the guidance, but knew not whence it came. A spirit is striving with us too, and trying to guide us—we feel that just as much as he did. Do we know what spirit it is? whence it comes? Will we obey it? If we can't name it—know no more of it than he knew about his demon, of course we are in no better position than he—in fact, heathens."

Tom made no answer, and, after a silent turn or two more, Hardy said, "Let us go in;" and they went to his rooms. When the candles were lighted, Tom saw the array of books on the table, several of them open, and remembered how near the examinations were.

"I see you want to work," he said. "Well, good night. I know how fellows like you hate being thanked—there, you needn't wince; I'm not going to try it on. The best way to thank you, I know, is to go straight for the future. I'll do that, please God, this time at any rate. Now what ought I to do, Hardy?"

"Well, it's very hard to say. I've thought about it a great deal this last few days—since I felt you were coming round—but can't make up my mind. How do you feel yourself? What's your own instinct about it?"

"Of course I must break it all off at once, completely," said Tom mournfully, and half hoping that Hardy might not agree with him.

"Of course," answered Hardy, "but how?"

"In the way that will pain her least. I would sooner lose my hand or bite my tongue off than that she should feel lowered, or lose any self-respect, you know," said Tom, looking helplessly at his friend.

"Yes, that's all right,—you must take all you can on your own shoulders. It must leave a sting though for both of you, manage how you will."

"But I can't bear to let her think I don't care for her—I needn't do that—I can't do that."

"I don't know what to advise. However, I believe I was wrong in thinking she cared for you so much. She will be hurt, of course—she can't help being hurt—but it won't be so bad as I used to think."

Tom made no answer; in spite of all his good resolutions, he was a little piqued at this last speech. Hardy went on presently, "I wish she were well out of Oxford. It's a bad town for a girl to be living in, especially as a barmaid in a place which we haunt. I don't know that she will take much harm now; but it's a very trying thing for a girl of that sort to be thrown every day amongst a dozen young men above her in rank, and not one in ten of whom has any manliness about him."

"How do you mean — no manliness?"

"I mean that a girl in her position isn't safe with us. If we had any manliness in us she would be—"

"You can't expect all men to be blocks of ice, or milksops," said Tom, who was getting nettled.

"Don't think that I meant you," said Hardy; "indeed I didn't. But surely, think a moment; is it a proof of manliness that the pure and the weak should fear you and shrink from you? Which is the true—ay, and the brave—man, he who trembles before a woman, or he before whom a woman trembles?"

"Neither," said Tom; "but I see what you mean, and when you put it that way it's clear enough."

"But you're wrong in saying 'neither,' if you *do* see what I mean." Tom was silent. "Can there be any true manliness without purity?" went on Hardy. Tom drew a deep breath, but said nothing. "And where then can you point to a place where there is so little manliness as here? It makes my blood boil to see what one must see every day. There are a set of men up here, and have been ever since I can remember the place, not one of whom can look at a modest woman without making her shudder."

"There must always be some blackguards," said Tom.

"Yes; but unluckily the blackguards set the fashion, and give the tone to public opinion. I'm sure both of us have seen enough to know perfectly well that up here, amongst us undergraduates, men who are deliberately and avowedly profligates, are rather admired and courted,—are said to know the world, and all that,—while a man who tries to lead a pure life, and makes no secret of it, is openly sneered at by them, looked down on more or less by the great mass of men, and, to use the word you used just now, thought a milksop by almost all."

"I don't think it is so bad as that," said Tom. "There are many men who would respect him, though they might not be able to follow him."

"Of course, I never meant that there are not many such, but they don't set the fashion. I am sure I'm right. Let us try it by the best test. Haven't you and I in our secret hearts this cursed feeling, that the sort of man we are talking of *is* a milksop?"

After a moment's thought, Tom answered, "I am afraid I have, but I really am thoroughly ashamed of it now, Hardy. But you haven't it. If you had it you could never have spoken to me as you have."

"I beg your pardon. No man is more open than I to the bad influences of any place he lives in. God knows I am even as other men, and worse; for I have been taught ever since I could speak, that the crown of all real manliness, of all Christian manliness, is purity."

Neither of the two spoke for some minutes. Then Hardy looked at his watch—

"Past eleven," he said. "I must do some work. Well, Brown, this will be a day to be remembered in my calendar."

Tom wrung his hand, but did not venture to reply. As he got to the door, however, he turned back, and said—

"Do you think I ought to write to her?"

"Well, you can try. You'll find it a bitter business, I fear."

"I'll try, then. Good night."

Tom went to his own rooms, and set to work to write his letter; and certainly found it as difficult and unpleasant a task as he had ever set himself to work upon. Half a dozen times he tore up sheet after sheet of his attempts; and got up and walked about, and plunged and kicked mentally against the collar and traces in which he had harnessed himself by his friend's help,—trying to convince himself that Hardy was a Puritan, who had lived quite differently from other men, and knew nothing of what a man ought to do in a case like this. That after all very little harm had been done! The world would never go on at all if people were to be so scrupulous! Probably, not another man in the College, except Gray, perhaps, would think anything of what he had done! Done!—why, what had he done? He couldn't be taking it more seriously if he had ruined her!

At this point he managed to bring himself up sharp again more than once. "No thanks *to me*, at any rate, that she isn't ruined. Had I any pity, any scruples? My God, what a mean, selfish rascal I have been!" and then he sat down again, and wrote, and scratched out what he had written, till the other fit came on, and something of the same process had to be gone through again.

I am sure all readers must recognise the process, and will remember many occasions on which they have had to put bridle and bit on, and ride themselves as if they had been horses or mules without understanding; and what a trying business it was—as bad as getting a young colt past a gipsy encampment in a narrow lane.

At last, after many trials, Tom got himself well in hand, and produced something which seemed to satisfy him; for, after reading it three or four times, he put it in a cover, with a small case, which he produced from his desk, sealed it, directed it, and then went to bed.

Next morning, after chapel, he joined Hardy, and walked to his rooms with him, and after a few words on indifferent matters, said—

"Well, I wrote my letter last night."

"Did you satisfy yourself?"

"Yes, I think so. I don't know, though, on second thoughts: it was very tough work."

"I was afraid you would find it so."

"But wouldn't you like to see it?"

"No, thank you. I suppose my father will be here directly."

"But I wish you would read it through," said Tom, producing a copy.

"Well, if you wish it, I suppose I must; but I don't see how I can do any good."

Hardy took the letter, and sat down, and Tom drew a chair close to him, and watched his face while he read:—

"It is best for us both that I should not see you any more, at least, at present. I feel that I have done you a great wrong. I dare not say much to you, for fear of making that wrong greater. I cannot, I need not tell you how I despise myself now—how I long to make you any amends in my power. If ever I can be of any service to you, I do hope that nothing which has passed will hinder you from applying to me. You will not believe how it pains me to write this; how should you? I don't deserve that you should believe anything I say. I must seem heartless to you; I have been, I am heartless. I hardly know what I am writing. I shall long all my life to hear good news of you. I don't ask you to pardon me, but if you can prevail on yourself not to send back the enclosed, and will keep it as a small remembrance of one who is deeply sorry for the wrong he has done you, but who cannot and will not say he is sorry that he ever met you, you will be adding another to the many kindnesses which I have to thank you for, and which I shall never forget."

Hardy read it over several times, as Tom watched impatiently, unable to make out anything from his face.

"What do you think? You don't think there's anything wrong in it, I hope?"

"No, indeed, my dear fellow. I really think it does you credit. I don't know what else you could have said very well, only—"

"Only what?"

"Couldn't you have made it a little shorter?"

"No, I couldn't; but you don't mean that. What did you mean by that 'only'?"

"Why, I don't think this letter will end the business; at least, I'm afraid not."

"But what more could I have said?"

"Nothing more, certainly; but couldn't you have been a little quieter—it's difficult to get the right word—a little cooler, perhaps. Couldn't you have made the part about not seeing her again a little more decided?"

"But you said I needn't pretend I didn't care for her."

"Did I?"

"Yes. Besides, it would have been a lie."

"I don't want you to tell a lie, certainly. But how about this 'small re-

membrance' that you speak of? What's that?"

"Oh, nothing! only a little locket I bought for her."

"With some of your hair in it?"

"Well, of course! Come, now, there's no harm in that."

"No; no harm. Do you think she will wear it?"

"How can I tell?"

"It may make her think it isn't all at an end, I'm afraid. If she always wears your hair—"

"By Jove, you're too bad, Hardy. I wish you had had to write it yourself. It's all very easy to pull my letter to pieces, I dare say, but—"

"I didn't want to read it, remember."

"No more you did. I forgot. But I wish you would just write down now what you would have said."

"Yes, I think I see myself at it. By the way, of course you have sent your letter?"

"Yes, I sent it off before chapel."

"I thought so. In that case I don't think we need trouble ourselves further with the form of the document."

"Oh, that's only shirking. How do you know I may not want it for the next occasion?"

"No, no! Don't let us begin laughing about it. A man never ought to have to write such letters twice in his life. If he has, why he may get a good enough precedent for the second out of the 'Complete Letter Writer.'"

"So you won't correct my copy?"

"No, not I."

At this point in their dialogue, Captain Hardy appeared on the scene, and the party went off to Drysdale's to breakfast.

Captain Hardy's visit to St. Ambrose was a great success. He stayed some four or five days, and saw everything that was to be seen, and enjoyed it all in a sort of reverent way which was almost comic. Tom devoted himself to the work of cicerone, and did his best to do the work thoroughly. Oxford was a sort of Utopia to the Captain, who was resolutely bent on seeing nothing but beauty and learning and wisdom within the precincts of the University. On one or two occasions his faith was tried sorely by the sight of young gentlemen gracefully apparelled, dawdling along two together in low easy pony carriages, or lying on their backs in punts for hours smoking, with not even a *Bell's Life* by them to pass the time. Dawdling and doing nothing were the objects of his special abhorrence; but with this trifling exception the Captain continued steadily to behold towers and quadrangles, and chapels, and the inhabitants of the colleges, through rose-coloured spectacles. His respect for a "regular education," and for the seat of learning at which it was dispensed, was so strong, that he invested not only the tutors, doctors, and proctors (of whom he saw little except at a distance) but even the most empty-headed undergraduate whose acquaintance he made, with a sort of fancy halo of scientific knowledge, and often talked to those youths in a way which was curiously bewildering and embarrassing to them. Drysdale was particularly hit by it. He had humour and honesty enough himself to appreciate the Captain, but it was a constant puzzle to him to know what to make of it all.

"He's a regular old brick, is the Captain," he said to Tom, on the last evening of the old gentleman's visit; "but, by Jove, I can't help thinking he must be poking fun at us half his time. It is rather too rich to hear him talking on as if we were all as fond of Greek as he seems to be, and as if no man ever got drunk up here."

"I declare I think he believes it," said Tom. "You see we're all careful enough before him."

"That son of his too must be a good fellow. Don't you see he can never have peached. His father was telling me last night what a comfort it was to him to see that Jack's poverty had been no drawback to him. He had always told him it would be so amongst English gentlemen, and now he found him living quietly and independently, and yet on equal terms, and friends with men far above him in rank and fortune, 'like

you, sir,' the old boy said. By Jove, Brown, I felt devilish foolish. I believe I blushed, and it isn't often I indulge in that sort of luxury. If I weren't ashamed of doing it now, I should try to make friends with Hardy. But I don't know how to face him, and I doubt whether he wouldn't think me too much of a rip to be intimate with."

Tom at his own special request attended the Captain's departure, and took his seat opposite to him and his son at the back of the Southampton coach, to accompany him a few miles out of Oxford. For the first mile the Captain was full of the pleasures of his visit, and of invitations to Tom to come and see them in the vacation. If he did not mind homely quarters he would find a hearty welcome, and there was no finer bathing and boating place on the coast. If he liked to bring his gun, there were plenty of blue rock-pigeons and sea-otters in the caves at the point. Tom protested with the greatest sincerity that there was nothing he should enjoy so much. Then the young men got down to walk up Bagley Hill, and when they mounted again found the Captain with a large leather case in his hand, out of which he took two five-pound notes, and began pressing them on his son, while Tom tried to look as if he did not know what was going on. For some time Hardy steadily refused, and the contention became animated, and it was useless to pretend any longer not to hear.

"Why, Jack, you're not too proud, I hope, to take a present from your own father," the Captain said at last.

"But, my dear father, I don't want the money. You make me a very good allowance already."

"Now, Jack, just listen to me and be reasonable. You know a great many of your friends have been very hospitable to me: I could not return their hospitality myself, but I wish you to do so for me."

"Well, father, I can do that without this money."

"Now, Jack," said the Captain, pushing forward the notes again, "I insist on your taking them. You will pain me very much if you don't take them."

So the son took the notes at last, looking as most men of his age would if they had just lost them, while the father's face was radiant as he replaced his pocket-book in the breast-pocket inside his coat. His eye caught Tom's in the midst of the operation, and the latter could not help looking a little confused, as if he had been unintentionally obtruding on their privacy. But the Captain at once laid his hand on his knee and said—

"A young fellow is never the worse for having a ten-pound note to veer and haul on; eh, Mr. Brown?"

"No, indeed, sir. A great deal better I think," said Tom, and was quite comfortable again. The Captain had no new coat that summer, but he always looked like a gentleman.

Soon the coach stopped to take up a parcel at a cross-road, and the young men got down. They stood watching it until it disappeared round a corner of the road, and then turned back towards Oxford and struck into Bagley Wood, Hardy listening with evident pleasure to his friend's enthusiastic praise of his father. But he was not in a talking humour, and they were soon walking along together in silence.

This was the first time they had been alone together since the morning after their reconciliation; so presently Tom seized the occasion to recur to the subject which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"She has never answered my letter," he began abruptly.

"I'm very glad of it," said Hardy.

"But why?"

"Because you know you want it all broken off completely."

"Yes; but still she might have just acknowledged it. You don't know how hard it is to me to keep away from the place."

"My dear fellow, I know it must be hard work, but you are doing the right thing."

"Yes, I hope so," said Tom, with a sigh. "I haven't been within a hun-

dred yards of 'The Choughs' this five days. The old lady must think it so odd."

Hardy made no reply. What could he say, but that no doubt she did?

"Would you mind doing me a great favour?" said Tom, after a minute.

"Anything I can do.—What is it?"

"Why, just to step round on our way back,—I will stay as far off as you like,—and see how things are going on;—how she is."

"Very well. Don't you like this view of Oxford? I always think it is the best of them all."

"No. You don't see anything of half the colleges," said Tom, who was very loth to leave the other subject for the picturesque.

"But you get all the spires and towers so well, and the river in the foreground. Look at that shadow of a cloud skimming over Christ Church Meadow. It's a splendid old place after all."

"It may be from a distance, to an outsider," said Tom; "but I don't know—it's an awfully chilly, deadening kind of place to live in. There's something in the life of the place that sits on me like a weight, and makes me feel dreary."

"How long have you felt that? You're coming out in a new line."

"I wish I were. I want a new line. I don't care a straw for cricket; I hardly like pulling; and as for those wine parties day after day, and suppers night after night, they turn me sick to think of."

"You have the remedy in your own hands, at any rate," said Hardy, smiling.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, you needn't go to them."

"Oh, one can't help going to them. What else is there to do?"

Tom waited for an answer, but his companion only nodded to show that he was listening, as he strolled on down the path, looking at the view.

"I can say what I feel to you, Hardy. I always have been able, and it's such a comfort to me now. It was you who put these sort of thoughts into my head too, so you ought to sympathize with me."

"I do, my dear fellow. But you'll be all right again in a few days."

"Don't you believe it. It isn't only what you seem to think, Hardy. You don't know me so well as I do you, after all. No, I'm not just love-sick, and hipped because I can't go and see her. That has something to do with it, I dare say, but it's the sort of shut-up, selfish life we lead here that I can't stand. A man isn't meant to live only with fellows like himself, with good allowances paid quarterly, and no care but how to amuse themselves. One is old enough for something better than that, I'm sure."

"No doubt," said Hardy, with provoking taciturnity.

"And the moment one tries to break through it, one only gets into trouble."

"Yes, there's a good deal of danger of that certainly," said Hardy.

"Don't you often long to be in contact with some of the realities of life, with men and women who haven't their bread and butter all ready cut for them? How can a place be a University where no one can come up who hasn't two hundred a year or so to live on?"

"You ought to have been at Oxford four hundred years ago, when there were more thousands here than we have hundreds."

"I don't see that. It must have been ten times as bad then."

"Not at all. But it must have been a very different state of things from ours; they must have been almost all poor scholars, who worked for their living, or lived on next to nothing."

"How do you really suppose they lived though?"

"Oh, I don't know. But how should you like it now, if we had fifty poor scholars at St. Ambrose, besides us servitors—say ten tailors, ten shoemakers, and so on, who came up from love of learning, and attended all the lectures with us, and worked for the present undergraduates while they were hunting, and cricketing, and boating?"

"Well, I think it would be a very good thing—At any rate, we should save in tailors' bills."

"Even if we didn't get our coats so well built," said Hardy, laughing. "Well, Brown, you have a most catholic taste, and 'a capacity for taking in new truths,' all the elements of a good Radical in you."

"I tell you I hate Radicals," said Tom indignantly.

"Well, here we are in the town. I'll go round by 'The Choughs' and catch you up before you get to High Street."

Tom, left to himself, walked slowly on for a little way, and then quickly back again in an impatient, restless manner, and was within a few yards of the corner where they had parted when Hardy appeared again. He saw at a glance that something had happened.

"What is it—she is not ill?" he said quickly.

"No; quite well, her aunt says."

"You didn't see her then?"

"No. The fact is she has gone home."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ENGLEBOURN CONSTABLE.

On the afternoon of a splendid day in the early part of June, some four or five days after the Sunday on which the morning service at Englebourn was interrupted by the fire at Farmer Grove's, David Johnson, tailor and constable of the parish, was sitting at his work, in a small erection, half shed, half summer-house, which leaned against the back of his cottage. Not that David had not a regular workshop with a window looking into the village street, and a regular counter close under it, on which passers-by might see him stitching, and from whence he could gossip with them easily, as was his wont. But although the constable kept the king's peace and made garments of all kinds for his livelihood—from the curate's frock down to the ploughboy's fustians—he was addicted for his pleasure and solace to the keeping of bees. The constable's bees inhabited a row of hives in the narrow strip of garden which ran away at the back of the cottage. This strip of garden was bordered along the whole of one side by the rector's premises. Now honest David loved gossip well, and considered it a part of his duty as constable to be well up in all events and rumours which happened or arose within his liberties. But he loved his bees better than gossip, and, as he was now in hourly expectation that they would be swarming, was working, as has been said, in his summer-house, that he might be at hand at the critical moment. The rough table on which he was seated commanded a view of the hives; his big scissors and some shreds of velveteen lay near him on the table, also the street-door key and an old shovel, of which the uses will appear presently.

On his knees lay the black velveteen coat, the Sunday garment of Harry Winburn, to which he was fitting new sleeves. In his exertions at the top of the chimney in putting out the fire Harry had grievously damaged the garment in question. The farmer had presented him with five shillings on the occasion, which sum was quite inadequate to the purchase of a new coat, and Harry, being too proud to call the farmer's attention to the special damage which he had suffered in his service, had contented himself with bringing his old coat to be new-sleeved.

Harry was a favourite with the constable on account of his intelligence and independence, and because of his relations with the farmers of Englebourn on the allotment question. Although by his office the representative of law and order in the parish, David was a man of the people, and sympathized with the peasantry more than with the farmers. He had passed some years of his apprenticeship at Reading, where he had picked up notions on political and social questions much ahead of the Englebourn worthies. When he returned to his native village, being a wise man, he had kept his new lights in the back-ground, and consequently had succeeded in the object of his ambition, and had been appointed constable. His reason for seeking the post was a desire to prove that the old joke as to the manliness of tailors had no application to his case,

and this he had established to the satisfaction of all the neighbourhood by the resolute manner in which, whenever called on, he performed his duties. And, now that his character was made and his position secure, he was not so careful of betraying his leanings, and had lost some custom amongst the farmers in consequence of them.

The job on which he was employed naturally turned his thoughts to Harry. He stitched away, now weighing in his mind whether he should not go himself to farmer Grove, and represent to him that he ought to give Harry a new coat; now rejoicing over the fact that the Rector had decided to let Harry have another acre of the allotment land; now speculating on the attachment of his favourite to the gardener's daughter, and whether he could do anything to forward his suit. In the pursuit of which thoughts he had forgotten all about his bees, when suddenly a great humming arose, followed by a rush through the air like the passing of an express train, which recalled him to himself. He jumped from the table, casting aside the coat, and, seizing the key and shovel, hurried out into the garden, beating the two together with all his might.

The process in question, known in country phrase as "tanging," is founded upon the belief that the bees will not settle unless under the influence of this peculiar music; and the constable, holding faithfully to the popular belief, rushed down his garden "tanging," as though his life depended upon it, in the hopes that the soothing sound would induce the swarm to settle at once on his own apple trees.

Is "tanging" a superstition or not? People learned in bees ought to know, but I never happened to meet one who had considered the question. It is curious how such beliefs or superstitions fix themselves in the popular mind of a country-side, and are held by wise and simple alike. David the constable was a most sensible and open-minded man of his time and class, but Kemble or Akerman, or other learned Anglo-Saxon scholar, would have vainly explained to him that "tang," is but the old word for "to hold," and that the object of "tanging" is, not to lure the bees with sweet music of key and shovel, but to give notice to the neighbours that they have swarmed, and that the owner of the maternal hive means to hold on to his right to the emigrants. David would have listened to the lecture with pity, and have retained unshaken belief in his music.

In the present case, however, the tanging was of little avail, for the swarm, after wheeling once or twice in the air, disappeared from the eyes of the constable over the Rector's wall. He went on "tanging" violently for a minute or two, and then paused to consider what was to be done. Should he get over the wall into the Rector's garden at once, or should he go round and ask leave to carry his search into the parsonage grounds? As a man and bee-fancier he was on the point of following straight at once, over wall and fence; but the constable was also strong within him. He was not on the best of terms with old Simon, the Rector's gardener, and his late opposition to Miss Winter in the matter of the singing also came into his mind. So he resolved that the parish constable would lose caste by disregarding his neighbour's boundaries, and was considering what to do next when he heard a footstep and short cough on the other side the wall which he recognised.

"Be you there, Maester Simon?" he called out. Whereupon the walker on the other side pulled up, and after a second appeal answered shortly—

"Ees."

"Hev'ee seed ought o' my bees? Thaay've a bin' and riz and gone off somweres athert the wall."

"E'es, I seen em."

"Wer' be em then?"

"Aal-amang wi ourn in the limes."

"Aal-amang wi yourn," exclaimed the constable. "Drattle em. Thaay be mwore trouble than they be wuth."

"I knowed as thaay wur yourn zoon

as ever I sot eyes on em," old Simon went on.

"How did'ee know em then?" asked the constable.

"Cause thine be a'al zettin' crassleggèd," said Simon, with a chuckle. "Thee medst cum and pick em all out if thee'st a mind to 't."

Simon was mollified by his own joke, and broke into a short, dry cachination, half laugh, half cough; while the constable, who was pleased and astonished to find his neighbour in such a good humour, hastened to get an empty hive and a pair of hedger's gloves—fortified with which he left his cottage and made the best of his way up street towards the rectory gate, hard by which stood Simon's cottage. The old gardener was of an impatient nature, and the effect of the joke had almost time to evaporate, and Simon was fast relapsing into his usual state of mind towards his neighbour before the latter made his appearance.

"Wher' hast been so long?" he exclaimed, when the constable joined him.

"I seed the young missus and t'other young lady a standin' talkin' afore the door," said David; "so I stopped back, so as not to disturve 'em."

"Be 'em gone in? Who was 'em talkin' to?"

"To thy missus, and thy daarter too, I b'lieve 'twas. Thaay be both at whoam, bean't 'em?"

"Like enough. But what was 'em zayin'?"

"I couldn't heer nothin' partic'lar, but I judged as t'was summat about Sunday and the fire."

"'Tis na use for thaay to go on fillin' our pleace wi' bottles. I dwont mean to take any mwore doctor's stuff."

Simon, it may be said, by the way, had obstinately refused to take any medicine since his fall, and had maintained a constant war on the subject, both with his own women and with Miss Winter, whom he had impressed more than ever with a belief in his wrong-headedness.

"Ah! and how be 'ee, tho', Maester Simon?" said David; "I didn't mind to ax afore. You dwon't feel no wus for your fall, I hopes?"

"I feels a bit stiffish like, and as if summat wus cuttin' m' at times, when I lifts up my arms."

"'Tis a mercy 'tis no wus," said David; "we bean't so young nor so lissom as we was, Maester Simon."

To which remark Simon replied by a grunt. He disliked allusions to his age—a rare dislike amongst his class in that part of the country. Most of the people are fond of making themselves out older than they are, and love to dwell on their experiences, and believe, as firmly as the rest of us, that everything has altered for the worse in the parish and district since their youth.

But Simon, though short of words and temper, and an uncomfortable acquaintance in consequence, was inclined to be helpful enough in other ways. The constable, with his assistance, had very soon hived his swarm of cross-legged bees.

Then the constable insisted on Simon's coming with him and taking a glass of ale, which, after a little coquetting, Simon consented to do. So, after carrying his re-capture safely home, and erecting the hive on a three-legged stand of his own workmanship, he hastened to rejoin Simon, and the two soon found themselves together in the bar of the "Red Lion."

The constable wished to make the most of this opportunity, and so began at once to pump Simon as to his intentions with regard to his daughter. But Simon was not easy to lead in any way whatever, and seemed in a more than usually no-business-of-yours line about his daughter. Whether he had any one in his eye for her or not, David could not make out; but one thing he did make out, and it grieved him much. Old Simon was in a touchy and unfriendly state of mind against Harry, who, he said, was falling into bad ways, and beginning to think much too much of his self. Why was he to be wanting more allotment ground than any one else? Simon had himself given Harry some advice on the point, but not to

much purpose, it would seem, as he summed up his notions on the subject by the remark that, "'Twas waste of soap to lather an ass."

The constable now and then made a stand for his young friend, but very judiciously; and, after feeling his way for some time, he came to the conclusion—as, indeed, the truth was—that Simon was jealous of Harry's talent for growing flowers, and had been driven into his present frame of mind at hearing Miss Winter and her cousin talking about the flowers at Dame Winburn's under his very nose for the last four or five days. They had spoken thus to interest the old man, meaning to praise Harry to him. The fact was, that the old gardener was one of those men who never can stand hearing other people praised, and think that all such praise must be meant in depreciation of themselves.

When they had finished their ale, the afternoon was getting on, and the constable rose to go back to his work; while old Simon declared his intention of going down to the hay-field, to see how the mowing was getting on. He was sure that the hay would never be made properly, now that he couldn't be about as much as usual.

In another hour the coat was finished, and the constable, being uneasy in his mind, resolved to carry the garment home himself at once, and to have a talk with Dame Winburn. So he wrapped the coat in a handkerchief, put it under his arm, and set off down the village.

He found the dame busy with her washing; and after depositing his parcel sat down on the settle to have a talk with her. They soon got on the subject which was always uppermost in her mind, her son's prospects, and she poured out to the constable her troubles. First there was this sweethearting after old Simon's daughter,—not that Dame Winburn was going to say anything against her, though she might have her thoughts as well as other folk, and for her part she liked to see girls that were fit for something besides dressing themselves up like their betters,—but what worrited her was to see how Harry took it to heart. He wasn't like himself, and she couldn't see how it was all to end. It made him fractious, too, and he was getting into trouble about his work. He had left his regular place, and was gone mowing with a gang, most of them men out of the parish that she knew nothing about, and likely not to be the best of company. And it was all very well in harvest time, when they could go and earn good wages at mowing and reaping anywhere about, and no man could earn better than her Harry, but when it came to winter again she didn't see but what he might find the want of a regular place, and then the farmers mightn't take him on; and his own land that he had got, and seemed to think so much of, mightn't turn out all he thought it would. And so in fact the old lady was troubled in her mind, and only made the constable more uneasy. He had a vague sort of impression that he was in some way answerable for Harry, who was a good deal with him, and was fond of coming about his place. And although his cottage happened to be next to old Simon's, which might account for the fact to some extent, yet the constable was conscious of having talked to his young friend on many matters in a way which might have unsettled him, and encouraged his natural tendency to stand up for his own rights and independence, and he knew well enough that this temper was not the one which was likely to keep a labouring man out of trouble in the parish.

He did not allow his own misgivings, however, to add to the widow's troubles, but, on the contrary, cheered her by praising up Harry as much as ever she could desire, and prophesying that all would come right, and that those that lived would see her son as respected as any man in the parish, and he shouldn't be surprised if he were churchwarden before he died. And then, astonished at his own boldness, and feeling that he was not capable of any higher flight of imagination, the constable rose to take his leave. He asked where Harry was working, and, finding that he was at

mowing in the Danes' Close, set off to look after him. The kind-hearted constable could not shake off the feeling that something was going to happen to Harry which would get him into trouble, and he wanted to assure himself that as yet nothing had gone wrong. Whenever one has this sort of vague feeling about a friend, there is a natural and irresistible impulse to go and look after him, and to be with him.

The Danes' Close was a part of the glebe, a large field of some ten acres or so in extent, close to the village. Two footpaths ran across it, so that it was almost common property, and the village children considered it as much their playground as the green itself. They trampled the grass a good deal more than seemed endurable in the eyes of Simon, who managed the rector's farming operations as well as the garden; but the children had their own way, notwithstanding the threats he sometimes launched at them. Miss Winter would have sooner lost all the hay than have narrowed their amusements. It was the most difficult piece of mowing in the parish, in consequence of the tramplings and of the large crops it bore. The Danes, or some other unknown persons, had made the land fat, perhaps with their carcases, and the benefit had lasted to the time of our story. At any rate, the field bore splendid crops, and the mowers always got an extra shilling an acre for cutting it, by Miss Winter's special order, which was paid by Simon in the most ungracious manner, and with many grumblings that it was enough to ruin all the mowers in the countryside.

As the constable got over the stile into the hayfield, a great part of his misgivings passed out of his head. He was a simple kindly man, whose heart lay open to all influences of scene and weather, and the Danes' Close, full of life and joy and merry sounds, as seen under the slanting rays of the evening sun, was just the place to rub all the wrinkles out of him.

The constable, however, is not singular in this matter.

What man amongst us all, if he will think the matter over calmly and fairly, can honestly say that there is any one spot on the earth's surface in which he has enjoyed so much real, wholesome, happy life as in a hay-field? He may have won renown on horseback or on foot at the sports and pastimes in which Englishmen glory; he may have shaken off all rivals, time after time, across the vales of Aylesbury, or of Berks, or any other of our famous hunting counties; he may have stalked the oldest and shyest buck in Scotch forests, and killed the biggest salmon of the year in the Tweed, and trout in the Thames; he may have made topping averages in first-rate matches at cricket; or have made long and perilous marches, dear to memory, over boggy moor, or mountain, or glacier; he may have successfully attended many breakfast-parties within drive of May Fair, on velvet lawns, surrounded by all the fairy land of pomp, and beauty, and luxury, which London can pour out; he may have shone at private theatricals and at-homes; his voice may have sounded over hushed audiences at St. Stephen's, or in the law courts; or he may have had good times in any other scenes of pleasure or triumph open to Englishmen; but I much doubt whether, on putting his recollections fairly and quietly together, he would not say at last that the fresh-mown hay-field is the place where he has spent the most hours which he would like to live over again, the fewest which he would wish to forget.

As children, we stumble about the new-mown hay, revelling in the many colours of the prostrate grass and wild flowers, and in the power of tumbling where we please without hurting ourselves: as small boys, we pelt one another and the village school-girls and our nursemaids and young lady cousins with the hay, till, hot and weary, we retire to tea or syllabub beneath the shade of some great oak or elm standing up like a monarch out of the fair pasture; or, following the mowers, we rush with eagerness on the treasures

disclosed by the scythe-stroke,—the nest of the unhappy late-laying titlark, or careless field-mouse: as big boys, we toil ambitiously with the spare forks and rakes, or climb into the wagons and receive with open arms the delicious load as it is pitched up from below, and rises higher and higher as we pass along the long lines of haycocks: a year or two later we are strolling there with our first sweethearts, our souls and tongues loaded with sweet thoughts and soft speeches; we take a turn with the scythe as the bronzed mowers lie in the shade for their short rest, and willingly pay our footing for the feat. Again, we come back with book in pocket, and our own children tumbling about as we did before them; now romping with them, and smothering them with the sweet-smelling load—now musing and reading and dozing away the delicious summer evenings. And so shall we not come back to the end, enjoying as grandfathers the lovemaking and the rompings of younger generations yet?

Were any of us ever really disappointed or melancholy in a hay-field? Did we ever lie fairly back on a haycock and look up into the blue sky, and listen to the merry sounds, the whetting of scythes and the laughing prattle of women and children, and think evil thoughts of the world or our brethren? Not we! or if we have so done, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and deserve never to be out of town again during hay harvest.

There is something in the sights and sounds of a hay-field which seems to touch the same chord in one as Lowell's lines in the "Lay of Sir Launfal," which ends—

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
"We wear out our lives with toiling and tasking;
"It is only Heaven that is given away;
"It is only God may be had for the asking.
"There is no price set on the lavish summer,
"And June may be had by the poorest comer."

But the philosophy of the hay-field remains to be written. Let us hope that whoever takes the subject in hand will not dissipate all its sweetness in the process of the inquiry wherein the charm lies.

The constable had not the slightest notion of speculating on his own sensations, but was very glad, nevertheless, to find his spirits rising as he stepped into the Danes' Close. All the hay was down, except a small piece in the further corner, which the mowers were upon. There were groups of children in many parts of the field, and women to look after them, mostly sitting on the fresh swarth, working and gossiping, while the little ones played about. He had not gone twenty yards before he was stopped by the violent crying of a child; and, turning towards the voice, he saw a little girl of six or seven, who had strayed from her mother, scrambling out of the ditch, and wringing her hands in an agony of pain and terror. The poor little thing had fallen into a bed of nettles, and was very much frightened, and not a little hurt. The constable caught her up in his arms, soothing her as well as he could, and, hurrying along till he found some dock-leaves, sat down with her on his knee, and rubbed her hands with the leaves, repeating the old saw—

"Out nettle,
"In dock:
"Dock shall ha'
"A new smock;
"Nettle shan't
"Ha' narrun'."

What with the rubbing, and the constable's kind manner, and listening to the doggrel rhyme, and feeling that nettle would get her deserts, the little thing soon ceased crying. But several groups had been drawn towards the place, and amongst the rest came Miss Winter and her cousin, who had been within hearing of the disaster. The constable began to feel very nervous and uncomfortable, when he looked up from his charitable occupation, and suddenly found the rector's daughter close to him. But his

nervousness was uncalled for. The sight of what he was about, and of the tender way in which he was handling the child, drove all remembrance of his heresies and contumaciousness in the matter of psalmody out of her head. She greeted him with frankness and cordiality, and presently—when he had given up his charge to the mother, who was inclined at first to be hard with the poor little sobbing truant—came up, and said she wished to speak a few words to him.

David was highly delighted at Miss Winter's manner; but he walked along by her side not quite comfortable in his mind, for fear lest she should start the old subject of dispute, and then his duty as a public man would have to be done at all risk of offending her. He was much comforted when she began by asking him whether he had seen much of Widow Winburn's son lately.

David admitted that he generally saw him every day.

Did he know that he had left his place, and had quarrelled with Mr. Tester?

Yes, David knew that Harry had had words with Farmer Tester; but Farmer Tester was a sort that it was very hard not to have words with.

"Still, it is very bad, you know, for so young a man to be quarrelling with the farmers," said Miss Winter.

"'Twas the varmer as quarrelled wi' he; you see, Miss," David answered, "which makes all the odds. He cum to Harry all in a fluster, and said as how he must drow up the land as he'd a'got, or he's place—one or t'other on 'em. And so you see, Miss, as Harry wur kind o' druv to it. 'Twarn't likely as he wur to drow up the land now as he wur just reppin' the benefit ov it, and all for Varmer Tester's place, wich be no sich gurt things, Miss, arter all."

"Very likely not; but I fear it may hinder his getting employment. The other farmers will not take him on now, if they can help it."

"No; thaay falls out wi' one another bad enough, and calls all manner o' names. But thaay can't abide a poor man to speak his mind, nor take his own part, not one on 'em," said David, looking at Miss Winter, as if doubtful how she might take his strictures; but she went on, without any show of dissent,—

"I shall try to get him work for my father; but I am sorry to find that Simon does not seem to like the idea of taking him on. It is not easy always to make out Simon's meaning. When I spoke to him, he said something about a bleating sheep losing a bite; but I should think this young man is not much of a talker in general?"——she paused.

"That's true, Miss," said David, energetically; "there ain't a quieter spoken or steadier man at his work in the parish."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said Miss Winter, "and I hope we may soon do something for him. But what I want you to do just now is to speak a word to him about the company he seems to be getting into."

The constable looked somewhat aghast at this speech of Miss Winter's, but did not answer, not knowing to what she was alluding. She saw that he did not understand, and went on—

"He is mowing to-day with a gang from the heath and the next parish; I am sure they are very bad men for him to be with. I was so vexed when I found Simon had given them the job; but he said they would get it all down in a day, and be done with it, and that was all he cared for."

"And 'tis a fine day's work, Miss, for five men," said David, looking over the field; "and 'tis good work too, you mind the swarth else," and he picked up a handful of the fallen grass to show her how near the ground it was cut.

"Oh, yes, I have no doubt they are very good mowers, but they are not good men, I'm sure. There, do you see now who it is that is bringing them beer? I hope you will see Widow Winburn's son, and speak to him, and try to keep him out of bad company. We should be all so sorry if he were to get into trouble."

David promised to do his best, and Miss Winter wished him good evening, and rejoined her cousin.

"Well, Katie, will he do your behest?"

"Yes, indeed; and I think he is the best person to do it. Widow Winburn thinks her son minds him more than any one."

"Do you know I don't think it will ever go right. I'm sure she doesn't care the least for him."

"Oh, you have only just seen her once to-day for two or three minutes."

"And then, that wretched old Simon is so perverse about it," said the cousin. "You will never manage him."

"He is very provoking, certainly; but I get my own way generally, in spite of him. And it is such a perfect plan, isn't it?"

"Oh! charming, if you can only bring it about."

"Now we must be really going home, papa will be getting restless." So the young ladies left the hay-field deep in castle-building for Harry Winburn and the gardener's daughter, Miss Winter being no more able to resist a tale of true love than her cousin, or the rest of her sex. They would have been more or less than women if they had not taken an interest in so absorbing a passion as poor Harry's. By the time they reached the Rectory Gate they had installed him in the gardener's cottage with his bride, and mother, (for there would be plenty of room for the widow, and it would be so convenient to have the laundry close at hand) and had pensioned old Simon, and sent him and his old wife to wrangle away the rest of their time in the widow's cottage. Castle-building is a delightful and harmless exercise.

Meantime David the constable had gone towards the mowers, who were taking a short rest before finishing off the last half acre which remained standing. The person whose appearance had so horrified Miss Winter was drawing beer for them from a small barrel. This was an elderly raw-boned woman with a skin burnt as brown as that of any of the mowers. She wore a man's hat and spencer, and had a strong harsh voice, and altogether was not a prepossessing person. She went by the name of Daddy Cowell in the parish, and had been for years a proscribed person. She lived up on the heath, often worked in the fields, took in lodgers, and smoked a short clay pipe. These eccentricities, when added to her half-male clothing, were quite enough to account for the sort of outlawry in which she lived. Miss Winter, and other good people of Englebourn, believed her capable of any crime, and the children were taught to stop talking and playing, and run away when she came near them; but the constable, who had had one or two search warrants to execute in her house, and had otherwise had frequent occasions of getting acquainted with her in the course of his duties, had by no means so evil an opinion of her. He had never seen much harm in her, he had been heard to say, and she never made pretence to much good. Nevertheless, David was by no means pleased to see her acting as purveyor to the gang which Harry had joined. He knew how such contact would damage him in the eyes of all the parochial respectabilities, and was anxious to do his best to get him clear of it.

With these views he went up to the men, who were resting under a large elm tree, and complimented them on their day's work. They were themselves well satisfied with it, and with one another. When men have had sixteen hours or so hard mowing in company, and none of them can say that the others have not done their fair share, they are apt to respect one another more at the end of it. It was Harry's first day with this gang, who were famous for going about the neighbourhood, and doing great feats in hay and wheat harvest. They were satisfied with him and he with them, none the less so probably in his present frame of mind, because they also were loose on the world, servants of no regular master. It was a bad time to make his approaches, the constable saw; so, after sitting by Harry until the gang rose to finish off their work in the cool of the evening, and asking him to come round by his cottage on his way home, which Harry promised to do, he walked back to the village.

To be continued.

ALL'S WELL.

THE long night-watch is over; fresh and chill
Comes in the air of morn; he slumbers still.
Each hour more calm his laboured breathings grew.
"O God! may he awaken free from ill;
May this supreme repose dear life renew!"
She rose, and to the casement came,
The curtain drew, and blank, grey morn
Looked pitiless on eyes grief-worn,
On the dying lamp's red, flickering flame,
And, slowly through the wavering gloom
Searching out the shaded room,
Fell on a form—the pillowed head
So motionless, supinely laid.
O, was it death, or trance, or sleep,
Had power his sense thus locked to keep?
She turned, that woman wan and mild;
She gazed through tears, yet hope-beguiled;
He was her son, her first-born child,—
Ah, hush! she may not weep.

Many a night, with patient eye,
Had she watched him—sight of woe!
Fever-chained, unconscious lie;
Many a day passed heavily,
Since met in glad expectancy
Round the cheerful hearth below
Young and old, a goodly show,
To welcome from the wondrous main,
Their wanderer home returned again.
The father's careful brow unbent,
The mother happily intent
That nothing should be left undone
To greet him best; the youngest one
In childish, bright bewilderment,
Longed, curious, to look upon
Her own, strange sailor-brother sent
Afar, before she could remember;
While elder sons and daughters thought
What change in the playmate unforgotten
Time and foreign skies had wrought.
Could he be like that fair-haired boy,
With curly hair of golden hue,
And merry-twinkling eye of blue,
Whose tones were musical with joy?
For he had sailed all round the world,
In China's seas our flag unfurled,
On Borneo's coast with pirates fought,
From famed spice-islands treasure brought,
Had been where the Upas grew!

But the long June day was closing fast,
And yet he did not come;
And anxious looks and murmurs passed.
Some gazed without, sate listless some;
Down the hill-side, across the vale,
Night-mists are rising, sweeps the gale;
But nought can we see through the gloom;
When, hark! a step at the wicket-gate,
And the brothers rushed out with call and shout.
Welcome, at last, though late!
And round him hurriedly they press,
And bring him in to the warm-lit room,
To his mother's fond caress.

"But how is this? dear son, thy lips are pale;
And thy brow burneth, and thy speech doth fail.
Hath some sore sickness thus thy frame opprest,
Or sinkest thou for want of food and rest?"
"All's well—I am at home; but make my bed soon,
For I am weary, mother, and fain would lay me down."

Even while he spake, he tottered, fell;
The heavy lid reluctantly
Shrouded the glazing, love-strained eye.
They tenderly raised him; who may tell,
What anguish theirs? That smothered cry!
They bore him up the narrow stair;
They laid him on his bed with care;
On snowy pillow,—flower-besprent,
(Ah! for lighter slumber meant.)
They knew some pestilential blight
Lurked in his blood with deadly might,
And they trembled for the morrow.
Thus in the smitten house that night,
All joy was changed to sorrow.

Yea, swift and near, the fever-fiend
Had dogged the mariner's homeward way.
One ocean south, one ocean north,
The ship from red Lymoon sailed forth,
But fast in her hold the dark curse lay;
In vain blew the cool west-wind.
Week after week, he now, in vain,
Had breathed his pleasant native air;
For still with restless, burning brain,
He seemed to toss on a fiery main,
'Neath a sky of copper glare.
Under his window a sweet-briar grew,
And fragrance his boyhood full well knew,
In at the open lattice flung;
The thrush in his own old pear-tree sung.
Young voices from the distance borne,
Or mower's scythe at dewy morn,
Cock's shrill crowing, all around
Sweet familiar scent or sound,
None could bring his spirit peace;
None from wandering dreams release.
He heard an angry surf still thunder,
Crashing planks beneath him sunder,
Tumults that, ever changing, never cease.

"Look, look! what glides and glitters in the brake?
Is it a panther, or green crested snake?
Ah! cursed Malay—I see his cruel eye;
His hissing arrows pierce me? Must I lie,
Weltering in torture on this hell-hot brine;
Not one cool drop my parching throat to slake?
Jesu have mercy! what a fate is mine!"

Yet ever his mother's yearning gaze,
Saintly sad, was on him dwelling;
Could it not penetrate the haze
Of phantasy, and, frenzy-quelling
In heart and brain, soft-healing flow?
His sister came with noiseless tread,
And, bending o'er the sufferer's bed,
Lightly laid her smooth, cold palm
Upon the throbbing brow;
And with the touch a gradual calm
Stole quietly, diffusing slow
Sleep's anguish-soothing balm.
Pain's iron links, a little while
Relaxing, let his spirit rove
In vision some Atlantic isle,
Where waved the tall Areca palm;
Fresh breezes fanned, and gushing rills
Murmured, as in green English grove
They, winding, deepen from the hills.
And momentary smiled, perchance,
Dear faces thro' the shadowy trance,
His unclosed eye saw not, though near;
Dear voices reached the spell-bound ear,
His waking sense had failed to hear.
Only a little space—too soon
The fiery scourge, from slumber burst,
Swept like the tyrannous typhoon,
Gathering new rage, the last the worst;
Till the pulse ebbed low, and life
Shrank wasted from the strife.

At length a dreamless stupor deep
Fell on him, liker death than sleep.
At eve the grave physician said:
"No more availeth human aid;
Nature will thus his powers restore,
Or else he sleeps to wake no more."
Alone his mother watched all night,
In silent agony of prayer.
When dimly gleamed the dawning light,
She thought, "Its ghastly, spectral stare

Makes his hue so ashen white."
But, when broadening day shone bright,
Froze to despair her shivering dread.
None who have seen that leaden mask
Over loved features greyly spread,
"Whose superscription this?" need ask.
Soft she unclosed the door, and said,
"Come," in whisper hoarse and low;
And silently they came,
One by one, the same
Who had joyous met by the hearth below,
Only three short weeks ago.
They looked, "Is it life, or death?"
She beckoned them in, and, with hushed breath
Standing around, they saw dismayed
That living soul already laid
The shadow of the grave beneath.

Kneeling beside his hope, his pride,
Felled in youth's prime, his sea-worn son,
Aloud the reverend father cried:
"Submissive, Lord, we bow; Thy will be done;
Yet grant some token ere my child depart,
Thy love hath ever dwelt within his heart,
And through the vale of darkness safe will guide."
"Amen, amen," in faltering response sighed
Mother and children, watchers woe-begone.
O mournful vigils, lingering long!
O agonies of hope, that wrong
Solemn prayer for swift release,
And the soul's eternal peace!
Now holy calm, now wild desire
With sick suspense alternate tire,
Till very consciousness must cease.
Faint the reluctant hours expire;
The mind flows back; as in a dream
Trivial imaginations stream
Over the blank of grief,
Bringing no relief.

Haply some sudden sound without—
A sheep-dog's bark, or schoolboy's shout,
Or careless whistler passing near—
May, unaware, pierce the dull ear,
And feeble, mystic wonder wake,
And straight the web of fancy break;
The awful Presence over all
Hovering unseen, a brooding pall.
"O, look! what change is there? can hope revive?
Lift his head gently, give him air——"
—— As drive
Strong winds through a thunder-cloud, and shear
Athwart, on either side, its blackness,
Sweeping the empyrean clear;
So, from the stony visage rent,
Instantaneously withdrew
The heaviness, the livid hue;
And the inward spirit shining through
Serene, ethereal brightness lent.
His eyes unclosed; their gaze intent
No narrow, stifling limits saw,
No aspects blanched by love and awe—
Far, far on the eternal bent.
Hark! from his lips the seaman's cheer,
Sudden, deep-thrilling, did they hear,
"*Land ahead!*" The words of welcome rose;
Then he sank back in isolate repose.

What land? O say, thou tempest-tost!
Whither hath thy worn bark drifted,
Seest thou thine own dear, native coast—
Vision by strong desire uplifted—
Britain's white cliffs afar appearing;
Or art thou not, full surely, nearing
That unknown strand, that furthest shore,
Whence wanderer never saileth more?
But hush! again he speaks with stedfast tone,
"*Let go the anchor.*" Now, the port is won.
O happy mariner! at last,
Ocean storms and perils past,
Past treacherous rock and shelving shoal,
And the ravening breakers' roll,
Securely moored in haven blest,
Thy weary soul hath found its rest,
Touching now the golden strand!
Before thee lies the promised land,

To thy raptured eyes revealed
(Eyes on earth for ever sealed).
Eternity's reflected splendour
Transfigureth the hollow brow;
And the shattered hull must render,
Landed, the free spirit now.
Wayfarers we, on a homeless sea,
Bid thee not return, delay;
But oh! one word of parting say!

Sweet, solemn, full, those final accents fell,
Pledge of undying peace: he spake, *"All's well."*
Yea, all is well; that last adieu
Opened Paradise to view;
While, on tremulous passing sigh,
The happy spirit floated by.
O'er mourning hearts in anguish hushed,
Effluence ecstatic gushed;
They saw Heaven's gates of pearl unfold
Paven courts of purest gold,
The glorious city on a height
Lost in distances of light;
Heard angelic harpings sweet,
Voices jubilant, that greet
New comers through the floods of death;
Felt softly blow a passing breath
Celestial, the winnowings
Viewless of ethereal wings.
This could not last for mortal strain,
Transport sinking down to pain;
Yet a refulgent glimpse of Heaven,
Never by cloud or storm-blast riven,
Ray from love divine, shall dwell
On all who heard that last farewell.
Sweet, faint echoes, never dying,
Of far homes immortal tell,
Where sorrows cease, and tears and sighing;
Still whispering: "All is well, is well."

H. L.

MY FRIEND MR. BEDLOW: OR, REMINISCENCES OF AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

BY CARL BENSON, AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

Be so good as to transport yourself in time backward for rather more than twenty years, and in space westward as far as New Haven.

What New Haven?

There is one place, if not more, of the name in England; possibly others in Scotland and Ireland; but the New Haven I mean is half the capital of the state of Connecticut.

Half the capital?

Literally so. It divides the honour of being the state metropolis with Hartford, and the state legislature meets in each city alternately.

New Haven has the reputation, and justly so, of being a very pretty place. I have sometimes compared it to the environs of Cheltenham, *mutatis mutandis*, which in this case must be translated, *substituting wooden houses for stone ones;* not a very good comparison, but the best that occurs. It is one of the few cities in the world where birds fly and bees hum at large in the streets. Two long avenues, crossing each other at right angles, contain the *book-stores* (*Anglicè* booksellers) and the grocery-stores, and all the other "stores," and the hotels and principal boarding-houses—all the business of the place, in fact; and the remaining streets are occupied, not by the "upper ten" exactly—in the time we write of, Willis had not yet invented the upper ten,—but by private dwellings almost exclusively; neat little white wooden houses,—cottages you might call them,—and much "greenery" all about, and the birds and bees aforesaid; altogether, a very good specimen of the *rus in urbe*.

Such was it at the period of which I

write. Since then it has not entirely escaped the progress of modern improvement. It has big brown stone "stores," and stone—or imitation of it—private houses, and a more ambitious look generally. It is said that there are young ladies who waltz; perhaps there are even fast horses. But in the year 183— it was a truly unsophisticated, country-like place, at least half a century behind New York in all the externals of material civilization.

It is not, however, the place that you are to notice at all, but its inhabitants, or rather a very small portion, numerically speaking, of its inhabitants—the five hundred students of Yale College. Five hundred we may call them in round numbers, including the graduate professional students,—not a great multitude, but they are conspicuous enough everywhere, notwithstanding the absence of any academical costume. The difference between "town" and "gown" is always strongly marked, even when the "gown" has *no* gown. The *bursch* may wear no beard, or cap, or other peculiar mark, yet he is never to be mistaken for the *philister*. The greenest "fresh" at Yale may be distinguished with half an eye from the "town-loafer."

Suppose it then to be a fine spring noon; let us walk down this long street, which extends from the college to the post-office. The municipal authorities, wise without knowing it, have placed the latter at a considerable distance from the former; else it is to be feared that many of the students would never take any exercise at all. The Yalensians are great correspondents, and great devourers of newspapers; and, the postman being an institution quite unknown to New Haven, they are forced to fetch and carry for themselves; besides, this is the fashionable promenade of the town, so we are sure to meet many parties and groups of these youths. They are about the average age of English upper-form public schoolboys, for they usually enter at fifteen, and "go out," as a Cantab would call it—"graduate," as they call it—at nineteen. They are not quite the average size of the schoolboys aforesaid, for they grow later and longer; but, in spite of this, they have ten times more the air of men. Not finer specimens of animal development; we have just remarked that they do not attain their full growth so soon, nor, on the other hand, do I mean that they show any signs of premature dissipation; but they have a self-possessed, at-their-ease, independent, don't-care-a-monosyllable-for-anybody, air, that it would be hard to match among the youth of any other country, not excepting those of France, who are supposed to be particularly forward, and, in some respects, are so. Take at random any three of these young men (they would be fearfully insulted if you were to call them boys), the odds are that you may set up one of the three without warning before fifteen hundred men, and he will extemporize them a speech about things in general and the politics of the country in particular. Or he will charge a drawing-room full of ladies with equal gallantry; only then you must not take him altogether without preparation; he must have time to make his most elaborate toilette—otherwise he would be disconcerted indeed.

For dress is rather a vanity of these youths, as you may see at a very superficial glance. They have small feet, and are proud of them, to judge from the delicate, lady-like boots they wear. Most of them sport kid gloves, and some of them *light* kid gloves. Many of them delight in fancy caps, as being more picturesque, and at the same time more convenient, than the common domestic hat. Their dress appears to be got up on what some one calls the Frenchman's theory of dress, a combination of colours; and they have also a continental, or, if you prefer it, a flash tendency in the matter of chains, pins, and studs. If it had been a month or two earlier in the season, you would have seen most of them enveloped in magnificent full-circle blue cloth cloaks, at least £12 worth of cloth and velvet to each cloak. It must be observed, however, that these melodramatic envelopes were preferred to overcoats on grounds of use as well as show. In their hurried

preparation for the very early morning chapel, the students not unfrequently donned an old dressing-gown, in lieu of coat, and entirely neglected the minor details of cravat and waistcoat, the charitable mantle supplying all deficiencies of looks or warmth.

But these elegant youths do not comprise the whole body of Yalensians. Contrasted with them we remark many students of a very different type. Men—*old* men, comparatively speaking—say from twenty-four to thirty years of age! Their attire is not only unfashionable, but positively shabby. Coats of "home-made" cloth, threadbare and rusty, worn to holes at the cuffs, and strangely bound there with velvet,—the attempt at converting a patch into an ornament only making the poverty of the garment more conspicuous,—cowhide shoes, "shocking bad" hats, coarse linen, of doubtful whiteness. These are the "beneficiaries," the students who have taken to the ministry late in life. You might compare them to the small-college fellow-commoners at Cambridge, with this important difference, that whereas the latter are wealthy, the "beneficiaries" are much the reverse. Indeed, they derive their popular name from the pecuniary *benefit* which they receive from the college. Various charitable legacies and donations give them about £15 a year each, and that is all the actual cash some of them can depend upon. Now, though New Haven is not a dear place, still a man can hardly well board himself there for less than two dollars—that is, about eight shillings—a week. It is evident, therefore, that some other means must be resorted to to make up the deficit. Some beneficiaries absent themselves during a portion of the winter to teach schools, their own studies necessarily suffering meantime. One of them rings the college bell (*he* earns his money, poor fellow!). Some of them sleep in little closets adjoining the "recitation" (lecture) rooms, and get their lodging gratis in return for keeping the said recitation-rooms in order. Several of them wait on the other students in hall, and for so doing get their own meals free of expense. Cambridge sizars used to do the same thing: the practice has continued in democratic America long after it was abolished in aristocratic England; for all I know to the contrary, it exists in full force to the present day.

Are you curious to know how these men are treated by their fellow-students? They mingle on terms of perfect equality, but their intercourse is far from being perfectly genial. Not on account of the beneficiaries' poverty, nor yet altogether from the difference of age, though that has *something* to do with it; but rather owing to unfortunate theological differences, of which more hereafter. Before the "faculty"—that is, the college authorities—they all stand on a par. Indeed, if there were any preference to be shown, the beneficiaries would most naturally come in for it, since the tutor has nothing possible to expect from the rich student, whom the chances are he will never see when the latter has once left college, whereas he feels a strong sympathy for the poor student, having, in perhaps the majority of cases, sprung from that class himself.

When speaking of dress and ornaments just above, we omitted one kind of ornament common to all the students, though the beneficiaries are rather less adorned in this way than the others. You perceive that a large number, probably full half, of them, wear queer trinkets of gold, or gold and enamel, inscribed with Greek letters and various quaint devices. Some of them are broad, flat, old-fashioned watch-keys; others are triangles, stars, or suns, used as "charms," or *breloques;* others heavy embossed rings, and others again breast-pins;—the shapes and devices of the breastpins are the most ferociously mystic of all. These are the badges of the secret societies which *swarm* in every American college. They have different origins, different professed aims, and very different degrees of secrecy. Some scarcely profess to conceal their proceedings from the outsiders, while others shroud themselves in thickest

mystery. One society was a sort of appendix to academic honours, being composed of all who took a certain standing in the junior (third) year. Another was supposed to be made up of the best "speakers" and "writers," especially the latter; candidates for the editorship of the magazines, and gainers of "composition" prizes—English composition, not Latin; though, for that matter, if you were otherwise unobjectionable, writing Latin would qualify you at a pinch *almost* as well as writing English: it certainly was the rarer accomplishment of the two. Others—these were the breastpins generally—limited their numbers to a very select few, in the choice of whom personal considerations were presumed to weigh no less than literary. These were awfully mysterious. One of them, the awe and admiration of all freshmen, had a most ferocious pin, with a piratical device of a death's head and cross-bones, and—a live skeleton I was going to say,—I mean a real one, in a corner of the room where it met, and an unutterable name (like that of Ancient Rome) known only to the initiated. To belong to this club was a great object of ambition, and its principle of selection seemed to be that two-thirds of its members were about the cleverest and jolliest fellows of their year, and the other third gentlemanly nobodies of some pecuniary means. In spite of all precautions and freemasonry, there was sufficient leakage to make one conclude that the basis of all these associations was the same—what we may call the great motive principle of an American college—speaking and writing, writing and speaking; while on this the more aristocratic breastpins had crossed the popular Anglo-Saxon institution of grub, with the necessary concomitant of something to drink, which made the breastpins more expensive; and on this account, as well as some others, they admitted few "beneficiaries;" but some of these forced their way even into the piratical sanctuary—for talent, or what passes for such, is a great leveller of distinctions in a transatlantic university. The less ostensible badges, such as rings and bracelets (I assure you I am not joking; there were students who wore bracelets in my time), generally betokened mere *symposia*, like the B. S. club at Cambridge, which, with its lettered buttons, is the only approach to the American system my English experience supplies me with. But, O reader!—whom I always take somehow to be a Cantab—try and realize this phenomenon at your own *alma mater*—the Johnian scholars wearing oblong watch-keys, the "Athenæum" men star breloques, the "apostles" enamelled breastpins with an allegorical design of Goethe trampling on *the Record*, even the dozen Trinity bachelors who meet in one another's rooms on Sunday night to drink coffee and read Shakespeare (if that informal association still exists), setting up a ring of some peculiar form. A very ridiculous state of things, you would say; and my private opinion about coincides with yours. Every possible club, or combination of Yalensians, had its badge, save only the three great debating societies, called *par excellence* the *literary* societies, to one of which every member of the university belonged, and which, probably for that reason, had no decoration peculiar to them.[1]

And now, even though my friend Bill Bedlow is waiting all this time to be introduced to you, I must go back a little to say something that might perhaps have come in more *à propos* of the big cloaks and the early chapels. When you see this heterogeneous mass of boys and men — doubly heterogeneous, for they come from all parts of the Union, scarcely a state unrepresented, and from all sorts of schools, or no schools at all,—one of the first questions that naturally occurs to you is, by what discipline are

[1] Even these made a parade of secrecy, allowing no strangers to be present at their debates, and admitting new members with much formality and a Christy's-minstrel-like "knocking at the door." It is singular that, with all this preparatory training to secrecy, when they get into real life no people let out political secrets so readily as the Americans. Perhaps it is merely a case of "diamond cut diamond."

these students kept in order, or is there any pretence of keeping them in order? According to your own ideas and experience, the system will be apt to strike you as a singular mixture of laxity and sternness; but, on further consideration, you will probably be convinced that it is not only the most natural, but the only possible one.

First, then, there are no such things known as walls or gates in the establishment. To "gate" or "wall" a refractory student would be simply impossible, for want of the material masonry. There is indeed a law that no one shall be out of his room after ten P.M., but it is as obsolete as those English college statutes which provide for the flogging of freshmen in chapel, or their not walking alone on Sundays. The primitive hours of the old gentlemen and ladies who let lodgings may be supposed to put some check on any noctivagant propensities of their lodgers; but for those students who "room" in college—more than half the whole number—there really is no let or hindrance to their passing the night out, any night and every night of the week, if they choose.

But on the other hand, there is a most rigid system of roll-call and muster. To put it into Cantab phraseology, the Yalensians have to keep sixteen chapels and sixteen lectures a week, and that during three terms, which take up full three-quarters of the entire year, instead of less than one-half of it. Yale, like almost all the American colleges, has its particular religion. It belonged to the *Congregationalists*, a species of democratic Presbyterians, answering, I believe, to the English Independents. The Episcopalians are allowed to go to their own church on Sundays, but even there the monitor pursues them. And suppose a student fails to attend? In that case the process is sufficiently summary. A certain, not very large, number of "absent" marks—say thirty in the course of the year—involves your polite dismission from the institution, no matter how high your moral or intellectual standing.

There would have been a great slaughter of the innocents under this system, but for a little elasticity in the practical working of it. The sole excuse for absence was illness; the test of illness was keeping your room, the proof of your having kept your room was your word for it, unless you were stupid enough to run bolt against a tutor. But without supposing any direct violation of truth, there were many cold winter days when to stay in doors for twenty-four hours was no great hardship, and the *sick* man could always find some friend to bring him his meals.

Disturbances of so grave a character that the "faculty" are compelled to notice them, occur very rarely. In such cases the offenders are usually "suspended," *i.e.* rusticated, for a term or longer. Expulsion is sometimes resorted to, *pour encourager les autres*. Sometimes a whole class, or the greater part of one, rebels, generally for some such silly reason as, that the "recitations"—in plain English the lessons—are too long. On such occasion a number of the recalcitrant youth are apt to *expel themselves*, and the authorities have a habit of sending the "balance" after them for the sake of symmetry.

Now then, having duly prepared the way for the introduction of so important a person, let me present to your notice, Mr. William Bedlow, or Bill Bedlow, as his intimate friends, like myself, are permitted to call him, notwithstanding his dignified carriage.

"Mr. Bedlow, of New York"—that is the legitimate manner of introducing him—forms the central figure of the group standing in front of that not very magnificent confectioner's across the way. Mr. Bedlow is between nineteen and twenty years of age—you certainly would not take him to be a day older, and you might very well take him to be a year or two younger. His stature rather above medium height; his figure slender, denoting activity rather than strength. His features are delicate, and decidedly handsome, and his black hair has a tendency to curl under the rakish silk-tasselled cap that

is pitched on one side of his head. No moustache of course: that was as rare an article under the presidency of Martin Von Buren as under the premiership of Lord Melbourne. His toilette is "got up to kill," as the slang phrase goes—his broad shirt collar turns down over a black satin cravat; his frock-coat is dark-olive, with fancy silk buttons, and a velvet collar.

Bill's waistcoat is a wonderful affair: delicately blended shades of straw-colour, salmon-colour, and pearl-grey; he had it made last summer, when he was manager of the Commencement ball; the nine managers bought the whole piece of waistcoating, to appropriate it to themselves. His pantaloons (remember, we are in America for the nonce, and must talk American) are French-grey; his feet, as small as a woman's, are cased in thin seal-skin boots, with very high heels; one of his hands—which, if not quite so small as a woman's, are nearly as white—is carefully fitted into a pearl-coloured kid, the other is bare, probably to show a large embossed ring, the badge of one of his societies. Various other badges are plastered over his waistcoat and shirt-front.

After this detail, you may perhaps express your opinion, that Mr. Bedlow looks like a guy. Not improbably he does so to you. I can only say we used to think him a very handsome fellow, and no end of a swell. You may perhaps also think (I am aware he is open to criticism in many ways) that he has an effeminate look. And, when I complete the picture by making you observe that he is eating a paper of candy, positive sugar-candy, which he has just bought at the confectioner's behind him, you will be still more likely to think so. Nevertheless, before we have done with him, you will see that Bill is, to use a Western phrase, "some" in a row.

Bedlow was rather a college idol of mine. *Why* I worshipped him has sometimes puzzled me since; he was not so very clever or noble after all, and I believe has never done anything as a man to distinguish himself. But his little knot of intimate friends swore by him, and generally he was one of the most popular and influential members of his class one of the best hated too, as popular men are apt to be.

Bill came up at the age of fifteen, a rosy lively lad from New York, where his father was a lawyer and politician (in America the terms are almost synonymous) of some position, and fair, though not large, fortune. He had undergone his preparatory studies at a pretty good private school, of which there were then, and still are, a large number in the Northern States. Thanks to this school, Bedlow was better off for Latin, especially Latin prosody, than most of the New Englanders; he naturally knew more about the elegances of city life; he was pretty well supplied with money or credit; so on the whole he began by rather despising the bulk of his fellow-students, and setting up for an aristocrat. Rather an odd way, you may say, of acquiring popularity; and, had Bedlow been a fool in other respects, or a weak, undecided character, he would doubtless have made sad shipwreck of his pretensions. But having a deal of "go" in him, and being quick enough to excel up to a certain point in anything he would take the trouble to apply himself to, he ended by causing his assumption of superiority to be on the whole acknowledged. His first success, however, was not exactly of a literary nature.

The undergraduate course at all American colleges occupies four years. The four divisions are not called "years," but "classes," and the lines between them are much more strictly drawn, as we shall have further occasion to see by and by, than between the men of different years in an English university. The second-year students are called *sophomores;* why, nobody knows. The popular explanation used to be, that the name was compounded of the two contradictory Greek words most resembling it in sound, and had originally been applied as a term of derision. But an erudite Yale professor found out by dint of vast research that the epithet was formerly written *sophimore*, a discovery for which

he took to himself great credit, and which greatly helped to elucidate the difficulty.[1]

These sophomores, or sophimores, or sophs (the usual abbreviation will serve to compromise the difference in orthography) have the traditional reputation of being the chief actors in such small amount of larking as goes on at Yale. Their particular speciality used to be hoaxing the freshmen. In all societies of boys or young men everywhere it is customary to play tricks upon newcomers; but the American contrivances certainly went ahead of most European doings of the kind. Probably the nearest approach to them might be found in an Irish mess of the last generation. Some of the tricks were simply dishonest, such as chousing an unlucky freshman out of fifty cents or half a dollar under pretence of an "oil tax." Other diversions were, blowing up the hapless tyros with gunpowder, or making their rooms uninhabitable for a time by means of asafœtida. Another favourite sport was to gain surreptitious admission into a freshman's room and make an inverse ratio of all the contents, after the manner formerly in vogue among sprightly young officers. One of the most innocent amusements was "smoking a fresh." When it had been ascertained (by the Baconian process of offering him a weed) that a particular freshman did not smoke, half a dozen sophs would—with consequences which may be guessed—combine to initiate him.

But the pet joke was *sham-tutoring*. One of the oldest and gravest looking sophs, his dignity further enhanced by a pair of spectacles, green or otherwise, sent an accomplice to inform one of the freshmen that tutor (some imaginary name) wished to see him immediately. An invisible audience crammed the two bedrooms adjoining the sitting-room in which the soph received his supposed pupil, without asking him to take a chair, but in other respects very politely, and proceeded to ask him all manner of questions about his parents, and family, and himself, what were his means and prospects, how many shirts he had—this was always a great point,—and the number of the poor fellow's under garments, five, six, or seven as the case might be, was carefully taken down as a subject for a future jest—in short, anything that was likely to afford occasion for "trotting him out."

Now in Bill's first term the sophs undertook to sham-tutor him, although he was by no means the usual kind of subject; a much older, much greener, and much poorer class was usually selected for this victimization. Perhaps they thought him so self-sufficient and overconvinced of his own sharpness that he might easily be taken in. If so, never were men more mistaken, for the freshman, after pretending to be duly awestruck at the awful presence into which he was ushered, began to answer the questions addressed to him in a way which soon showed that *he* was chaffing the sham-tutor. However, the pretended functionary went on with his interrogation, more because he did not know well how to get out of it than from a desire to continue a farce in which the tables were so turned upon himself, until it came to the subject of the inner vestments, when Bill, instead of a direct reply, innocently remarked, that he did not wonder at the faculty interesting themselves in the students' cleanliness; there certainly was great need of their interference; he had noticed a great many dirty shirts, *particularly among the sophomores*, whose linen struck him as extremely problematical. At this the concealed parties could hold out no longer, but rushed out from their closets in great wrath, and with loud cries of "Hustle him out!" ejected Bill into the entry. But when they had got him there, the freshman, though smaller than any of his assailants, made such use of his fists as to astonish one or two of them; not merely astonish, but incense them, and, the staircase-window being open (it was *only* a second floor), some-

[1] The "speaking and writing" mania begins its ravages in the second year. Hence *sophomoric* or *sophomorical* has come to be an American adjective to express anything even more bombastic and absurd than the usual style of forensic and congressional eloquence.

body proposed that they should throw him out of it, which was accordingly done forthwith. But Bedlow, who hadn't been used to that sort of thing at home, took care to pull out a sophomore along with him, that he might have something soft to fall upon. The soph fell undermost and broke his arm; the freshman got off with a few bruises. The affair was hushed up, and very few even of the students ever heard of it, but there buzzed around a mysterious rumour that Bedlow had somehow "served out" the sophs completely. They were always observed to give him a wide berth, and his own class began to regard him as a hero.

You will please *not* to infer from the above that American second-year men have a habit of throwing freshmen out of third-story windows. A set of youth less belligerent, less aggressive, less addicted to anything like breaches of the peace than the Yalensians were in my time, it would be hard to conceive, much more to find. A personal collision even with a "town-loafer" was of very rare occurrence, among themselves still rarer. Looking back to my own feelings and habits of mind as an undergraduate there, I am quite sure that nothing short of the direst extremity, such as peril of my own life or another's, could have forced me to lay hands on a comrade, and I am equally sure that the same might have been said of half, or more than half, the students. So far as one can reason back upon the subject, I impute this state of feeling to three causes. First (I affirm it in all sincerity), religious principle, a solemn conviction that it was unchristian to resort to personal violence, save when in obvious peril of life or limb. Secondly, a conviction nearly or quite as strong, that personal violence was ungentlemanly. Thirdly, a want of, not presence of mind exactly, but what you might almost call *presence of body;* a want of familiarity with dangerous positions and bodily struggles. *Cowardice* I do not admit as a constituting element. At the same time, I do admit that the conduct above described may be very easily misinterpreted as the effect of cowardice (more's the pity!), and that the unfortunate results of such misinterpretation are now too plainly visible. The hot-headed Southerner, finding the people of the North not so ready as himself to resent a real or supposed insult with a blow, began at a very early period of our history to form his conception of them as wanting in courage. This idea gaining ground by repetition in each successive generation, the insolence of the slaveholders gained ground *pari passu*, till the abuse culminated in the present state of things, when Northern representatives are obliged to carry revolvers to Congress to protect themselves.

Bedlow, therefore, having founded his reputation as a wit and a hero at the same time, was able to rest on his laurels in the latter character; in the former he felt bound to do something more. Among the various rhetorical paces through which we were put, one of the earliest consisted in declaiming, or "speaking pieces," which we had to do to a great extent, once a week at least. A few of the students took a schoolboy pleasure in this, but the majority were much the reverse of delighted; even those fondest of hearing their own voices in debates of their own composition were bored at being obliged to rehearse the compositions of others; and still more bored to hear them rehearsed. Bedlow endeavoured to enliven the performance by selecting humorous extracts, such as Serjeant Buzfuz from "Pickwick" (which had just then appeared); but the professor of elocution, feeling the dignity of his lecture-room violated by the unseemly sound of laughter, forbade the young speaker to choose any more "comic" speeches. Whereupon, Bill swore that he *would* deliver a comic speech in spite of the professor. Next time, he selected a well-known bit of Irish eloquence: well-known, because it was one of the first in our freshman manual of extracts; a speech in an action for libel, stigmatizing the libeller as worse than the highway robber. "The man who plunders on the highway may have the semblance of an apology

for what he does. A loved wife may demand subsistence, a circle of helpless children may raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the act by the high mandate of imperative necessity," &c. &c. And a little farther on it is affirmed, that the libeller's victim, "if innocent, may look like Anaxagoras to the heavens, but must feel that the whole earth," &c. Such was the speech by Bill chosen; but in reciting it, pretending to forget the words, he travestied it into utter nonsense. The professor did not quite comprehend him at first, for he began in a low tone, and had a Rachel or Robson-like habit of dropping his voice at times, till almost inaudible; but, when the grave instructor *did* hear what was going on, he was horrified by the following:

"The man who blunders on the highway may have the hindrance of an analogy for what he does. A snubbed wife may command resistance; a circle of yelping children may raise to him the suffocating hand for food. He may be driven to the act by the huge mammoth of impertinent necromancy."

The professor rubbed his ears and eyes, hardly daring to believe those organs. Meanwhile, Bedlow had gone down into one of his *sotto voces*, and the next words audible were—

"If innocent, he may look, like an ox or an ass, to the heavens—" Here Bill's speech was brought to an untimely close, for the professor, in great wrath, ordered him down, and threatened to have him suspended. But the good luck which seemed to attend Bedlow in all his scrapes, got him off scotfree.

To be continued.

AN EASTERN LEGEND VERSIFIED,

FROM ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE'S TRAVELS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TURNER.

'Twas just when harvest-tide was gone,
In Haroun's golden days;
When deeds in love and honour done
Were blest with royal praise:

Two equal heirs of perch and rood,
Two brothers, woke and said—
As each upon the other's good
Bethought him in his bed;

The elder spake unto his wife,
"Our brother dwells alone,
"No little babes to cheer his life,
"And helpmate hath he none:

"Up let us get, and of our heap
"A shock bestow or twain,
"The while he lieth sound asleep
"And wots not of the gain."

So up they gat, and did address
Themselves with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To do that gracious deed.

Now to the other, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came;
Nor wist they of each other's thought,
Though moved to the same.

"My brother he hath wife," he said,
"And babes at breast and knee;
"A little boon might give him aid,
"Though slender boot to me."

So up he gat, and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To mate his brother's deed.

Thus played they oft their kindly parts,
And marvelled oft to view
Their sheaves still equal, for their hearts
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and wondering stood
To see, by clear daylight,
How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night.

So, when this tale to court was brought,
The caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good thought,
There Allah's house should be!

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART; MRS. JAMESON.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

I TRUST that some one who is capable of dealing with questions of Art, and who is not indifferent to the power which women may exert in raising or in corrupting it, will draw our attention to the Female School of Art and Design which has been opened at 37, Gower Street, and of which the following account is given in a paper lately issued by the Committee:—

"1. This School, originally the female 'School of Design,' was established by Government at Somerset House in the year 1842-3, but, from want of accommodation, it was removed to adjacent premises in the Strand, and, for a similar reason, was afterwards transferred to Gower Street in February, 1852.

"2. Its object is twofold: I.—Partly to enable Young Women of the Middle Class to obtain an honourable and profitable employment; II.—Partly to improve Ornamental Design in Manufactures by cultivating the taste of the Designer.

"3. Since 1852 six hundred and ninety Students have entered themselves at the School, and the number at the present time is one hundred and eighteen, of whom seventy-seven are studying with the view of ultimately maintaining themselves. Some of them, daughters of Clergymen and Medical Men, unexpectedly compelled, by a variety of causes, to gain their own livelihood, and even to support others besides themselves, have, through the instruction and assistance received here, obtained good appointments in Schools, or are enabled to live independently by means of private teaching. The present daily attendance averages seventy.

"4. The success of the School has been considerable. In the last three years, the students have taken an annual average of twenty Local, and three National Medals, and, at the last Annual Examination, six of them obtained Free Studentships. Six of them, moreover, gained their living for several years, by Designing and Painting Japanned Articles, in Wolverhampton; one was for several years a Designer in a Damask Manufactory in Scotland; another supports herself by Lithography; and three are employed in a Glass

Factory, where they draw and paint figures and ornamental subjects for glass windows. Besides these, there are many of the former students, who are now engaged in teaching in various Schools belonging to the Science and Art Department.

"5. Precisely at the time when the School seems to have struck root, and to be steadily widening its area of usefulness, the Committee of Council on Education have intimated their intention of withdrawing their special assistance from the School (amounting to 500*l.* per annum), and of finally closing it, unless it can be placed on a self-supporting basis.

"6. Two questions have therefore to be considered:—

"I. Is the School of sufficient value to deserve an effort to maintain its existence?

"II. If fairly set going as an independent Institution, will it be able to support itself?

"A letter from R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A., bearing testimony to the value of the School, may conveniently be inserted here.

"'Science and Art Department,
'South Kensington, London, W.
10*th day of February*, 1860.

"Dear Madam,—In reply to your request that I would state my opinion as to the success of the instruction afforded to Females in the School of Art in Gower Street, I most willingly state that the School in all our Competitions, both Local and National, has ever borne and still maintains a high position. I am also aware that many females of the Middle Class have through it been enabled to earn a competent livelihood by their own industry, as Teachers, Designers for Linens, Carpets, Papier Maché, etc., the School thus affording valuable assistance to a class of females, for whom there have hitherto been few means of providing.

"I am, Madam,
"Yours faithfully,
"RICHD. REDGRAVE.

"*To Miss Gann,*
"*Superintendent of the School of Art,*
"37, *Gower Street, W.C.*'

"7. In reply to the first question it may be stated, that over and above the immense importance of making every effort to provide channels of industry for young women, other Schools of Art are, on various grounds, inadequate. Most of the young persons who attend this School, live at too great a distance from South Kensington to be able to attend there; and there is no other School in London, exclusively for females, in which teaching is given for the whole day, on five days of the week, or in which the instruction is so ample, and the range of subjects so extensive.

"8. By an augmentation of the Fees (at present very low) for the day classes, and by a saving in house-rent, which might be effected by purchasing or renting convenient premises in the neighbourhood, the expenses, there is reason to hope, might, by careful financial management, be brought down to a level with the receipts.

"9. This, however, can be looked for only when the school has been started afresh on its new career and housed in premises of its own, repaired and fitted for the purpose.

"10. To purchase suitable premises and to make them thoroughly complete, a sum of at least 2,000*l.* is required, to raise which the Committee of the School are compelled to appeal to the public. It is understood that the Science and Art Department is prepared to apply to Parliament for a grant of 25 per cent. on the cost of erecting the building.

"11. A love of the beautiful is one of those endowments of our nature, which we may reasonably suppose is to be carefully cultivated with the rest. It is most certainly a right and laudable object to keep open every possible channel for the employment of young women. However anxious we may be to retain them in that private life in which their right position undoubtedly is, yet cases constantly occur in which they must either starve in obscurity, or come forth to struggle, and perhaps to descend in the social scale, through no fault of their own. The instructions given in this School are eminently useful in preventing such misfortunes, and may be received and eventually turned to profit, without necessarily taking them out of their proper sphere. To throw away the ground won by many years of patient industry would be mortifying, if not foolish; and it is hoped that this appeal on behalf of a School hitherto so ably conducted, and so conveniently situated for the North and West of London, as well as for the City, may be liberally responded to, not only by the residents in the immediate neighbourhood, but also by the inhabitants of the Metropolis at large."

This quiet and reasonable statement could derive no force from any words that I could add to it. If it needed professional recommendations, it is supported by the authority of Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Redgrave, and Mr. Westmacott. Clerical aid it has of the most effective kind. The Rector of St. Giles's, whose zeal and faith are well known, is chairman of the committee. But if I cannot help the cause myself, I may do it some service by connecting with it the name of a lady who conferred great benefits upon her generation, whose memory all who knew her even slightly would wish to cherish, and who cannot be more effectually, gratefully remem-

bered than by any services rendered to this Institution.

There are no charges more frequently brought against this age than these three; that it is an age of dilettantism, that it is an age in which criticism has banished creative power, that it is an age in which women aspire to a dangerous independence. Everyone feels each of these charges to have some reason in it; many of us may have discovered that to repeat any one of them, and to bring the best proofs we have of its truth, is, after all, of very little service to the time which we denounce, or to ourselves who belong to that time. When we can find a person who shows us some road out of dilettantism, into that of which it is the counterfeit; out of criticism that crushes all creative power, into the criticism which reverences and fosters it; out of the independence of the sexes which destroys the work of both, into that fellowship and co-operation which is implied in their existence,—that person ought to be welcomed as one who is fit to teach us and help us, because one who evidently cares more to correct evils than to point them out, to call forth good than to complain of its absence. Anna Jameson won this title to all grateful and affectionate recollection. Not in single irregular efforts, but by her whole life, she was combating dilettantism in its strongest hold, by showing how Art has connected itself with the most practical convictions of mankind, what it has done to embody those convictions, how it fails to satisfy them. She deliberately selected for the subject of her criticism not that which she could look down upon and contemn, but that which she could look up to and admire; she taught the members of her own sex, who need the lesson almost as much as ours, that scorn is not the twin sister of wisdom, but of weakness. Vigorously and courageously identifying herself with much that men dislike or dread—suffering herself to be called one of the advanced or fast ladies, who claim a position which was not intended for them—she really did more than almost any to counteract the tendencies of which she was willing to bear the disgrace—to counteract at the same time the male vulgarity which, under pretence of teaching women to keep their right place, deprives them of any place but that of their servants or playthings.

The works of Mrs. Jameson, by which she vindicated her title to be the daughter of an artist, and by which she showed how much she had cultivated all the gifts which she inherited, are her "Handbook to the public Galleries of Art in and near London," her "Companion to the most celebrated Galleries of Art in London," her "Lives of the Early Italian Painters," her "Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," her "Legends of the Monastic Orders," her "Legends of the Madonna." The work which was to complete this series, and which probably will interest English readers more than any of its predecessors, is said to be in good hands, and will, I hope, appear with as few disadvantages as a posthumous work can labour under. The handbooks, and even the delightful volume of biographies, I leave to those who can do them more justice. The other books deserve to be looked at from the unprofessional as well as the professional point of view; I might even say from the point of view which a member of my profession is likely to occupy.

Legends will overwhelm history if there is not some one fairly to grapple with them, fairly to ask what they mean, why they have been permitted to exist, what lessons they impart. No policy is more foolish than that which pretends to ignore them, as if their existence was not a fact, as if *that* did not belong to history. By pursuing this policy conscientious writers have not seldom produced the effect which they have sought to avert. They have enlisted the sympathies of their readers on the side of fiction. Nay, they have done worse. Through indifference to the real meaning of legends they have become inventors, and very coarse inventors, of legends themselves. The story of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus had no significance for them; so they must

give the boys a nurse, Lupa, fashioned out of their own brains. Philologers have at last discovered *this* danger; they have learnt to appreciate the importance of legends as expressing the thoughts and beliefs of men; they have seen that these thoughts and beliefs cannot be less worthy of study than mere occurrences, nay, that one is not intelligible without the other. Niebuhr, with a wonderful discernment of the limits between fact and fiction, has yet done more justice to the old Roman fictions than any of his predecessors.

But there has been a strange deduction from Niebuhr's doctrines. It has been assumed that the legendary is another name for the spiritual; the historical for the material. Those who feel that they need spiritual lessons and principles therefore begin to think that legends are worth at least as much as facts; perhaps a little more: those who cultivate a severe veracity treat all that lies beyond the commonest experience as the product of men's high conceptions of their own destiny; in plain language, as not real at all. The former seem to believe anything, and yet are in hazard every moment of believing nothing. The latter seem to care for nothing but what is substantial, and yet suggest the thought that all which has produced most effect in the world, and has done most good in it, is vapour.

Female reverence and good sense has done what men's scholarship has failed to do. Mrs. Jameson makes us feel the difference between the narratives of Scripture and the legends that have been grounded upon them. She does not treat the latter with scorn. She does not force any Christian or Protestant moral upon us. Had she done so her works would have been far less honest, and therefore far less useful. The legends have their honour. They express thoughts about the spiritual world which have been working in different times. They are not all good, or all evil. They have embodied themselves in paintings which rich men and poor men have looked at and learnt from. But the thoughts are not the spiritual world of which they testify. They presume reality as their basis. They could not have been if the spiritual had not first revealed itself in facts. Reduce the facts to the level of the stories, and the last become unaccountable. Raise the stories to the level of the facts, and they perish together. Yes, and in doing so you destroy the hope that in the nineteenth century,—in England, at least,—we can ever have an honest and an exalted school of sacred art. English landscape painters have been great because they have refused to sacrifice the facts of nature to conventional rules. Does not the greatness of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, that which the most ignorant of us confess as much as the learned, arise from a refusal still more valiant? He is sure that the divine does not mean the artificial. He desires to believe that he shall be most reverent when he is most delivered from the fetters of artifice. Is not this the condition upon which our painters must paint, upon which we shall accept their paintings as speaking to us?

Mrs. Jameson then, I believe, did a great work for her age when she plucked the flowers, and with no cowardly fingers grasped the nettles, of middle-age legendary lore. If she had cared for her reputation as a Protestant, she would not have done the service in this case as in others to Protestants and Romanists both, which she has done. She adds one example more to the long catalogue which proves that those will serve a cause best who will incur the risk of being called traitors to it. Her courage was owing to the simplicity of her purpose. She knew that her own sex wanted the kind of help she was giving them to admire and discriminate, and therefore she did not stop to ask herself what sentence captious men might pass upon her.

This object becomes even more apparent in her criticism. I own I do not like the title to the book which she wrote on the female characters of Shakspeare, "Characteristics of Women, Moral, Historical, and Political." There is a grandiloquence in it (as there was a senti-

mentality in the previous title, "Loves of the Poet") which does no justice to the writer or to the book. That book is in no sense a piece of vulgar Shakspearian idolatry. Mrs. Jameson does not care to inform us how great her author was, or how he came to be great; he can tell us all that himself. She assumes that he had something to communicate which she would be the better for learning. She desired to understand her own sex better; to perceive more closely what is great in them, and what is little; how they become strong through weakness, and weak through the ambition of strength; what qualities belong to them as women; what are those individual traits, which ordinary writers confound through a vague admiration, or a foul and brutal contempt. She saw that this knowledge was, for some reasons or other, given to Shakspeare; *given*, certainly, for *this* reason —that his countrymen and countrywomen might profit by it. They would miss it if they cared chiefly to say clever things about the author, or to repeat clever things which they had heard from others; they would receive it so far as they tried to do their own work in the world. It seems to me that this criticism for business must be better criticism than that which is the fruit of even the most refined perception, which is only artistic or literary. I do not know what those notes of Tieck are which are said to be found in a copy of Mrs. Jameson's book now in the British Museum; but I can suppose that that accomplished man may have learnt from an Englishwoman some lessons which all his studies in Shakspeare and in art had not imparted to him. I should like to know whether his coarse apprehensions of the character of Ophelia, natural enough to one who contemplated it chiefly with reference to the stage, would have sustained themselves against the judgment of one who looked at it in relation to actual life.

For the power of exercising this kind of judgment, Mrs. Jameson must have been indebted to experience—probably painful experience. In her earliest book, "The Diary of an Ennuyée," written when she was Miss Murphy, and a governess, she was too ready to make the world a confidant of the restless yearnings which belong to one who is conscious of undeveloped power and sympathies. She afterwards learned greater reticence, and, knowing greater sorrows, cared less to speak of them. But she was able to understand the meaning of books from what she had felt, and, what was of far more importance than understanding the female characters of Shakspeare, learnt to know those of her own time. All that she had studied in painting and poetry was more and more turned in the later years of her life to a practical use. Her lectures "On Sisters of Charity and the Communion of Labour," could only have been written by a person who had studied the monastic legends, and the monastic history —studied it with the direct purpose of getting all the good out of both which could be got for her own time; with a steady conviction that all which was artificial in them, all which belonged to a mere notion of saintliness and not to work, cannot be appliable to our time, because it is not real, not godly. The text of these lectures is the sentence of St. Paul, "Neither the man without the "woman, nor the woman without the "man, in the Lord." They are therefore strong testimonies against that separation of the sexes which the mediæval devotion authorized, by a person who is determined to do the fullest justice to whatever in that devotion had a really divine and human ground, and could stand the test of change in time, place, and circumstances.

These lectures happily attracted some serious attention. The self-denial of the writer in forcing herself to *deliver* them, so encountering the strongest prejudices of our sex and hers, had some effect; the work of Miss Nightingale in the hospitals of Turkey and of England, far more. Moreover, the lectures were maintaining, not a paradox, but a commonplace, which all persons admitted when it was stated, and yet which all knew to be habitually disregarded. If Mrs. Jameson

had earned less popularity by her previous works,—if she had given less proofs of thorough acquaintance with her subject in this—she might have counted at such a moment on awakening an interest in the minds of not a few whom it was desirable to interest. But she did not trust to a temporary excitement. She was quite convinced that the cause she was advocating concerned the well-being of the whole land; she was aware that it must *therefore* encounter that *vis inertiæ* in male and female minds which is so much more perilous than open opposition. She resolutely kept alive attention to the subject. Last year she re-published her lectures, introducing them by a letter to Lord John Russell. It was suggested by some weighty words respecting the influence of women, which he had spoken in 1858, at the second meeting of the *Association for the promotion of Social Science.* As the letter contains the last message of a very remarkable woman—as it is written with the earnestness and solemnity of one who felt that it might be the last—I propose to make one or two extracts from it, hoping that my readers will procure the book which contains them.[1]

The following passage deserves to be gravely considered by those who receive the dogmas of newspapers as if they were messengers from Heaven:—

"*No injured wives or suffering children are ever benefited by an appeal to the public,*—such is the fiat recently pronounced by an influential periodical. The absolute tone of this assertion, as if it were some indisputable truth, strikes into silent acquiescence a timid unreflecting mind: but is it true? Your Lordship's long experience as a statesman must have proved to you that it is altogether false. It may be true as regards individual cases. Too certainly an injured wife, who has suffered all she can be made to suffer, is not restored to happiness by 'an appeal to the public.' The wretched child, who has been sacrificed in body and soul by the mistakes and neglects of society, is not made good, healthy, or happy, by 'an appeal to the public.' Public sympathy in the one case, public indignation in the other, cannot heal, cannot recall the past: but is it not to the awakening of the 'public' conscience by reiterated appeals against such individual cases of irreparable wrong, that we owe the protection of many women, the salvation of many children? With regard to other subjects just touched upon in the following Essays, we are not *now* called upon to demonstrate that such and such objects are right or desirable. How they shall best be carried out is now the question. It has been proved by experience, that where men have tried to accomplish some well-considered, carefully planned philanthropic purpose, they have, in the long run, fallen into confusion, and found themselves stumbling, as it were, blindfold, amid ill-understood, half-acknowledged obstacles and difficulties:—and that where women have set about organising on their part some united action for certain very laudable purposes, they fall to pieces like bricks without cement. But when men and women, who together constitute the true social public, come to an agreement in any object, and heartily work together, it is then no partial, divided undertaking; it works its way surely from theory into practice, and does not fall back into a chaos of confusion and disappointment. Some of our public institutions remind one of those unhappy ships which are to be seen, I am told, in our great dockyards, constructed on no ascertained requirement or principle; then taken to pieces, remodelled, remade, patched, new-engined, new-named; rotten before they are launched, or leaky when launched. 'Sails or engines?' that *was* the question;—and now we find that, if the vessel is to stem safely both winds and waves, we cannot do without both sails and engines,—sails to catch the favouring winds of heaven, and engines to force a way through the opposing waters. So if men and women are united in combining and working any great social machinery, it will then work well. These principles, my Lord, based on natural and immutable laws, were perhaps disputed yesterday, are faintly recognised to-day, but will become the common faith of to-morrow. Therefore with regard to this 'woman question'—so called—as I have no misgivings, so I have no desire to precipitate the inevitable; no wish to hurry, and by hurrying perplex or defeat for a time that matured and practical result to which we all look forward. For myself, I have a deep-seated solemn conviction that the great social want of our time is a more perfect domestic union, and a more complete social communion of men and women; and that this want, more and more felt through the thinking brain and throbbing heart of the people, will, in God's good time, be fulfilled by natural means, and work to natural issues of good and happiness beyond our present imagining."

[1] "Sisters of Charity and the Communion of Labour." Two Lectures on the Social Employments of Women, by Mrs. Jameson. A new edition, enlarged and improved. With a Prefatory Letter to Lord John Russell. Longman, 1858.

The following is even more important, both as a protest against a calumny, and as a testimony of personal experience in two different quarters of the earth :—

"It has been said in a popular, well-written review, that women consider themselves, and desire to be considered, as a separate class in the community, with separate interests, pursuits, and aims, from those of men. We are reproached at once with a desire to assimilate ourselves to men, and a desire to separate ourselves from men; and we are solemnly warned against the social evils and moral perils of such an assumption to ourselves and to the community at large.

"My Lord, I deny absolutely, on the part of my country women, any such desire, any such assumption. No more fatal, more unjust misconception could prevail, with regard to the views and feelings entertained by intelligent Englishwomen on their own condition and requirements. On the contrary, it is the desire and ambition of women to be considered in all the relations, all the conditions of life, domestic and social, as the *helpmate*. We pray not to be separated from men, but to be allowed to be nearer to them; to be considered not merely as the appendage and garnish of man's outward existence, but as a part of his *life*, and all that is implied in the real sense of the word. We see the strong necessity in many cases, yet we do regret that the avocations of men accustom them to dispense with much of our sympathy and society, and that thus a great number of women are thrown upon their own resources, mental and social. Every circle of men from which women are excluded supposes a certain number of women separated from them. I do not find that this state of things has, hitherto, made men uncomfortable. *Now*, however, they seem, all at once, to be struck with it as an anomalous state; and I am glad of it; but surely it is not to be imputed to women as a fault, or as an assumption. I saw the effects of this kind of social separation of the sexes when I was in America. I thought it did not act well on the happiness or the manners of either. The men too often become coarse and material as clay in private life, and in public life too prone to cudgels and revolvers; and the effect of the women herding so much together was not to refine them, but the contrary; to throw them into various absurd and unfeminine exaggerations. This, at least, was my impression. I confine my observations as much as possible to our own time and country, else I might enlarge on these influences, and show that in Italy, as in America, the separation of the two sexes, arising from quite different causes, is producing even worse results. It struck me in Italy that the absence of all true sympathy, a sort of disdain felt by the men for the women, as the mere amusement of an idle hour, might be fatal to the spirit of liberty. The women, ill educated, thrown on the priests for sympathy, consideration, and companionship, were distrusted and contemned by the liberal party. The men could not live without the *love* of women—it is rather an abuse of the sentiment so to speak—but they aimed to live without the social 'comforts locked up in woman's love,' without the sympathy, esteem, or approbation of women. Of the deep taint of corruption, the gross materialism, the discord between scepticism and the most ignorant superstition, and other even worse results, I forbear to say more in this place. I thought, when I was in Italy, that it might be difficult to establish political liberty on such a rotten basis; but it is fair to add that accomplished Italians, while admitting the whole extent of this social mischief, attributed it to the anomalous state of their political and religious institutions. I write this while rumours of war are around us, and while the deepest sympathies of my nature are aroused in the cause of the Italian people; but not the less do I feel that, let the issue be what it may, they cannot build up a permanent national and political existence except on a healthier social basis. I am speaking only of the general impression I brought away from America and from Italy, and do not presume to judge either country; only I should be sorry to see the same causes prevail and produce the same effects in this England of ours. The best safeguard against ruffianism, as against profligacy, lies in the true relation between men and women. There are professions which necessarily divide us from men during some hours of the day. Lawyers, government officers, merchants, soldiers, sailors, even when they are married and have homes, spend much of their time out of them. They should be careful that it is not *too* much. Why should this separation be carried farther than is inevitable? Why do clubs, academies, charitable boards, literary and scientific societies so tenaciously exclude women, except when tolerated as an occasional and merely ornamental element? Men may say—they *do* say—'What prevents you women from having charitable, literary, scientific societies and academies of your own?' But this is precisely the state of things which every wise man, every feeling woman, will deprecate. If, where no law of expediency or necessity require it, men studiously separate themselves from us, and then reproach us that we form, in mere self-defence, some resources for ourselves, what can ensue but the moral deterioration of both? Let not woman be driven to this: we do not seek it, nor does it rest with us to avoid it."

I am afraid I must not omit the following sentences. The regret which they will perhaps cause to some clever writer, who fancied when he had concluded his article and received the homage of his club, that it was done with for ever, may be salutary, however

bitter. Few accomplished men care to inflict pain upon accomplished and noble women; fewer still would like to think that those had suffered from it to whom compensation is impossible.

"In former days women did not usually read the satires written by men against our sex; they were too gross—in some instances too atrocious even for men to endure, unless recommended by their classical latinity to the study of our school-boys, or those who instruct our school-boys; but reviews and journals are now a part of the reading of all well-educated people; they lie on every drawing-room table. A woman takes up one of these able periodicals, expecting to find instruction, moral sustenance, religious guidance. Possibly she lights upon some article, written, not in Latin, but in choice and vigorous English, by one of those many clever young writers who, it is said, have come to a determination 'to put down women.' Here she finds her honest endeavours to raise her position in life, or to reclaim her fallen sisters, traduced and ridiculed. She perceives that these gentlemanly adversaries do not argue the question of right or wrong; they simply use a power for a purpose. She sees the wit and ability she admires, the superior power to which she would willingly look up for help, here turned against her; the privilege of working out good in any path but that which obsolete custom has prescribed to her is positively refused. If her success in any such path be undeniable, it is acknowledged in an insolently complimentary style as an exceptional case; while the mistakes or failures of certain women are singled out as a theme of the bitterest ridicule, and visited upon *all*. Well! the woman who reads this well-written, brilliant, 'unanswerable' article, is perhaps at the very time working hard with all the power God has given her, trained by such means as society has provided for her, to gain her daily bread, to assist her struggling family; perhaps she may be sustaining an indigent father, or paying the college debts, or supporting the unacknowledged children of a dissipated brother (we have known such cases though we do not speak of them). She reads, —and the words, winged by eloquence and envenomed by a cynical impertinence, sink into her heart, and leave an ulcer there. It is not the facts or the truths which offend, it is the vulgar flippant tone, the slighting allusion, the heartless 'jocosity'—to borrow one of their own words—with which men, gentlemanly, accomplished, otherwise generous and honourable men, can sport with what is most sacred in a woman's life—most terrible in a woman's fate. Those who say to us, 'Help yourselves!' might say in this case, 'Retort is easy!' It is so—too easy! Suppose a woman were to take up the pen and write a review, headed in capital letters, 'MEN in the 19th Century!' and pointing to absurd mistakes in legislation; to the want of public spirit in public men; to fraudulent bankruptcies; to mad or credulous speculations with borrowed gold—to *social evils* of the masculine gender, corrupting the homes of others, and polluting their own, and wind up the philippic with—'Of such are our pastors and our masters'? Or respond to an article on 'Silly Novels by Lady Novelists,' by an article headed 'Silly Novels by Gentlemen Novelists'? True! this might be done—but God forbid that it ever should be done!—God forbid that women should ever enter an arena of contest in which victory, were it possible, would be destruction! The aggravating words of angry women never did any good, written or spoken; and of all things we could look to for help, recrimination were the most foolish and the most fatal. If men can sport with that part of the social happiness and virtue which has been entrusted to them, it is bad enough; but I trust in God that no woman will ever profane the sanctities of life left in her keeping by retorting scorn with scorn, or avenging licence by licence, for that were not merely to deface the social edifice, but to pull it down upon our heads.

"Meantime, those who look on cannot but see that *here* is a mischief done which men have not calculated, and which women cannot avert. It is still worse when these accomplished writers stoop to a mode of attack which allows of no possible retort, and insinuate imputations which no woman can hear without shrinking, and against which self-defence is ignominious. Now, as formerly, reviewers perfectly understand this; 'but,' men say, 'if women will expose themselves to these attacks, they must endure them;' so then, we may depend on 'man's protection' only so long as we do not need it? I have known a lady who, bent on some mission of mercy, ventured, at an unusual hour, to pass through Oxford-street, and was grossly insulted by a *gentleman* who mistook her calling: but then, 'why did she expose herself to such an *accident*?' Why?—because there are cases in which a woman must do the duty that lies before her even at the risk of a derisive satire or a cowardly insult; just as there are occasions when a man must march straight forward, though he knows he will be shot at from behind a hedge."

This is strongly and eloquently written; not without anger, yet more in sorrow than in anger. It cannot, however, be entirely just. Where the article on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists" appeared, I know not; but it must have been intended in a different spirit from that which Mrs. Jameson supposed. An extravagant and highly spiced compliment was concealed under it. There cannot be the least occasion to show that gentlemen write silly novels. Everybody is aware of that. The world is

full of them. But an ambitious critic wishing to propound something new, and at the same time to defend the honour of his own sex, might exclaim with something of triumph and satisfaction, "Talk as you please of your 'Adam "Bede,' your 'Mary Barton,' your 'Heir "of Redclyffe,' your 'John Halifax,' "your 'Villette,' your 'Old Debt'— "we have discovered that even women "can write silly Novels!" Perhaps the instances produced did not establish even this exceptional accusation. I do not deny that the evil spirit to which Mrs. Jameson alludes, has got possession of the minds of some of the ablest young men in England; and, that any person, man or woman, who helps to exorcise it, deserves to be canonised. But it is not directed more against women than against men; and it is far more fatal to those in whom it dwells than to those whom it tempts them to revile. My last extract will connect the main subject of this article with the Institution which first led me to speak of her.

"I merely suggest these considerations to our Education Committees, and to the Society for the Promotion of Social Science. But in regard to education, we Englishwomen require something more. We wish to have some higher kinds of industrial, and professional, and artistic training more freely accessible to women. We wish to have some share, however small, in the advantages which most of our large well-endowed public institutions extend to men only. When the National School of Design was opened to female students, it met with the strongest opposition, and, strange to say, the principal objection was on the score of morality;—one would have thought that all London was to be demoralised, because a certain number of ladies and a certain number of gentlemen had met under the same roof for the study of art. True, the two schools were in distinct, in far-separated apartments, but it was argued the pupils might perhaps meet on the stairs, and then, when going home, who was to protect the young ladies from the young gentlemen? You, my Lord, may have forgotten some of the disgraceful absurdities which gentlemen and artists were not ashamed to utter publicly and privately on that occasion;—I blush to recall them;—I trust we have done with them; and as I am sure men have no reason to fear women as their rivals, so I hope women will, in all noble studies, be allowed henceforth to be their associates and companions."

GARIBALDI AND THE SICILIAN REVOLUTION.

BY AURELIO SAFFI.

The Sicilian insurrection is, both in its moral and in its political character, an event of the greatest importance in contemporary history. Originated in the most legitimate protest of a whole people against the worst government of the present age, it teaches the oppressors and the oppressed that no contrivance of brutal force can withstand the unanimous effort of a nation rising to vindicate its right; whilst, at the same time, it powerfully tends to link together the severed limbs of a great country —Italy; and thereby materially to modify the whole system of international policy in Europe.

The chief events of the struggle being well known, I will limit myself to a brief sketch of the proceedings.

On the night between the 2d and the 3d of April last, a nucleus of Sicilian patriots, who had met in arms in the convent of Gancia at Palermo, to consider the opportunity of rising, were attacked by the police, who had traced them out. After an obstinate contest, and many severe losses, they withdrew to the country. The insurrection spread. The revolutionary bands, led by influential landowners, were able to hold out for more than a month against troops disheartened by the consciousness of a bad cause. Meantime the news of the Sicilian movement was rousing men's hearts throughout the peninsula. A wide agitation pervaded all the towns of Northern and Central Italy. "Help to the Sicilians" became the watchword of all active patriots. Subscriptions were opened; volunteers from all parts of

the country flocked to Genoa. There Garibaldi, assisted by the efforts of the people, noiselessly organized his expedition. Eluding official interference, he succeeded in collecting arms and enlisting men. On the appointed day some of his followers took possession of two commercial steamers—the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo*—belonging to the Rubattino Company of Genoa, and got them out to the open sea. At eve the volunteers were gathering in the gardens of the Villa Spinola, outside the town, where Garibaldi with his officers was in attendance. A number of boats was ready near the beach. At ten o'clock Garibaldi gave the signal, betaking himself to one of the boats, in which eight brave seamen of the Riviera were eagerly waiting to carry their gallant fellow-countryman to one of the steamers, the *Piemonte;* and in a short time the whole band was on board with arms and ammunition. Crowds of friends—men, women, and youngsters, reluctantly remaining behind—were bidding God speed from the shore to the departing patriots, many of whom were leaving wives and children. The two brave vessels went proudly floating across the great main in the darkness of night, carrying on their decks the fortunes of a nation. Garibaldi and Nino Bixio[1]—both of them experienced sailors—were watching at the helm, successfully struggling with a stormy sea. On the 7th they stopped for coal and arms at Talamone; on the 9th at Orbetello; on the 11th, skilfully avoiding the Neapolitan cruisers, they landed at Marsala. What took place after the landing—namely, the joining of the bands of native insurgents with the Cacciatori delle Alpi; the rapid march, and the impetuous attack with the bayonet against the royal troops on the slopes of Calata Fimi, taking one of their mountain-guns and putting them to flight; then the skirmishes at Partenico and S. Martino, and the sudden apparition of Garibaldi on the heights of Palermo—all this is familiar to English readers through the narrative of the *Times'* Correspondent.

The strategic ingenuity of Garibaldi's operations to mislead the royalists concentrated on the plateau beneath; his mock-retreat from Parco, his wonderful march to Misilmeri, the unexpected assault at Porta di Termini, and his triumphal entrance in the market-place, the *Vecchia Fiera*, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the liberated population, are equally known; then followed the street-fight for three days, the brutal and cowardly bombardment, the cruelties perpetrated by the troops on the citizens, and the glorious victory of the patriots, compelling the Neapolitan Generals to accept a capitulation, of which Garibaldi dictated the terms. I shall, therefore, abstain from a detailed account of the immediate facts, and will enter, instead, into the causes which have prepared the Sicilian revolution, and which explain its success.

There have been two powerful agencies at work in the Sicilian rising: one local, and called forth by the iniquitous acts of the rulers; the other general, and inherent in the movement of national ideas throughout Italy. The local question is one of long standing between the Sicilians and the Bourbonic dynasty. Earlier than any other European country, Sicily enjoyed the benefit of a regular constitution, the foundation of which was first laid by the Normans in the eleventh century. Their successors, the Swabian kings, and particularly the Emperor Frederic II., not only respected

[1] Nino Bixio is a Genoese of a very honourable family, and a relative of the ex-member of Parliament of that name in Paris. In 1848, when yet very young, he distinguished himself fighting with the volunteers in Lombardy, and was raised to the rank of captain. In '49, he followed Garibaldi to Rome, as an officer of his staff, and was wounded at S. Pancrazio, during the siege. In the years that followed, when there was no hope of action for Italy, Bixio, who from his boyhood had been brought up a sailor, undertook long and difficult voyages at sea, visited Australia and the Antarctic regions, keeping an interesting journal of his maritime expedition, and returned to his native town to work again for his country. When Garibaldi, at the beginning of last year's war, crossed the Ticino with his *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, Nino Bixio was among the first to take the field. He has lately been slightly wounded at Calata Fimi.

but enlarged the fundamental law of the country, and more regularly called the deputies of the towns, or commons, to a seat in Parliament. When, in 1266, Charles of Anjou, supported by the Pope, usurped the throne of the unfortunate Swabians, enforcing by right-divine an absolute form of government on both Naples and Sicily, the Sicilians, who had been awakened to the energies of a free nation, put an end to French tyranny and Papal encroachments by the famous Vespers, and turned for protection to the constitutional House of Aragon. The Aragonese kings were freely elected by the Sicilian people, and dependent in their administration on the control of their Parliaments. Charles V. himself—the great destroyer of mediæval liberties in Europe—having succeeded, as the representative of the dynastic rights of Aragon and Castille, to the Sicilian throne, swore to the constitution and opened the Parliament in person in 1535. Nor were the franchises of the island abolished or curtailed during the two centuries of Spanish vice-royal government. After the war of succession, at the beginning of last century, the Congress of Utrecht gave Sicily to Victor Amedeus of Savoy, enjoining to him, in the 7th article of the treaty, in the name of the allied powers, to "approve, confirm, and ratify all the privileges, liberties, etc." .... of the Sicilians; and Victor Amedeus duly fulfilled his obligations. To violate the sacredness of old tradition, overthrow a constitution hallowed by seven centuries of national records, break through all personal and public securities, and forswear the most solemn promises and oaths, was the unenviable distinction of the House of Bourbon. The founder of this dynasty, Charles III. of Bourbon, son of Philip V. of Spain, and of the ambitious Isabella Farnese, entered Naples and occupied Sicily, in 1734, with the consent of the powers allied against Austria, and under the condition of a permanent separation of those provinces from the Spanish crown. He acknowledged, however, the local privileges of the island, and ruled, according to the spirit of the age, as a philosopher and a reformer. But when, at the time of the French revolution, the old powers of Europe leagued themselves against liberal ideas, Ferdinand I. of Naples, and his wife, Caroline of Austria, followed the dictates of the most lawless despotism. They requited the generous hospitality and help which the Sicilians had afforded them, by attempting, in 1811, to deprive them of their rights. No sooner had Ferdinand, on his return to Naples in 1814, secured his sway under Austrian protection, than he established a system of absolute government; forced the island into Neapolitan centralization, and allowed it to be invaded by a rapacious bureaucracy and police, who have ever since treated the Sicilians like hereditary bondsmen.

"An all-powerful and unrestrained "police" (says the protest of the Sicilian Parliament, in 1848, to the Great Powers) "entangled both penal and civil laws in "its vast meshes, mocking at justice, and "respecting neither personal safety nor "the privacy of the domestic sanctuary. "... The Sicilians were thrown into "prison and exiled without even the "formality of a writ of judgment; they "were tortured in the barracks of the "gendarmes, and in the gloomy dens of "the Commissaries; in spite of custom "and national institutions, the episcopal "sees were not filled by Sicilians, while "the holy calling of priesthood was de-"secrated by a system of espionage "enjoined upon the minister of God as "one of his duties."

The House of Bourbon having again, in 1849, trampled down by treachery and massacre the liberties of its subjects both at Naples and in Sicily, did not change its policy. The atrocities perpetrated by Maniscalchi[1] and his associates upon innocent and defenceless men, women, and children, down to the very eve of the present insurrection, add a fearful testimony to the inexpiable crimes of a dynasty whose conduct has forced into a protest, in the name of

[1] See the pamphlet "La Torture en Sicile,' by M. De Varenne, an eye-witness.

justice and humanity, not only the moderate liberals, but the very supporters of legitimacy and right-divine.

Thus much as to the local grievances of the island. But local wrongs were not the only motive which impelled the Sicilians to rise. The restoration of their provincial privileges, in the old form at least, was not their object. The principle which inspired the movement from the beginning, and brought the people to rally with enthusiasm around Garibaldi, arises from the tendency now common to all Italians towards national unity. We must bear in mind, with reference to the Italian question, a fundamental truth, which, though manifested by all the facts of contemporary history in the peninsula, is often contradicted by a certain class of politicians, who affect scepticism about everything that does not suit their taste. The fact is this: that the real cause of all the revolutions which have taken place in our days, in the different states of Italy, is the necessity of national organization as a security against domestic tyranny and foreign interference.

The division of the peninsula under separate governments, which, with the exception of one, had nothing in common with the aspirations of the country, and were ever ready to secure their local sway by foreign occupation, rendered utterly impossible any internal amelioration, and necessarily placed the country in a state of dependence and helplessness with respect to its external relations. It was through this that the Italians,—after a long series of conciliatory but fruitless attempts to obtain gradual reforms and a national policy at the hands of their rulers,—were at last convinced that nothing would avail them until the twenty-six millions of men inhabiting the country should be brought to join in one common life and action. Thus every protest that has arisen, especially in the last ten years, has revealed the powerful growth of the national idea.

The experiment of 1848 has left deep traces on the Italian mind. The nation was then beguiled into the dream of a confederation of States, with the Pope and the other princes at the head of it, and of a war of independence under their united guidance. The confederation never took place—the war was lost. Each separate province was left to fight single-handed; and the consequence was that, one after the other, they fell back into slavery. After a proof of heroism which served at least to show what the Italian race, if once united, could be capable of, and was an undying protest in the name of the country against foreign invasion, Bologna, Brescia, Palermo, Messina, Rome, and Venice fell under the arms of foreign and domestic oppressors. But, amidst their repeated drawbacks, the lessons of the past and the hopes of the future never ceased to inspire confidence in the hearts of the Italians. Ever renewed protests, by words, by writings, by acts of desperate daring, by endless appeals to action, were set to work, chiefly by men who have been often accused of anarchical views, because they never consented to make the cause of their country subordinate to selfish calculations, or to diplomatic conveniences. As before '48 the Brothers Bandiera had offered their life, to call forth by a sublime example the dormant energies of the Italian youth,—so, within the last ten years, Bentivegna,[1] Nicotera,[2] Pisacane, and

[1] Bentivegna, a rich Sicilian proprietor, was the leader of an attempt at insurrection in the island a few years ago; and he is even now one of the chiefs of the insurgents.

[2] Nicotera, a Neapolitan of noble birth, accompanied Pisacane and the three hundred, who landed at Sapri in 1857. The bold attempt, as it is well known, was unsuccessful. Colonel Pisacane, formerly of the Neapolitan army, and, in '49, one of the leading officers of the Roman Republic, fell, with many others, fighting against the royalists. Nicotera and the rest were made prisoners. His conduct in presence of the Neapolitan tribunals, his having assumed the whole responsibility, as a chief, in order to exonerate his companions, his noble silence when his judges sought by threats and compulsions to elicit from him the cry of "*Viva il re,*" his constancy and serenity during three years of confinement in the horrible dungeon of Favignana, rank him among the most elevated characters of our days. His deliverance from the fort of Favignana, which took place on the 3d of June, is an event of happy omen for Italy. He is now actively at work for his country's cause in Palermo.

others, have kept alive, by individual acts of the noblest self-devotion, the sacred fire of freedom and nationality in the heart of the people. And it was owing to them, and to the party to which they belonged,—a party which has never ceased to hold up at home and abroad the banner of Italian unity, —that the country was raised to the consciousness of her destinies.

A national revolution in Italy was recognised as unavoidable and impending by diplomacy itself, through Count Cavour's representations at the Congress of Paris; and it is my conviction, that, sooner or later, even independently of any military help from without, Italy must by her own means have achieved the work of her emancipation. The French complication was a result of the want of faith in the ministers of the crown with respect to the efficiency of the national forces to withstand the power of Austria; of their unwillingness to meet the responsibility of the whole bearing of the Italian question; and of a necessity, beyond their control, arising from the political plans of the formidable neighbour who offered his help in the Italian war. The spirit of the people of Italy, however, warded off the dangers of the ministerial policy. They steadfastly insisted on the principle of nationality and unity; and since then the Sardinian monarchy has been unavoidably brought to the alternative either of losing all hold of the movement, or of furthering it as the nature of things and public opinion command.

The Sicilian revolution has forced the work back to its true direction, and the insurgents and their Italian brethren have met to consecrate the bond of the common country on the field of their patriotic battles.

Let us consider the circumstances and dispositions under which it took place, the better to understand its national character. I must start, in my exposition, from the turning point of the peace of Villa Franca. Whilst the war was going on in Lombardy, French influence was paramount in Italy. War, policy, and public opinion depended on the man who had crossed the Alps with 200,000 soldiers, to create a new Napoleonic episode on a field well known to Napoleonic tradition. And yet, even at that time, the relations between the Italian people and the power of France were greatly altered from what they had been sixty years before. Italy, at the beginning of this century, was the handmaiden of France. Napoleon fashioned her motions according to his dictatorial will. But in 1859 she had a life of her own. Though still dismembered and ill-organized, she was aspiring, adventurous, and capable of self-reliance. The active patriots joined Garibaldi, and raised the national banner for the purpose of giving it a distinct Italian character amidst foreign friends and foreign foes. The victories of Como and Varese crowned it with imperishable laurels. On the other hand, the Piedmontese army, faithful to its ancient traditions of gallantry, and inspired, besides, by the new life of the country, accomplished its work in the campaign with signal success. The nation felt that something had grown within her that must be kept sacred and uncontaminated; and that she might owe gratitude, but not passive submission, to France. When the peace of Villa Franca blasted her hopes, leaving her in the most perplexing difficulties, she recoiled in awe, but did not lose confidence in her moral strength. The central Italian provinces resisted all diplomatic intrigues, and persevered cautiously but unflinchingly in the work of their fusion. Up to that time Naples and Sicily had been silently awaiting the result of the struggle in Northern Italy. The tendency that had prevailed, of limiting the question for the present to the provinces emancipated during the war, naturally excluded Rome, Sicily, and Naples from any cooperation in the movement. Besides this, there was an apprehension, common to all Italian patriots, lest a rising in Southern Italy, while the Napoleonic prestige was everywhere so great, should offer an opportunity to Muratist preten-

sions. Therefore that part of the country appeared calm whilst the rest was stormy; outwardly calm it was, but in fact active preparations for the future, particularly in the island, were going on. Sicily, ever since the triumph of Neapolitan reaction in 1849, had been secretly organizing her patriotic elements for a new rising. The peculiar relations of the island with the Bourbonic dynasty render—for it, even more than for the main land—utterly impossible any scheme of constitutional reconciliation; and in their locally helpless condition the Sicilians were brought by the very instinct of safety earnestly to look to the merging of their political life into that of the Italian nation as the only chance of salvation. They consequently embraced the idea of Italian unity both from patriotism and from practical reasons. The "Società Nazionale," directed in Turin, by the Sicilian La Farina, and representing the moderate party, sought to exercise its influence in the island on that very ground; but—dependent as it was for action on ministerial inspiration and the oracles of diplomacy, and systematically opposed to popular initiative and insurrection against regular armies—would never have brought about the Sicilian revolution, if other more resolute influences had not been there at work beforehand.

Active preparations for the rising of the Sicilians, in the name of Italian unity, had been carried on, at their own personal risk, by men who belonged to the party which, in antagonism to the wily calculations of the "Società Nazionale," styled itself the "Party of Action." In constant communication with the Sicilian patriots, from Genoa, from Malta, from England, from Paris, these men collected money, bought arms, sent instructions and plans of combined action. When the peace of Villa Franca made everywhere more intense the feeling that the Italians had no hope of emancipation except in their own right arm, the same instinct that attracted the Sicilians towards the common country prompted the patriots of Central Italy to work for the expansion of the movement towards the south. They were looking to the Marche, Umbria, and Abbruzzi as the way through which the electric wire of national affinity between the north and the south of the Peninsula was to be carried through by means of national insurrection. The horrors committed at Perugia by the mercenaries of the Pope had already stimulated this disposition by feelings of sympathy towards the victims, and by just indignation towards their assassins; and it was not without difficulty that the provisional governments of Tuscany and the Emilia prevented the troops and the volunteers from crossing the frontier. Then a painful contest took place between the national impulse of those who felt the duty of carrying on the movement and the party who were in power. Nor did the latter, in its resistance, have recourse to fair means. Availing themselves of the prejudice, often refuted by facts, yet always rife, that Mazzini and his friends were working for the Republic, the rulers of Central Italy, with the exception of Farini, organized a regular proscription against all active patriots. Then it was that, among others, Rosolino Pilo, one of the chief promoters, and now but too likely a martyr,[1] of the Sicilian insurrection, was, on the plea of his relations with Mazzini, kept a prisoner for more than a month by the police of Bologna, who gave the people to understand that he was an Austrian agent in disguise.

Then Garibaldi, who had opened the subscription for "Il Milione di Fucili,"

[1] Rosolino Pilo, of the marquises of Capace, has undoubtedly been the most active organizer of the Sicilian insurrection. Well known to his countrymen for his patriotism and courage since 1848, when he was yet almost a boy, he has been, during the last ten years of servitude, more than once in his native island under different disguises, encouraging his fellow-countrymen to the work of deliverance. He was one of the purest minds and most earnest hearts that I ever came in contact with. The accounts given of the severity of his wounds seem to leave no hope of recovery. —Since the preceding lines were written, I have received melancholy assurance that he died of his wounds on the 13th of June.

and was organizing the volunteers in the Romagna, through a commission conferred upon him by the king himself, was obliged to resign his office; and when, withdrawing from the "Società Nazionale," and protesting against its system of policy, he proposed a new association of Italian patriotism under the name of "La Nazione Armata," he was again compelled to renounce his purpose and retire, discouraged, into inactivity. Mazzini had been, meanwhile, sojourning for two months in Florence (July and August, 1859). I have a private document which proves beyond doubt the singlemindedness of *his* intentions. Some friend wrote to him, exhorting him to abstain from any interference in the state of affairs, as any action of his, amidst the apprehensions then prevailing, would only have tended to misconstrue his designs, excite opposition, and afford a pretext to persecution and calumny. He answered: "I do nothing but look, and "wait, and propose my ideas to some of "the chiefs, who probably will not accept "them. As to coming forward myself, "or acting in any exclusive way, with "elements of my own, I do not even "dream of it. Let then my friends be "tranquil on this ground." When he saw that there was no chance of having his programme of action for national unity carried out by the men in power, he again left the country, and wrote his famous letter to Victor Emmanuel, which (if report be true) produced a deep impression on the mind of the king himself. Still the work in the south was going on, and Mazzini efficiently contributed to its progress. Crispi, the present secretary of the Provisional Government at Palermo, went twice to the island to urge on the movement. The Sicilian patriots were in constant communication with Rosolino Pilo, who, nothing daunted by the treatment undergone in Central Italy, was earnestly working with them in the name of Italian unity.

During the time of his sojourn in Florence, Mazzini wrote to Baron Ricasoli, who was seeking him in order to banish him a prisoner to some remote quarter of the world, the following lines: "Eight or ten thousand men, and the "name of Garibaldi, with the Sicilian "movement now ripe through a long "preparation, will lead to the insurrec-"tion of the kingdom. The insurrec-"tion of the kingdom would place the "Italian movement in such a position "as to enable the country to deal, on "equal terms, with any power whatso-"ever." Thus careless of persecution, he was thinking of, and working for, only the greatness of that country — his country—in which he was not allowed even freely to breathe. Again, in February last, on the occasion of the subscriptions opened at Glasgow for the Garibaldi fund, whilst acting in accordance with the great leader of the Italian volunteers, he wrote to that city as follows: "We are working actively in "the South (of Italy) to promote there "a change which would reach the aim "at once. You helped us, through "pecuniary assistance, when we were at "work in Northern Italy; help us if "you can for the South. Explain to "your countrymen that our aim is unity; "that there is the root of the question; "that Italy will never be tranquil, Eu-"rope never be at peace, whilst that "supreme aim of ours is not reached." And, in that very letter, as in all other papers written of late by him, he distinctly declares that he postpones his political opinions to that aim. "You ought," he says to his correspondent, "to "trust our sincere love of our country, "to see from our self-abdication as to "questions of form that we are neither "exclusive nor rash. . . . . The only "question between a fraction now in "power of the moderate party and our "own, comprising, *nuances à part*, every "man, from Garibaldi, as a citizen sol-"dier, to me, as an Italian citizen—from "the volunteers in the army to the "working and middle classes of our "towns—is a question of *means*. Shall "we depend on diplomacy, Congress, "French protectorate, &c., or shall we "depend on our own forces, on the loud, "incessant proclamation of our wish and "right, on our identifying the life of the

"emancipated provinces with that of the "still oppressed, and in our unfolding "a whole, straightforward Italian policy "in that direction, and seizing boldly "the opportunity for carrying it out? "Are we to allow the movement to be "localised, or are we to try to nation- "alise it?" This is the question; and the writer of the letter just quoted, has again, a few days ago, repeated the same declaration, through an article in the *Unità Italiana* of Genoa, in answer to attacks made against him, on the one side by the ministerial party, who accuse him of plotting for an exclusive form of government, and on the other by the uncompromising republicans, who accuse him of betraying his political ideal to his scheme of Italian unity. "Our cry," he says, "is *unity*, "*liberty*. As regards the rest we bow to "the will of the country." But there is a stereotyped phraseology of calumny, which is kept up by certain Italian correspondents of influential English papers, either to curry favour with the official party, or from personal motives beneath the notice of upright minds, according to which Mazzini and the Italian Republicans are obstinately conspiring, for their political *dream*, against the very life of their country.

The relations between the different parties in Italy are now these: the great majority of the nation, in which all earnest patriots, whether of constitutional or of republican opinions, have joined, wish for independence and unity; every question of formal politics is set aside; and the cry of Italy and Victor Emmanuel calls upon the monarchy to follow out the programme of the nation. The party which tended to localise the movement, and would have been formerly satisfied with a confederation of separate constitutional states, is almost entirely dwindling away. Any minister in the free state who dared now openly to countenance such schemes, would lose his popularity. Thus the only real antagonism which survives the old parties in Italy is simply a practical one among those who admit in common that unity is the work of the times, but are divided as to the opportunity of carrying it out by national means and self-dependent action, or entrusting it to eventuality and diplomatic subtlety. The former party is now growing far more influential than the latter, especially since the fact of Garibaldi's success has justified its views. It has for it the authority of that heroic leader himself, who, on leaving for Sicily, trusted to the hands of his friend Dr. Bertani, an appeal to the Italians for joint action; and is supported by that true foresight of the people which leads them to feel that every spot of their country not taken possession of by the nation will be invaded by foreign intrigue.

But to return to the Sicilians. On the 25th of March past, Rosolino Pilo, who had received information from Sicily that a crisis was at hand, set off from Genoa, with a military companion of the name of Corrado, in a sailing vessel, for his native island. After many hardships at sea, they landed near Messina on the 10th of April, and were able to enter the town in disguise, while the royal troops were bombarding it from the fort. Pilo wrote, on the 12th, an account of the state of things, saying: "Sicily feels more than any other "province in Italy that the question is, "—'to be Italians.' I am sure of the "triumph; yet you must think of assist- "ing us. Shame to the other Italian "provinces if they do not help the Si- "cilian movement, which is not a sepa- "ratist movement, but only and deeply "Italian."

This young man, belonging to one of the most ancient and noble families of the island, having put himself at the head of his Messinian friends, joined with them the other bands from the interior, and fought gallantly in several encounters. He was thus an efficient instrument to give time to Garibaldi for his expedition; and was by the latter, on his arrival in Sicily, appointed to organize the insurrection in the district of Carini. He wrote again from that place a letter full of confidence and of generous feeling; but, alas! it was decreed by Providence that he should fall

among the first martyrs in his country's cause. "On the 21st," wrote a friend from Palermo, "one of our columns, "headed by the gallant and generous "Rosolino Pilo, had, at S. Martino, a "fierce encounter with the royalists: "the Sicilians were few; still they "fought valiantly—Pilo foremost; but "through his ardent nature, and full of "noble courage, he exposed himself to "the last; and the last shot of the "royalists wounded him mortally. The "loss of this man is a great misfortune "for the Sicilians."

Garibaldi's expedition was entirely the work of patriots, who acted independently of any assistance or favour from the government. Money, arms, ammunition, were provided by means of popular contributions; and, at the end, from the funds raised, in the name of Garibaldi, for "Il Milione di Fucili," though not without difficulty, owing to official control on the money thus collected. Garibaldi has been and is also not indifferently helped by private subscriptions in England, from different quarters, with a unanimity which is the highest testimonial to the noble devotion of his glorious enterprise.

Men of democratic principles, as Bixio, Sirtori,[1] Savi, the editor of the *Unità Italiana* of Genoa, Mosto, the leader of those "Cacciatori Genovesi" who did wonders of courage and were decimated at Calata Fimi; Orsini and La Masa, both Sicilians, and many others like them, joined as brothers in the same patriotic work with persons of the highest nobility. Lads of aristocratic families, as well as of humble extraction, inspired from their childhood with the love of their country by their own parents, have abandoned their homes to fight for Italy, writing, on their departure, the most touching letters, full of a deep sense of duty, to soften their mothers' grief. You see in all this the symptoms of the resurrection of a country, the youthfulness of a race, which, though trampled down for centuries, has in itself the seeds of a noble future.

The success of the Sicilian revolution, under the leadership of Garibaldi and his companions, will necessarily lead to the re-opening of the whole Italian question. The news from the peninsula seem already to point to the spreading of the revolution in the continental portion of the kingdom as unavoidable. The party which desires national unity has greatly increased even at Naples: the most distinguished minds of the kingdom (the greater number of them in exile) have declared for annexation. Many of them form now part of the Italian Parliament at Turin; and they will not easily be induced to renounce their independent constitutional position, to venture their freedom and life under a sham-constitution granted, through compulsion, by the descendant and imitator of a series of sovereigns who have repeatedly broken through all constitutional securities, and laid violent hand on the representatives of the country in the very sanctuary of their parliamentary functions. The army itself, worked upon by patriotic ideas, will not long resist the call of the nation. All these circumstances exercise a deep influence on the subjects of Francis II.; whilst on the other side the Italians know well that a separate dynasty in the south of the peninsula will never be a faithful ally to the rest of the country. Diplomacy

[1] Giuseppe Sirtori was originally a priest. He is a Lombard. At an early age he became convinced of the falsehood of Roman Catholicism, and then, consistently with the sincerity of his conscience, gave up the priestly office. But deeply religious at heart, he turned to the cause of the moral and national regeneration of his country that spirit of devotion which he would have given to the Church if true to its mission. Thus he became a soldier of liberty and independence. In '49, during the siege of Venice, his perfect calmness in the very face of death made him an object of admiration to his soldiers. He commanded there the battalion of Lombard volunteers. During the exile, he applied himself with assiduity to military studies, preparing himself for the expected national wars. He is now one of the most able officers of Garibaldi, and the chief of his staff. He was slightly wounded at Calata Fimi. La Masa is a Sicilian, who took a prominent part in the insurrection of Palermo in '48; Orsini, a Sicilian also, a very experienced officer, and an exile since '49.

may delay, but will not be able to prevent, the formation of a united Italy. Will force then be used? We hope that no European power will commit itself to such a course; we trust that England will efficiently back with its moral influence the cause of the Italian nation. Any interference would lead not only to a regress in Italian affairs which, sooner or later, the Italians would retrieve by revolution; but it would also create a complication of a serious nature as regards the interests of the naval powers in the Mediterranean. Let Sicily solve the question of her destinies by her own free vote; let the principle of non-intervention be fairly applied to the progressive development of Italian nationality, and, if national unity should be the result, let the world acknowledge and welcome the event.

Europe requires a redistribution of her forces, a new law of equilibrium conformable to national exigencies, as a condition of peace and improvement. Italy free, independent, united, within the limits of her Alps, will help in keeping France and Germany at peace; she will naturally co-operate with England in preserving the freedom of the sea. Geography, experience of past errors, and social condition appoint the Italian nation to a pacific mission in Europe. But let, above all, the Italians of all parties earnestly act for themselves, with energy and comprehensiveness equal to the great task they have in hand. Let them be convinced that any division in the camp is fatal, that all political and personal antagonisms must be waived in presence of their country's cause, and that if they manfully rely on their own action and on the justice of their cause, Italy is theirs.

THE BOOT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIUSEPPE GIUSTI.

When Giusti wrote the poem of which we here offer a translation, a quarter of a century back, Italy was in the apprehension of most minds a geographical expression, and nothing more. That unique physical configuration of the peninsula, which has arrested the attention of every boy or girl who has ever studied a map of Europe since maps were first correctly drawn, was the sole tangible "unity" of Italy in which anybody north of the Alps could then profess a belief, without laying himself open to the imputation of being a mere political enthusiast and dreamer. The undeniable resemblance to the shape of a boot is the basis upon which Giusti built this poem. It was natural for a poet, whose every line was written with the view of awakening among his countrymen that strength of feeling and purpose which alone might enable them to restore Italy to the rank of a free nation, to take hold in some shape or other of a permanent fact, which neither native municipal jealousy, local tyranny, nor foreign contempt or repression, could contradict or do away with. The Boot, with its strong hem or fringe of Alps at top, and its broad seam of Apennine down the middle—coinciding in its extent with the spoken Italian language—was a symbol of unity so pointedly at variance with the existing subdivision of despotic principalities, as readily to form a speaking text for a suggestive sermon. The historical fortunes of the poor Boot, as it has been torn and pulled out of its pristine and native compactness by the rapacity of one appropriator after another, until, from being the wonder of the world as the cradle and centre of the Roman Empire, it has fallen to its patchwork condition of the nineteenth century, shaped themselves in Giusti's mind into a humorous and pointed allegory. It is difficult for those who have lived in a land where freedom of political discussion has been long coextensive with freedom of thought, to appreciate the skill of the irony which, under the censorship of an Austrian police, was at once the most necessary and the most effective weapon of

offence and defence for an anonymous writer whom everybody knew. To the subtle apprehension of all among his own countrymen who sympathized with his yearnings for a nobler national life, at a time when such sympathy involved frequent inconvenience, and some danger, Giusti's Boot conveyed a truth and a moral spur in the most forcible manner. At a time when the calm firmness of the attitude taken by the Italians of North and Central Italy has baffled foreign intrigue, falsified the sneer which spoke of "La Terre des Morts," and won for themselves the conditions of a national existence—at a moment when a noble and unselfish heroism is still struggling in the South against enormous odds to give an equal share of liberty to the long-oppressed subjects of the Sicilian kingdom—English readers will not be unready to listen to the utterances of a foreign humour, and to value, as they have been valued by his countrymen, the words of the greatest and most national poet of the present generation of Italians.

The particular allusions to different wearers of the Boot will in general be easily understood by readers of Italian history; though one or two of them are rather puzzling. The "German full of bluster," probably refers not so pointedly to any single invader, as to the contests between the German emperors, the great towns, and the Church, at intervals, from Barbarossa to Henry the Seventh. The rise of the Venetian and Genoese republics, the struggles of Charles of Anjou and Peter of Aragon, the Sicilian Vespers, and the magnificent tyranny of the Medici, are in their turn sufficiently indicated. The rivalry between French and Spaniards for the rich prize of Italy, which culminated in the wars of Francis the First and Charles the Fifth, is balanced by a reference to the shameless nepotism of the Popes, repeated in the instances of Bertrand de Poïet, John and Cæsar Borgia, and so many other illegitimate scions of successive Papal families. The misused power and "crooked courses" of the first Napoleon, who might have made Italy free and great in unity, if he had wished to do so, are finely pointed out in the last allusion to the past fortunes of the Boot; and the half-dozen concluding verses are as clear and forcible an exposition of the spirit and policy which are still required for the best solution of the Italian problem as if they had been written in the present year. No foreign interference or usurpation—"no French or German leg, you understand," to fill the Boot, and no French or German bootmaker to manipulate the material, or to fix the pattern! Italy, if left alone—*farà da se.*

I am not made of ordinary stuff,
  Nor am I such a boot as rustics wear;
And if my shape seem hewn out in the rough,
  No bungler's stamp of workmanship I bear:
With double soles, and action firm and free,
I'm formed for any work by land or sea.

Up to mid-thigh I stand, nor ever stir,
  Deep in the water, yet am just as sound;
I'm good for sporting, good to wear the spur,
  As many asses to their cost have found:
All stitched compact and firm by vigorous needle,
With hem at top, and seam straight down the middle.

But then, I'm not drawn on with so much ease,
  Nor am I fit for any trifler's use;
A slender foot I should but lame or tease,
  To suit the vulgar leg I should not choose:
There's no one yet has kept me on throughout;
They've worn me just a little, turn about.

I won't inflict on you the category
Of all who've tried to get me for their own,
But only here and there, to fit my story,
Note such and such, most worthy to be known;
Relating how my ruin first was planned,
And thieves have passed me down from hand to hand.

You'll think it past belief, but once I started
Off at full gallop of my own accord,
And right across the whole known world I darted,
Till overhaste betrayed me,—I was floored:
My equilibrium lost, I lay extended
This way and that, and so the matter ended.

A grand confusion followed: o'er me surged
A flood of every race and savage fashion,
Tumbling from all outlandish quarters, urged
By a priest's counsel, or a demon's passion;
One seized me by the instep, one the calf,
And jeering cried, "Who'll get the bigger half?"

The priest, despite his cloth, to try the boot
Upon his own account showed some desire,
But, finding that I did not suit his foot,
Hither and thither let me out on hire:
Now to the earliest bidder in the mart
He yields me, acting but the boot-jack's part.

To wrestle with the priest, and plant his heel
Firm in me, came a German full of bluster;
But oft to bear him home, as turned the wheel,
Those heels were forced their utmost speed to muster:
He tried and tried enough to gall his foot,
But never yet could pull on all the boot.

Left for a century upon the shelf,
A simple trader next I'll name who wore me,
Gave me a blacking, made me stir myself,
And o'er the sea to Eastern climates bore me,
In rough condition, but a perfect whole,
And set with good hob-nails about the sole.

My merchant friend, grown rich, a fitting act
Deemed it to deck me out with greater cost;
Tassels and golden spurs were on me tacked,
But something of solidity was lost;
And in the long run, finding out the difference,
For those good primitive nails I own a preference.

You could not find in me a crack or wrinkle
When I one day a Western rascal saw
Leap from his galley plump upon my ankle,
And try to clutch it with his little claw;
But fair and softly—two could play that game;
One vesper at Palermo, he went lame.

Among the other foreign dilettanti,
A certain King of Spades with all his might
Would pull me on—but while he toiled and panted
Found himself *planté là* in sorry plight;

A capon, jealous of the hen-roost, crowed
And threatened to alarm the neighbourhood.

In those same times, my fortune's underminer,
Cunningly bent its ruin to complete,
Sprang from his shop a certain Mediciner,
Who next, to make me easy to his feet,
And profitable wearing, spun a thread
Of plots and frauds that o'er three centuries spread.

He smoothed me, decked me out with tinsel, rubbed
Unguents and humbugs in at such a rate,
My very leather into holes was scrubbed,
And all who since have meddled with my fate
Set about tinkering me by the receipt
Of that same school of black and vile deceit.

Thus harassed, tossed about from hand to hand,
The aim and object of a harpy-swarm,
I felt a Frank and Spaniard take their stand,
Contending which could prove the stronger arm;
At length Don Quixote bore me off, but found me
Crushed out of shape with all the blows around me.

Those who beheld me on his foot have told me
This Spaniard wore me in most evil style;
He smeared me o'er with paint and varnish, called me
Most noble, most illustrious; but the file
He worked by stealth, and only left me more
Ragged and tattered than I was before.

Still half-way down me grew, in vermeil coloured,
One lily, token of departed splendour;
But this a shameless Pope, of birth dishonoured
(To whom all glory may the Devil render),
Gave the barbarians, making compact base
To crown a scion of his guilty race.

Well, from that moment each one at his will
With awl and shears in cobbler-craft might dabble
And so from frying-pan to fire I fell;
Viceroys, police, and all that sort of rabble,
To grind me down struck out a new idea,
Et diviserunt vestimenta mea.

Thus clutched alternately by paw of famished
Or vicious beast in rude and clumsy revel,
That old impression by degrees had vanished
Of well-cut feet, firm planted on the level,
Such as without a single step perverse
Had borne me safely round the universe.

Ah me! poor boot, I have been led astray,
I own it now, by this most foolish notion,
While yet to walk or run I had free play,
By stranger legs I would be put in motion,
Nor from my mind the dangerous dream could pluck,
That change of limb would bring me change of luck.

I feel—I own it—but withal I now
Find myself in so damaged a condition,
The very ground seems to give way below
If I attempt one step on self-volition;
Long subject to false guides, both great and small,
I've lost the faculty to move at all.

My greatest grievance, though, to priests is owing—
A sect malignant, void of all discretion;
And certain poets, race degenerate, growing
Mere hypocrites, who flatter by profession.
Say what you please, the Canon-laws prohibit
That priests in mundane boots their legs exhibit.

And here I am, meanwhile, threadbare, despised,
Tattered on every side, all mud and mire;
Still for some kind limb's advent, well advised
To shake me out and smooth me, I aspire:
No French or German leg, you understand;
I want one grown upon my native land.

A certain worthy's once I took on trial;
Alas! my hero would a-wandering go,
Or might have boasted his, without denial,
The stoutest boot in the whole world's dépôt;
Ah! crooked courses! down the snowdrift came,
Freezing his limbs, ere half played out the game.

Patched up again after the ancient style,
And once more carried to the skinning place,
I, of prodigious worth and weight erewhile,
Scarce my original leather now can trace:
Look you, to piece these various holes of mine
There's something wanting more than tacks and twine.

Both toil and cost it needs, nor too much haste;
Each separate shred must be resewn together;
The mud cleaned off, the stout old nails replaced,
Smoothed into shape both calf and upper leather:
Let this be done, I'll thank you from my heart;
But, oh! take care who plays the workman's part!

Look at me, also, on this side I'm blue,
There red and white, and up here black and yellow;—
A very harlequin of chequered hue;
To make my tone harmonious and mellow,
Remodel me discreetly (may I hint?)
All in one piece, and one prevailing tint.

Search diligently if the world supplies
A man,—I care not what, so not a coward;—
And, when in me his foot securely lies,
If any prig peer in with schemes untoward
Of practising once more the usual quacking,
We'll pay him off with kicks, and send him packing.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1860.

THE NAVIES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The scene is a gently heaving purple sea, and the time is the morning of a calm autumn day. The porpoises are splashing in the sun, and the flying-fish are whirring from wave to wave like silver dragon-flies, and the white sea birds rise and fall and float on snowy wings. Far to the south-east a blue Cape looms through the haze with one long white building half way up. All these things may be seen any day, but there is a sight to be seen this morning, the like of which a man has never seen before.

On the sparkling morning waters there lies in single line a mighty fleet, thirty-eight sail of the line, besides frigates; while upon them, coming down before the wind, advances another fleet, inferior to them in numbers, but evidently far superior in audacity. Of this last flotilla we count fourteen in one line and thirteen in the other; we see the foremost ship of the fourteen outstrip the others and engage three of the enemy at once; then in twenty minutes the whole brave show is wrapt in smoke, and fire, and destruction, and the wind is laid with the concussion. When that smoke clears away a deed will have been done which will make the ears of him that heareth it to tingle; for this is the 21st of October, 1805, and that faint blue promontory away to the south-east is called Cape Trafalgar.

Shall I go on? I think not. We have given out our text; now for our sermon. Every Englishman knows the rest of that chapter; but we wish to call your attention to one fact in connexion with that victory—namely, that 8,000 British in 27 ships beat 12,000 Spanish and French in 33 ships, and that of these last only 13 got back into port. And then we wish to put this question, "Could we do the same thing again?"

Just think of the conditions under which such a victory became possible, and the quiet, patient, practical efforts by which such successes must be preceded. Maritime supremacy, like everything else that is worth having, can only be obtained by proportionate effort; and though we are the countrymen of Jervis, Collingwood, and Nelson, the maritime supremacy which their splendid victories secured to this country will assuredly slip through our fingers if we imagine that it can be retained on any other terms than those by which it was acquired—that is, by maintaining at all costs adequate armaments. At the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War there were three powers of considerable maritime pretensions—France, Spain, and Holland; and it was against the coalesced forces of the three that we had then to contend. Of these the Navy of France has alone recovered from the blows that we then struck; and, in the event of hostilities breaking out, France is now the only power that can be looked upon as in any degree our rival.

Indeed, so far has her Navy and that of this country outstripped those of the other nations of Europe that, perhaps, with the exception of Russia, there is now no country whose steam navy could, even if they were inclined to join in the strife, give any material assistance to either party. Russia, it is true, possesses somewhere about ten screw line-of-battle ships and eleven frigates; which, if they are good ships, presents an imposing appearance; but from the fact that they are to a great extent manned by agricultural labourers, they can hardly come up to the French or English standard of excellence—so that in spite of their numbers we may dismiss them cavalierly. Whatever be their worth, however, the probabilities are that they would go to reinforce France in case of a quarrel; and so, by simply considering the navy of France, we shall get pretty nearly at the strength of possible combinations against us,—minus Russia and her ten liners. It would be a great error to imagine that a diminution in the number of our antagonists has at all altered the conditions of a possible struggle in favour of this country, and we are much mistaken if we cannot prove that, quality as well as numbers being taken into consideration, the present navy of France, single-handed, promises to be quite as much of a match for England of the present day, as the united navies of the three powers were for England of the Revolutionary war. The mere fact that at the outbreak of that war the number of our line-of-battle ships was 148, and those of France only 77, while at the beginning of last year both nations possessed an equal number, is sufficient to show the probable accuracy of our estimate.

At the close of the war this disproportion between the two navies had considerably increased—England then possessing 218 ships of the line and 309 frigates, while France had only 69 ships of the line and 38 frigates. Until the time when sailing vessels ceased to be the force with which a naval contest was to be determined, though subject of course to fluctuations, England never ceased to preserve a decided naval superiority over her neighbour. During the earlier of those years the proportions may be roughly stated as somewhere about three to one, while in the later ones it had dwindled down to two to one. Wonderful as have been the changes effected by the introduction of steam in all that relates to our manufactures and social economy, they certainly have not surpassed, if they can be fairly said to have equalled, those that it has occasioned in all that relates to the navy. Ten years ago, and for all practical purposes, not one of the ships which are now alone thought worth taking account of existed, while those which then were the pride of the country and the guardians of our shores are now, unless capable of conversion, looked upon as comparatively little better than lumber.

In 1818 our steam mercantile tonnage was 1,633 tons, but in 1859, 416,132. This called our Government's attention to the fact of the success of steam, and they took it up. The history of the steam navy since then may be given in a few lines. In 1811 they made an abortive attempt to build paddle corvettes. In 1840 they tried it again with some success (in the *Vesuvius* and *Gorgon*, which were at Acre); but, the *Rattler*, 800 tons, the first screw corvette, which was built the same year, seeming to possess none of the disadvantages of the paddle frigates (we all know what they are), others on her model were constructed, and the foundation of our present navy was laid, and the system of naval tactics altered. This we have heard too often already. Let us turn for a moment to another alteration in ship-fighting, more interesting because more recent.

The old British and French ships of war do not present a greater contrast to the *Duke of Wellington* and *La Bretagne*, than does an old 32-pounder to the new rifled ordnance. Some idea may be formed of this difference, and of the superior range and accuracy of the new gun, when we state

that at a high angle Sir W. Armstrong's gun throws its projectile 9,000 yards, and that the results of an extended series of experiments at 1,000 yards against an ordinary 9-pounder field-piece were—

	ARMSTRONG GUN.	SERVICE GUN.
For mean difference in range	23·1 yds.	147·2 yds.
For mean lateral deviation	0·8 yds.	9·1 yds.

And Sir W. Armstrong declares himself confident, that with one of his guns at the distance of 600 yards an object no larger than the muzzle of an enemy's gun may be struck at almost every shot, while at a distance of 3,000 yards a target of nine feet square, which at that distance looks a mere speck, has, on a calm day, been struck five times out of ten shots: a ship, therefore, which offers a much larger surface, would be hit at much greater distances, and towns might be shelled by ships five miles off. There is every reason to believe that so far the French have not been behind in the race, and that their artillery is at least equal to that of Sir W. Armstrong. The process, however, by which they manufacture it, and the results that have been obtained with it, have been so effectually kept secret, that it is difficult to speak with any accuracy on this very interesting subject. The best informed, however, affirm that these cannon are calculated, with the same charge of powder, to project a missile twice the weight of an ordinary ball thrice the distance, and that, unlike our own, it is not intended to fire solid shot from them, but shells, which explode on striking an object. These latter are said to be made with leaden bands round them. This, if true, favours the idea that the principle on which they are rifled is the same as that adopted by Sir W. Armstrong. Great as is the improvement which this ordnance shows when compared with that which it has supplanted, it seems destined that even it is to be distanced by a more formidable competitor. The experiments of Mr. Whitworth at Southport have shown that he has produced a cannon which, while it exceeds Sir W. Armstrong's in range, promises to rival it in accuracy. The principles on which he has proceeded in his manufacture are original. The Armstrong barrel is made of rods of wrought iron, welded into a tube, the pitch of whose rifling is one turn in 10 feet, and the rifling itself 38 sharp grooves. Instead of the rolled bar-iron, of which Sir W. Armstrong's guns are made, Mr. Whitworth's gun is bored from a solid cylinder of homogeneous iron. The barrel is of hexagonal shape, making one complete turn, which varies as the diameter of the gun. This constitutes the only rifling, and it extends from one end of the barrel to the other. The projectile, which is of a longitudinal shape, tapering towards both ends, is cut at the middle so as to fit with accuracy the sides of the barrel. In the very important item of weight, the superiority in the larger kinds of ordnance still remains with Sir William. But we shall be much mistaken if Mr. Whitworth's scheme of reducing the diameter of the projectile, and consequently the bore—which enables the same relative strength of metal to be obtained in lighter guns—will not result in the production of heavy ordnances, whose weight, for their size, will be less than any that have yet been produced. In the lighter kinds, Mr. Whitworth even now can well bear comparison with his rival, as his 3-pounder, of which we have heard so much, can be easily manœuvred and served with 2 horses and 2 men. This gun, at one elevation, in the course of 10 shots, showed a mean range of 1,579 yards, with a longitudinal deviation of 12 yards, and a lateral one of ·52, whilst, at an elevation of 35 degrees, it showed on an average of 5 shots a mean range of 9,580 yards, with a longitudinal deviation of 81 yards, and a lateral one of 19·33. This superiority in point of range must in a great degree be attributed to the fact we have before noticed, that the chamber for the shot which exists in the Armstrong gun is dispensed with, thus enabling the rifling to extend from

one end of the barrel to the other. The advantages of this arrangement are not confined to range alone. The chamber in the Armstrong gun is an effectual limit to the length of the shot that can be used in it, while that of Whitworth can be used indifferently for shot of any length: the distance to which it can be projected diminishing, of course, as the weight of the shot is increased; thus enabling an almost infinite variety of results to be obtained from the same gun. Whitworth's gun can be loaded from the muzzle, should anything go wrong; Armstrong's cannot be. In the forthcoming trial this ought to weigh considerably in the balance.

The enormous cost of building the new ships, combined with the fact that the fire to which they will be subjected from the new ordnance is likely to be of so much more destructive a nature, has suggested the possibility of making ships shot-proof. The idea first occurred to our ingenious neighbours across the water, and they accordingly set to work to build some frigates of enormous scantling, and plate them with metal-work of the thickness of $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Ships of this nature, if successful, promise such extraordinary advantages, that there was nothing left for this country but to follow the example of France and build some too. This has been accordingly done, and a series of experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining how far the metal casing has effected its object. No trial of the effect of Mr. Whitworth's ordnance was made till the latter part of last May, when its fire was directed against a new iron-cased floating battery. The result of some previous trials on the same vessel with Sir William Armstrong's gun and one of the smooth-bore ordinary 68-pounders had been somewhat indecisive. At the distance of 200 yards the battery appears to have been impervious to the heaviest shot. When close to it a single shot from the 68-pounder indented the armour-plate to a depth varying from one to two inches. Sir William Armstrong's gun was, as was to be expected, more successful. Where two or more shots struck, the plating was considerably damaged; and it very nearly succeeded in forcing the conical-shaped shot fired from it through the plating; but, though very near, it never succeeded in quite penetrating the metal. The gun selected by Mr. Whitworth for his experiment was an 80-pounder. The distance at which it was placed was two hundred yards. The first shot was fired with a 12lb. charge of powder. It struck on the edge of two plates, and, having gone clean through the metal work and eleven inches of the oak boarding, it glanced against an iron bolt, the effect of which was that it was driven upwards, burying itself between the plates and the inside of the ship. An increase of two pounds of powder was tried on firing the second shot. This time the shot struck the vessel in the centre of an armour-plate, and penetrated to the main-deck, leaving as clean a hole through wood-work and metal-plating as a pistol-bullet would do if discharged against an ordinary pane of glass.

We have already observed that a great, and at present an unknown, revolution in all that relates to naval warfare has been effected by these means; but there is another change which has likewise taken place, and that by no means one slow in making itself felt. We refer to the enormous increase of expense occasioned by the introduction of these inventions. Our navy estimates have this year reached the almost alarming figure of 12,800,000*l.*, being by a great deal the largest that this country has ever seen in time of peace. The increase of expense incident on the employment of the new machinery presses upon us on every side. Not only is there the original cost of construction of the ship itself, double that of a sailing ship of the same rate, but the daily expenses show a proportionate increase. There is the item of coal, for instance, which in a first-rate ship of the line in commission cannot be estimated at much less than 100*l.* per diem. There are also the sums paid for the employment of the skilled labour of engineers and stokers;

which change has raised the wages paid on board a first-rate line-of-battle ship by an annual sum of 8,555*l.* To this must be added the sums for wear and tear of the ships. The new method of propulsion is not only itself more expensive, but, by the shaking of the ship which it occasions, renders the more costly structure the less durable one. The screw, in this respect, is even worse than the paddle. Some idea of the magnitude of this item may be formed from the fact that the sum of 14,325*l.* has to be spent annually in keeping a first-class ship-of-the-line in working order. However, it is satisfactory to reflect that these expenses must be borne equally by every nation that aspires to maintain a large steam navy, and must eventually tell most against those whose resources are least able to stand such an exhausting drain.

So much then for quality. In that respect we seem nearly equal. As far as we have the means of knowing, the mechanical contrivances of France are as good as our own. Let us now see how we stand with regard to numerical strength since the reconstruction of both navies.

The year 1850 was destined to begin a new era in the French Navy. The commission of inquiry appointed by the Revolutionary Government had commenced its sittings. It would be a mistake to imagine that the change of government in France was the cause of its appointment. The policy which its existence indicated had already been inaugurated and steadily pursued by one of the Princes of the fallen Dynasty. As far back as the year 1844 the Prince De Joinville was appointed head of the French Navy. Possessed of considerable scientific knowledge and patriotism, and, from his position, enjoying better opportunities than any one else for carrying out his plans, he set to work to recreate the French Navy, and by that means to restore to his country the maritime influence of which the unsuccessful issue of the last war had deprived her. The experiments in the construction of steam ships of war which this country had been making were not lost upon the Prince. His sagacity anticipated the revolution with which his success must be attended. Accordingly, his chief care was directed to build and improve steam ships of war; and specimens highly creditable to French skill were turned out of the dockyards. The revolution of 1848 put a stop to his maturing his plans; but the policy which he had traced was adopted and expanded by the government which succeeded him. The commission to which we have before alluded was appointed. It first reduced to a determined scheme the visions of naval aggrandizement which had been floating before Joinville's eyes, and sketched the gigantic proportion of the present steam navy of France. To the present Emperor has fallen the task of realising the designs of his predecessors; and it is but bare justice to him to say that he has applied himself to it with great skill and indomitable energy. Some idea of the way in which he has worked may be formed from the fact that, from the year 1851 to the beginning of the year 1854, France has produced not less than twenty-four line-of-battle ships, and that in the course of the year 1854, thirteen men-of-war were launched from French dockyards, nine of which were ships of the line. These efforts have produced a very sensible effect upon the relative naval strength of the two countries, inasmuch as the superiority of four to one in ships of the line which England had at the end of the war, was in the course of 1859 reduced to equality. Great as have been the energies displayed by the French government in the construction of ships of war, no less pains have been taken to man them with efficient crews. During the late war it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more clumsy than the way in which a French fleet was manned. On board every ship were two distinct corps, separately officered, neither of which possessed any knowledge of the duties of the other—the seamen who navigated the ship, the artillerymen who had charge of the guns. A divided command was the necessary consequence, and confusion

worse confounded the necessary result. This evil has now been remedied, and a body denominated *Corps des équipages de Ligne*, the members of which combine the seaman and artilleryman in one, have been substituted in their place: other improvements have been likewise effected. Alive to the fact that no small part of English success in the last war was due to precision of aim and the rapidity of fire, special attention has been directed to all that relates to naval artillery. A subdivision in the *équipages de la ligne* has been effected, and a corps of 8,500 *matelots cannoniers*, or picked gunners, has been formed. These men undergo a special training. Everything relating to the manning of the French fleet bespeaks the most careful organization, and every improvemeut which could be derived from our own navy, or that of any other nation, has been sedulously adopted.—"The *équipages de la ligne*," numbering in the whole rather above 60,000 men, are stationed at the five great naval ports of France, — Brest, Toulon, Cherbourg, Rochefort, and Lorient. This, however, is by no means the only force available for manning the fleet. Besides these, there is the *corps de l'artillerie de la marine*, engaged in the manufacture of ordnance and ammunition, who number above 6,000 men; the *infanterie de la marine*, who are 20,000 strong; 400 *gendarmerie maritime* stationed at Lorient; 1,600 *gardes maritimes*; 500 *corps Impérial du Génie Maritime* or engineers; to say nothing of a body of shipwrights, riggers, and other workmen employed about the dockyards, who may be collectively reckoned at 3,500. The sum of these figures presents a total of 92,000 men, which represents the effective strength of the French navy. The number of French merchant-seamen, according to the returns of last year, was 102,000 men. Like that of this country, the merchant-service in France forms the body of reserve, from whose ranks the navy must be recruited. But unlike ourselves, the French for a long time past have done their utmost to make their reserve as efficient and available as possible. The system that has been pursued operates upon the whole of the maritime populations of the country. Every Frenchman who takes to a sea-faring life is obliged by law to register himself. While his name remains upon the register he is allowed certain advantages, and subject to certain duties. The advantages are the exemption from military service, and right to fish and navigate in the waters of France. The duties are those of compulsory service on board the fleet at stated periods. The whole number of men on the rolls is divided into classes. The first class includes all seamen between twenty and forty, as well as officers of the merchant-service under forty-five; the second class, men who have served above four years; the third class, men above six years. Six years' men are exempt from ordinary levies. Men who have served three years are free till their turn comes round; and so by means of this machinery, in the course of nine years, the entire body of French merchant seamen must pass through the Imperial Navy and learn its duties—while, in case of sudden emergency, it enables the Government to know the whereabouts of these seamen, whether they are at home or in port. Thus France not only possesses a fleet of enormous strength, perfectly equipped and manned, but also a powerful reserve, easy of access, by which she may at pleasure recruit or increase her power.

We have, before proceeding to inquire into the state of our own navy, spoken of and examined into the resources and condition of that of France, because it is, with reference to it, and it alone, that the efforts we are now making can be explained, or their efficiency tested. Nothing can be so mischievously misleading as any attempt to estimate our present strength by retrospective comparisons; and we confess we trembled when we heard our First Lord of the Admiralty state, with evident satisfaction, "that at NO TIME were our naval "preparations in so forward a state as at "present." Let us proceed briefly to investigate what are the naval necessities of the country; how far they are at pre-

sent supplied, and what are the reserve resources available for recruiting them.

The necessities of this country are not confined to the means of self-defence. A large commerce and numerous colonies make large demands upon us. In the year 1858, the total force thus employed, exclusive of the Mediterranean fleet, was 139 ships, manned by 21,928, or something very like half our effective navy for that year. With France, the reverse of this is the case; her trade is not a quarter the amount of that of this country; and with the exception of Algeria, which, so to speak, lies at her door, and her settlements on the South American coast, she is destitute of colonies. This would enable her to concentrate what forces she possesses, whilst ours must necessarily be dispersed: a fact which is alone sufficient to convert a numerical equality in the fleets of the two countries into a practical inferiority on the part of this country. But in the early part of last year such an allowance need not have been made, as in the larger and more important ships France not only enjoyed a practical but even a numerical superiority—both nations having 29 first-rate screw line-of-battle ships, while the French frigates were 34 to our 26. It is true that this alarming disparity has been somewhat diminished by the efforts of the late and present Governments, so that the following lists of the relative strength of both powers present a more reassuring aspect.

LIST OF ENTIRE STEAM NAVY,

Including Ships fit for conversion, up to Feb. 13, 1860.

ENGLAND.

48 Line-of-battle-ships afloat, and 11 building.
12 Sailing line-of-battle ships fit for conversion.
34 Frigates afloat, and 9 building.
6 Sailing frigates fit for conversion.
9 Steam block ships.
4 Iron-cased ships building.
16 Corvettes afloat, and 5 building.
80 Sloops afloat, and 15 building.
27 Small vessels afloat.
169 Gunboats afloat, and 23 building.
8 Floating batteries.
61 Transports.

FRANCE.

32 Ships-of-the-line afloat, and 5 building.
34 Frigates afloat, and 13 building.
5 Iron-cased ships building.
17 Corvettes afloat, and 2 building.
39 Gunboats afloat, and 29 building.
5 Floating batteries afloat, and 4 building.
31 Transports.
86 Avesus.

This is better, but terribly bad. If both nations had finished their frigates we should again be inferior, and in the very arm calculated to harass our commerce, especially our gold ships. We look, however, for better things; Government proposes in addition 8 line-of-battle ships, 12 *frigates*, 4 iron-cased ships, and 4 corvettes. *When this addition is made* (supposing France suddenly to leave off ship-building) we shall be again superior, though not comfortably so. Let us now turn from ships to men.

The prospect here is far from satisfactory, though, like most things in these days, mending. Previous to the year 1853, men were only hired nominally for eight years, but generally paid off in four, or thereabouts. The fruits of this system were seen in the difficulty we had in manning the Baltic fleet, and in the quality of the men we got together with such infinite trouble. According to Sir Charles Napier, they were by no means first-rate. Now, however, the Duke of Somerset tells us that he can afford to pick and choose, and that he takes none but able or ordinary seamen. Let us, however, see what we require, and what we have got. According to the latest returns of the number of men that would be required to provide established or estimated complements for the whole of our steam vessels afloat, building, or converting, it seems that for the 59 steamships of the line, 50,620 men would be required; for the 43 frigates, 20,055; for block ships, 5,535; for iron-cased ships, 1,900; for 21 corvettes, 5,690; for 95 sloops, 13,545; for 27 smaller batteries, 1,987; for 192 gunboats, 8,086; for 8 floating-batteries, 1,680; for 61 transports, tenders, &c., 2,804; and for 4 mortar-vessels, 840. In all, the total number of men would

be 112,742, or 95,813 officers and seamen, and 16,927 marines. The number voted in the present year for the navy is 85,500 men and boys; and this includes 18,000 marines and 6,862 coast-guards, which latter force is generally reckoned as forming part of the reserves. These figures show a deficiency of 27,242, which would have to be made good before all our ships built, or in process of construction, could be made actually available. We have already, in the course of our observations on the French Navy, pointed out that a body of 92,000 men now in the employ of Government could be made use of for manning their fleet. It is true that these numbers comprise artizans working in the dockyards, which are not included in our own 85,500 men; but allowing for the deduction of these latter, consisting of somewhere about 3,500 men, the result would still show a balance in favour of the French Navy of something like 2,000 fighting men. Were the reserve forces of both nations in an equal state of efficiency, this disparity would be of comparatively small importance. But this is not the case: the *inscription maritime* before described maintains a reserve of at least 102,000 men, now employed in the merchant service. Upon the most moderate computation, a third of these may be looked upon as immediately available should an emergency occur. Our own reserves, on the other hand, fall far short of such a number. Exclusive of the coast-guardsmen, which form part of the 85,500 men, they are only 7,988, or little more than one-tenth of the number recommended by the Commissioners. If the men are really pressing to be regularly employed in the navy in the manner described by the Duke of Somerset, it seems hard to understand why—considering that the terms were at first said only to be too liberal, and that there has been sufficient time to allow of the men understanding that it is a *bonâ fide* offer that is made—there should be such difficulty in obtaining men. Mismanagement there must be somewhere; but at whose door ought it to be laid? An answer to this question may perhaps be found in the Duke of Somerset's speech on the 2d of last May, when he stated that one of the reasons for the little progress made in the enlistment of men for the Royal Naval Reserve was the fact that Government did not begin to pay the men till last April; adding, by way of making his reason conclusive, that it was well known that seamen were not likely to come forward till pay began. Now the Report of the Commissioners was presented to both Houses on the 9th of February of the preceding year, and it does not argue any extraordinary zeal or alacrity on the part of the authorities, considering the matter was so important and pressing, to allow a whole year to elapse before any attempt was made to carry out the suggestions it contained. It is idle to talk of the difficulty of raising money for such a purpose, when we are spending millions in building ships, which without men to man them must be useless. Nor are we able to understand the Duke's arguments against increasing the bounty paid to the volunteers, or the objection to enrolling an inferior class of men. With regard to the first of these questions, his argument, when he urges that such an increase would prevent men from regularly joining the navy, by making the Royal Volunteer Corps too popular, would be a perfectly legitimate one, if the recruiting for that body was to be indefinite; but as the number is limited, its competition with the regular navy could only be temporary, and the effect of the increase of bounty, supposing it to have any, would simply be that the Reserve Corps would be filled up first, and might consist of better men. As for the objection that first-class men would refuse to join the reserve if inferior men are allowed to do so, we cannot help being sanguine enough to believe that any such reluctance might be overcome by the very simple process of dividing the corps into two divisions, distinguished, if thought advisable, by pay and dress; the first of which should alone be open to the best men, while the latter should embrace the inferior

class. Thus, without any sacrifice of efficiency, numbers might be obtained. But, while we thus boldly examine into our difficulties, it is satisfactory to reflect that they proceed solely from inability to utilize our resources, not from any paucity in the resources themselves. The mercantile marine is that alone which will sustain a lasting maritime supremacy. The tonnage of the English merchant service is four times that of France, and the number of men engaged in it is more than double that of France. If, with such advantages, we are unable to man our fleets as speedily and effectually as France can man hers, something may without injustice be laid at the door of official blundering. Second only to the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of men to man our ships, is that of getting rid of a sufficient number of the officers who compete for the command of them. Two distinct schemes for effecting this object are now before the public,—that of the late First Lord of the Admiralty, and that of the present Secretary to the Admiralty. On the nature of the evil both these gentlemen are agreed. The only question between them is, whether it can be dealt with by means of a permanent and comprehensive scheme, or whether the remedy must be applied from time to time as the exigencies of the case may require. The variation in the number of officers, according as the navy is on a war or peace footing, constitutes, according to Lord C. Paget, an insuperable objection to dealing with the question systematically. A system of retirement which would only promote a wholesome emulation when the lower ranks of the service are full, would, when they have ceased to be so, be imposing a heavy burden on the country without conferring corresponding advantages. The force of such an argument depends materially upon the probable duration of the present state of things. If it can be proved to be permanent, Lord C. Paget's argument falls to the ground; as the slowness of promotion would be a crying evil with the navy on a peace footing.

In the course of the foregoing observations we have already pointed out what must regulate the amount of our naval forces. Is there any chance, and if any, what, of the French armaments being reduced? To this query we must reply in the negative. Fostered by three successive governments, resulting from three successive constitutions, there is nothing in these efforts that can make us hope that they are of a transient nature. Our navy may therefore now be considered in its normal condition, and we submit that it is on that assumption that any scheme for regulating promotion in it should be based. But its want of system is not the only objection that forbids the adoption of Lord C. Paget's plan. The fact that it deals in a different way with different orders of officers, is alone sufficient to condemn it. Why should septuagenarian admirals be allowed to impede the promotion of captains any more than sexagenarian captains are allowed to impede that of lieutenants? With all deference to Lord C. Paget, we are not quite sure that this, which to ordinary individuals appears to be a slight flaw in his plan, was not in fact the reason for its adoption; and, without imputing to him guilt of the deepest dye, we cannot help suspecting that the thought of having to encounter the expostulations and remonstrances of his sorrowing brother admirals has been slightly too much for his official virtue. Even we, to some extent, must sympathise with the weakness, if such it can be called, and it would give us real pain to feel that any mortification had been reflected on a class of men who have deserved so well of their country. But the public interest is paramount even to such a consideration as this, and we are bound to say that preference should be given to any plan which, while meting out the same measure to every rank in the service, promises to deal with the question systematically. In conclusion, although, as we have before told our readers, there is everything in the vast extent of our resources to inspire a legitimate confidence, there is nothing that authorizes

apathy and carelessness. It is our position, if hostilities suddenly broke out, to which we must look, and it is no use to disguise from ourselves the fact that in such an emergency the means of manning our ships would not be equal to that of our antagonist.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCHOOLS.

THERE is no more characteristic spot in Oxford than the quadrangle of the schools. Doubtless in the times when the University held and exercised the privileges of infang-thief and outfang-thief, and other such old-world rights, there must have been a place somewhere within the liberties devoted to examinations even more exciting than the great-go. But since *alma mater* has ceased to take cognizance of "treasons, insurrections, felonies, and mayhem" it is here in that fateful and inexorable quadrangle, and the buildings which surround it, that she exercises her most potent spells over the spirits of her children. I suppose that a man being tried for his life must be more uncomfortable than an undergraduate being examined for his degree, and that to be hung—perhaps even to be pilloried—must be worse than to be plucked. But after all, the feelings in both cases must be essentially the same, only more intense in the former; and an institution which can examine a man (in literis humanioribus, in *humanities* so called) once a year for two or three days at a time, has nothing to complain of, though it has no longer the power of hanging him at once out of hand.

The schools' quadrangle is for the most part a lonely place. Men pass through the melancholy iron-gates by which that quadrangle is entered on three sides—from Broad Street, from the Ratcliffe, and from New College Lane—when necessity leads them that way, with alert step and silently. No nursemaids or children play about it. Nobody lives in it. Only when the examinations are going on you may see a few hooded figures who walk as though conscious of the powers of academic life and death which they wield, and a good deal of shuddering undergraduate life flitting about the place—luckless youths, in white ties and bands, who are undergoing the *peine forte et dure* with different degrees of composure; and their friends who are there to look after them. You may go in and watch the torture yourself if you are so minded, for the *vivâ voce* schools are open to the public. But one such experiment will be enough for you, unless you are very hard-hearted. The sight of the long table, behind which sit Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Co. full-robed, stern of face, soft of speech, seizing their victim in turn, now letting him run a little way as a cat does a mouse, then drawing him back, with claw of wily question, probing him on this side and that, turning him inside out—the row of victims opposite, pale or flushed, of anxious or careless mien, according to temperament, but one and all on the rack as they bend over the alloted paper, or read from the well-thumbed book—the scarcely-less-to-be-pitied row behind, of future victims, "sitting for the schools" as it is called, ruthlessly brought hither by statutes, to watch the sufferings they must hereafter undergo—should fill the friend of suffering humanity with thoughts too deep for tears. Through the long day till four o'clock, or later, the torture lasts. Then the last victim is dismissed; the men who are "sitting for the schools"

fly all ways to their colleges, silently, in search of relief to their over-wrought feelings—probably also of beer, the undergraduate's universal specific. The beadles close those ruthless doors for a mysterious half-hour on the examiners. Outside in the quadrangle collect by twos and threes the friends of the victims waiting for the re-opening of the door and the distribution of the "testamurs." The testamurs, lady readers will be pleased to understand, are certificates under the hands of the examiners that your sons, brothers, husbands perhaps, have successfully undergone the torture. But, if husbands, oh, go not yourselves, and send not your sons to wait for the testamur of the head of your house; for Oxford has seldom seen a sight over which she would more willingly draw the veil with averted face than that of the youth rushing wildly, dissolved in tears, from the schools' quadrangle, and shouting, "Mamma! papa's plucked; papa's plucked!"

On the occasion at which we have now arrived, the pass-schools are over already; the paper-work of the candidates for honours has been going on for the last week. Every morning our three St. Ambrose acquaintance have mustered with the rest for the anxious day's work, after such breakfasts as they have been able to eat under the circumstances. They take their work in very different ways. Grey rushes nervously back to his rooms whenever he is out of the schools for ten minutes, to look up dates and dodges. He worries himself sadly over every blunder which he discovers himself to have made, and sits up nearly all night cramming, always hoping for a better to-morrow. Blake keeps up his affected carelessness to the last, quizzing the examiners, laughing over the shots he has been making in the last paper. His shots, it must be said, turn out well for the most part; in the taste paper particularly, as they compare notes, he seems to have almost struck the bull's-eye in his answers to one or two questions which Hardy and Grey have passed over altogether. When he is wide of the mark he passes it off with some jesting remark "that a fool can ask in five minutes more questions than a wise man can answer in a week," or wish "that the examiners would play fair, and change sides of the table for an hour with the candidates, for a finish." But he, too, though he does it on the sly, is cramming with his coach at every available spare moment. Hardy had finished his reading a full thirty-six hours before the first day of paper-work, and had braced himself for the actual struggle by two good nights' rest and a long day on the river with Tom. He had worked hard from the first, and so had really mastered his books. And now, feeling that he has fairly and honestly done his best, and that if he fails it will be either from bad luck or natural incapacity, and not from his own fault, he manages to keep a cooler head than any of his companions in trouble.

The week's paper-work passes off uneventfully: then comes the *vivâ voce* work for the candidates for honours. They go in, in alphabetical order, four a day, for one more day's work, the hardest of all, and then there is nothing more to do but wait patiently for the class list. On these days there is a good attendance in the inclosed space to which the public are admitted. The front seats are often occupied by the private tutors of the candidates, who are there, like Newmarket trainers, to see the performances of their stables, marking how each colt bears pressing and comports himself when the pinch comes. They watch the examiners too, carefully, to see what line they take, whether science, or history, or scholarship is likely to tell most, that they may handle the rest of their starters accordingly. Behind them, for the most part, on the hindermost benches of the flight of raised steps, anxious younger brothers and friends sit, for a few minutes at a time, flitting in and out in much unrest, and making the objects of their solicitude more nervous than ever by their sympathy.

It is now the afternoon of the second day of the *vivâ voce* examinations in

honours. Blake is one of the men in. His tutor, Hardy, Grey, Tom, and other St. Ambrose men, have all been in the schools more or less during his examination, and now Hardy and Tom are waiting outside the doors for the issuing of the testamurs.

The group is small enough. It is so much of course that a class-man should get his testamur that there is no excitement about it; generally the man himself stops to receive it.

The only anxious faces in the group are Tom's and Hardy's. They have not exchanged a word for the last few minutes in their short walk before the door. Now the examiners come out and walk away towards their colleges, and the next minute the door again opens and the clerk of the schools appears with the slips of paper in his hand.

"Now you'll see if I'm not right," said Hardy, as they gathered to the door with the rest. "I tell you there isn't the least chance for him."

The clerk read out the names inscribed on the testamurs which he held, and handed them to the owners.

"Haven't you one for Mr. Blake of St. Ambrose?" said Tom, desperately, as the clerk was closing the door.

"No, sir; none but those I have just given out," answered the clerk shaking his head. The door closed, and they turned away in silence for the first minute.

"I told you how it would be," said Hardy, as they passed out of the south gate into the Ratcliffe Quadrangle.

"But he seemed to be doing so well when I was in."

"You were not there at the time. I thought at first they would have sent him out of the schools at once."

"In his divinity, wasn't it?"

"Yes; he was asked to repeat one of the Articles, and didn't know three words of it. From that moment I saw it was all over. The examiner and he both lost their tempers, and it went from bad to worse, till the examiner remarked that he could have answered one of the questions he was asking when he was ten years old, and Blake replied, So could he. They gave him a paper in divinity afterwards, but you could see there was no chance for him."

"Poor fellow! what will he do, do you think? How will he take it?"

"I can't tell. But I'm afraid it will be a very serious matter for him. He was the ablest man in our year too. What a pity!"

They got into St. Ambrose just as the bell for afternoon chapel was going down, and went in. Blake was there, and one look showed him what had happened. In fact he had expected nothing else all day since his breakdown in the Articles. Tom couldn't help watching him during chapel, and afterwards, on that evening, acknowledged to a friend that whatever else you might think of Blake, there was no doubt about his gameness.

After chapel he loitered outside the door in the quadrangle, talking just as usual, and before Hall he loitered on the steps in well-feigned carelessness. Everybody else was thinking of his breakdown; some with real sorrow and sympathy; others as of any other nine-days' wonder—pretty much as if the favourite for the Derby had broken down; others with ill-concealed triumph, for Blake had many enemies amongst the men. He himself was conscious enough of what they were thinking of, but maintained his easy gay manner through it all, though the effort it cost him was tremendous. The only allusion he made to what had happened which Tom heard was when he asked him to wine.

"Are you engaged to-night, Brown?" he said. Tom answered in the negative. "Come to me, then," he went on. "You won't get another chance in St. Ambrose. I have a few bottles of old wine left; we may as well floor them: they won't bear moving to a Hall with their master."

And then he turned to some other men and asked them, everyone in fact whom he came across, especially the dominant fast set with whom he had chiefly lived. These young gentlemen

(of whom we had a glimpse at the outset, but whose company we have carefully avoided ever since, seeing that their sayings and doings were of a kind of which the less said the better) had been steadily going on in their way, getting more and more idle, reckless, and insolent. Their doings had been already so scandalous on several occasions as to call for solemn meetings of the college authorities; but, no vigorous measures having followed, such deliberations had only made matters worse, and given the men a notion that they could do what they pleased with impunity. This night the climax had come; it was as though the flood of misrule had at last broken banks and overflowed the whole college.

For two hours the wine party in Blake's large ground-floor rooms was kept up with a wild reckless mirth, in keeping with the host's temper. Blake was on his mettle. He had asked every man with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, as if he wished to face out his disaster at once to the whole world. Many of the men came feeling uncomfortable, and would sooner have stayed away and treated the pluck as a real misfortune. But after all Blake was the best judge of how he liked it to be treated, and, if he had a fancy for giving a great wine on the occasion, the civilest thing to do was to go to it. And so they went, and wondered as much as he could desire at the brilliant coolness of their host, speculating and doubting nevertheless in their own secret hearts whether it wasn't acting after all. Acting it was, no doubt, and not worth the doing; no acting is. But one must make allowances. No two men take a thing just alike, and very few can sit down quietly when they have lost a fall in life's wrestle, and say, "Well, here I am, beaten no doubt this time. By my own fault too. Now, take a good look at me, my good friends, as I know you all want to do, and say your say out, for I mean getting up again directly and having another turn at it."

Blake drank freely himself, and urged his guests to drink, which was a superfluous courtesy for the most part. Many of the men left his rooms considerably excited. They had dispersed for an hour or so to billiards, or a stroll in the town, and at ten o'clock reassembled at supper parties, of which there were several in college this evening, especially a monster one at Chanter's rooms—a "champagne supper," as he had carefully and ostentatiously announced on the cards of invitation. This flaunting the champagne in their faces had been resented by Drysdale and others, who drank his champagne in tumblers, and then abused it and clamoured for beer in the middle of the supper. Chanter, whose prodigality in some ways was only exceeded by his general meanness, had lost his temper at this demand, and insisted that, if they wanted beer, they might send for it themselves, for he wouldn't pay for it. This protest was treated with uproarious contempt, and gallons of ale soon made their appearance in college jugs and tankards. The tables were cleared, and songs (most of them of more than doubtful character), cigars, and all sorts of compounded drinks, from claret cup to egg flip, succeeded. The company, recruited constantly as men came into college, was getting more and more excited every minute. The scouts cleared away and carried off all relics of the supper, and then left; still the revel went on, till, by midnight, the men were ripe for any mischief or folly which those among them who retained any brains at all could suggest. The signal for breaking up was given by the host's falling from his seat. Some of the men rose with a shout to put him to bed, which they accomplished with difficulty, after dropping him several times, and left him to snore off the effects of his debauch with one of his boots on. Others took to doing what mischief occurred to them in his rooms. One man, mounted on a chair with a cigar in his mouth which had gone out, was employed in pouring the contents of a champagne bottle with unsteady hand into the clock on the mantel-piece. Chanter was a particular man in this sort of furniture, and his

clock was rather a specialty. It was a large bronze figure of Atlas, supporting the globe in the shape of a time-piece. Unluckily the maker, not anticipating the sort of test to which his work would be subjected, had ingeniously left the hole for winding up in the top of the clock, so that unusual facilities existed for drowning the world-carrier, and he was already almost at his last tick. One or two men were morally aiding and abetting, and physically supporting the experimenter on clocks, who found it difficult to stand to his work by himself. Another knot of young gentlemen stuck to the tables, and so continued to shout out scraps of song, sometimes standing on their chairs, and sometimes tumbling off them. Another set were employed on the amiable work of pouring beer and sugar into three new pairs of polished leather dress boots, with coloured tops to them, which they discovered in the dressing-room. Certainly, as they remarked, Chanter could have no possible use for so many dress boots at once, and it was a pity the beer should be wasted; but on the whole, perhaps, the materials were never meant for combination, and had better have been kept apart. Others had gone away to break into the kitchen, headed by one who had just come into college and vowed he would have some supper; and others, to screw up an unpopular tutor, or to break into the rooms of some inoffensive freshman. The remainder mustered on the grass in the quadrangle, and began playing leap-frog and larking one another. Amongst these last was our hero, who had been at Blake's wine and one of the quieter supper parties; and, though not so far gone as most of his companions, was by no means in a state in which he would have cared to meet the Dean. He lent his hearty aid accordingly to swell the noise and tumult, which was becoming something out of the way even for St. Ambrose's. As the leap-frog was flagging, Drysdale suddenly appeared carrying some silver plates which were used on solemn occasions in the common room, and allowed to be issued on special application for gentlemen commoners' parties. A rush was made towards him.

"Halloa, here's Drysdale with lots of swag," shouted one. "What are you going to do with it?" cried another. Drysdale paused a moment with the peculiarly sapient look of a tipsy man who has suddenly lost the thread of his ideas, and then suddenly broke out with—

"Hang it; I forget. But let's play at quoits with them."

The proposal was received with applause, and the game began, but Drysdale soon left it. He had evidently some notion in his head which would not suffer him to turn to anything else till he had carried it out. He went off accordingly to Chanter's rooms, while the quoits went on in the front quadrangle.

About this time, however, the Dean and bursar, and the tutors who lived in college, began to be conscious that something unusual was going on. They were quite used to distant choruses, and great noises in the men's rooms, and to a fair amount of shouting and skylarking in the quadrangle, and were long-suffering men not given to interfering; but there must be an end to all endurance, and the state of things which had arrived could no longer be met by a turn in bed and a growl at the uproars and follies of undergraduates.

Presently some of the rioters on the grass caught sight of a figure gliding along the side of the quadrangle towards the Dean's staircase. A shout arose that the enemy was up, but little heed was paid to it by the greater number. Then another figure passed from the Dean's staircase to the porter's lodge. Those of the men who had any sense left saw that it was time to quit, and, after warning the rest, went off towards their rooms. Tom on his way to his staircase caught sight of a figure seated in a remote corner of the inner quadrangle, and made for it, impelled by natural curiosity. He found Drysdale seated on the ground with several silver tankards by his side, employed to the best of his powers in digging a hole with one of the college carving-knives.

"Holloa, Drysdale! what are you up to?" he shouted, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Providing for poshterity," replied Drysdale gravely, without looking up.

"What the deuce do you mean? Don't be such an ass. The Dean will be out in a minute. Get up and come along."

"I tell you, old fellow," said Drysdale, somewhat inarticulately, and driving his knife into the ground again, "the dons are going to spout the college plate. So I am burying these articles for poshterity—"

"Hang posterity," said Tom; "come along directly, or you'll be caught and rusticated."

"Go to bed, Brown—you're drunk, Brown," replied Drysdale, continuing his work, and striking the carving-knife into the ground so close to his own thigh that it made Tom shudder.

"Here they are then," he cried the next moment, seizing Drysdale by the arm, as a rush of men came through the passage into the back quadrangle, shouting and tumbling along, and making in small groups for the different staircases. The Dean and two of the tutors followed, and the porter bearing a lantern. There was no time to be lost; so Tom, after one more struggle to pull Drysdale up and hurry him off, gave it up, and leaving him to his fate, ran across to his own staircase.

For the next half-hour the Dean and his party patrolled the college, and succeeded at last in restoring order, though not without some undignified and disagreeable passages. The lights on the staircases, which generally burnt all night, were of course put out as they approached. On the first staircase which they stormed, the porter's lantern was knocked out of his hand by an unseen adversary, and the light put out on the bottom stairs. On the first landing the bursar trod on a small terrier belonging to a fast freshman, and the dog naturally thereupon bit the bursar's leg; while his master and other *enfants perdues*, taking advantage of the diversion, rushed down the dark stairs, past the party of order, and into the quadrangle, where they scattered amidst a shout of laughter. While the porter was gone for a light, the Dean and his party rashly ventured on a second ascent. Here an unexpected catastrophe awaited them. On the top landing lived one of the steadiest men in college, whose door had been tried shortly before. He had been roused out of his first sleep, and, vowing vengeance on the next comers, stood behind his oak, holding his brown George, or huge earthenware receptacle, half full of dirty water, in which his bed-maker had been washing up his tea-things. Hearing stealthy steps and whisperings on the stairs below, he suddenly threw open his oak, discharging the whole contents of his brown George on the approaching authorities, with a shout of, "Take that for your skulking."

The exasperated Dean and tutors rushing on, seized on their astonished and innocent assailant, and after receiving explanations, and the offer of clean towels, hurried off again after the real enemy. And now the porter appeared again with a light, and, continuing their rounds, they apprehended and disarmed Drysdale, collected the college plate, marked down others of the rioters, visited Chanter's rooms, held a parley with the one of their number who was screwed up in his rooms, and discovered that the bars had been wrenched out of the kitchen window. After which they retired to sleep on their indignation, and quietly settled down again on the ancient and venerable college.

The next morning at chapel many of the revellers met; in fact, there was a fuller attendance than usual, for everyone felt that something serious must be impending. After such a night the dons must make a stand, or give up altogether. The most reckless only of the fast set were absent. St. Cloud was there, dressed even more precisely than usual, and looking as if he were in the habit of going to bed at ten, and had never heard of milk punch. Tom

turned out not much the worse himself, but in his heart feeling not a little ashamed of the whole business; of the party, the men; but, above all, of himself. He thrust the shame back, however, as well as he could, and put a cool face on it. Probably most of the men were in much the same state of mind. Even in St. Ambrose's, reckless and vicious as the college had become, by far the greater part of the undergraduates would gladly have seen a change in the direction of order and decency, and were sick of the wretched licence of doing right in their own eyes, and wrong in everyone's else.

As the men trooped out of chapel, they formed in corners of the quadrangle, except the reading set, who went off quietly to their rooms. There was a pause of a minute or two. Neither principal, dean, tutor, nor fellow, followed as on ordinary occasions. "They're hatching something in the outer chapel," said one.

"It'll be a coarse time for Chanter, I take it," said another.

"Was your name sent to the buttery for his supper?"

"No, I took d—d good care of that," said St. Cloud, who was addressed.

"Drysdale was caught, wasn't he?"

"So I hear, and nearly frightened the Dean and the Porter out of their wits by staggering after them with a carving-knife."

"He'll be sacked, of course."

"Much he'll care for that."

"Here they come, then; by Jove, how black they look!"

The authorities now came out of the antechapel door, and walked slowly across towards the Principal's house in a body. At this moment, as ill-luck would have it, Jack trotted into the front quadrangle, dragging after him the light steel chain with which he was usually fastened up in Drysdale's scout's room at night. He came innocently towards one and another of the groups, and retired from each much astonished at the low growl with which his acquaintance was repudiated on all sides.

"Porter, whose dog is that?" said the Dean, catching sight of him.

"Mr. Drysdale's dog, sir, I think, sir," answered the Porter.

"Probably the animal who bit me last night," said the bursar. His knowledge of dogs was small; if Jack had fastened on him he would probably have been in bed from the effects.

"Turn the dog out of college," said the Dean.

"Please, sir, he's a very savage dog, sir," said the Porter, whose respect for Jack was unbounded.

"Turn him out immediately," replied the Dean.

The wretched Porter, arming himself with a broom, approached Jack, and after some coaxing managed to catch hold of the end of his chain, and began to lead him towards the gates, carefully holding out the broom towards Jack's nose with his other hand, to protect himself. Jack at first hauled away at his chain, and then began circling round the Porter at the full extent of it, evidently meditating an attack. Notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation the ludicrous alarm of the Porter set the men laughing.

"Come along, or Jack will be pinning the wretched Copas," said Jervis, and he and Tom stepped up to the terrified little man, and, releasing him, led Jack, who knew them both well, out of college.

"Were you at that supper party," said Jervis, as they deposited Jack with an ostler, who was lounging outside the gates, to be taken to Drysdale's stables.

"No," said Tom.

"I'm glad to hear it, there will be a pretty clean sweep after last night's doings."

"But I was in the quadrangle when they came out."

"Not caught, eh?" said Jervis.

"No, luckily I got to my own rooms at once."

"Were any of the crew caught?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, we shall hear enough of it before lecture-time."

Jervis was right. There was a meet-

ing in the common room directly after breakfast. Drysdale, anticipating his fate, took his name off before they sent for him. Chanter and three or four others were rusticated for a year, and Blake was ordered to go down at once. He was a scholar, and what was to be done in his case would be settled at the meeting at the end of term.

For twenty-four hours it was supposed that St. Cloud had escaped altogether, but at the end of that time he was summoned before a meeting in the common room. The tutor, whose door had been so effectually screwed up that he had been obliged to get out of his window by a ladder to attend morning chapel, proved wholly unable to appreciate the joke, and set himself to work to discover the perpetrators of it. The door was fastened with long gimlets, which were screwed firmly in, and when driven well home their heads had been knocked off. The tutor collected the shafts of the gimlets from the carpenter, who came to effect an entry for him; and after careful examination, discovered the trade mark. So, putting them in his pocket, he walked off into the town, and soon came back with the information he required, which resulted in the rustication of St. Cloud, an event which was borne by the college with the greatest equanimity.

Shortly afterwards Tom attended in the schools' quadrangle again, to be present at the posting of the class list. This time there were plenty of anxious faces; the quadrangle was full of them. He felt almost as nervous himself as if he were waiting for the third gun. He thrust himself forward, and was amongst the first who caught sight of the document. One look was enough for him, and the next moment he was off at full speed to St. Ambrose, and, rushing headlong into Hardy's rooms, seized him by the hand, and shook it vehemently.

"It's all right, old fellow," he cried, as soon as he could catch his breath; "it's all right. Four firsts; you're one of them: well done!"

"And Grey, where's he; is he all right?"

"Bless me, I forgot to look," said Tom, "I only read the firsts, and then came off as hard as I could."

"Then he is not a first."

"No; I'm sure of that."

"I must go and see him; he deserved it far more than I."

"No, by Jove, old boy," said Tom, seizing him again by the hand, "that he didn't; nor any man that ever went into the schools."

"Thank you, Brown," said Hardy, returning his warm grip. "You do one good. Now to see poor Grey, and to write to my dear old father before Hall. Fancy him opening the letter at breakfast the day after to-morrow! I only hope it won't hurt him."

"Never fear. I don't believe in people dying of joy, and anything short of sudden death he won't mind at the price."

Hardy hurried off, and Tom went to his own rooms, and smoked a cigar to allay his excitement, and thought about his friend and all they had felt together and laughed and mourned over in the short months of their friendship. A pleasant dreamy half-hour he spent thus, till the hall bell roused him, and he made his toilette and went to his dinner.

It was with very mixed feelings that Hardy walked by the servitors' table and took his seat with the bachelors, an equal at last amongst equals. No man who is worth his salt can leave a place where he has gone through hard and searching discipline and been tried in the very depths of his heart without regret, however much he may have winced under the discipline. It is no light thing to fold up and lay by for ever a portion of one's life, even when it can be laid by with honour and in thankfulness.

But it was with no mixed feelings, but with a sense of entire triumph and joy, that Tom watched his friend taking his new place, and the Dons one after another coming up and congratulating him, and treating him as the man who had done honour to them and his college.

CHAPTER XXV.

COMMEMORATION.

The end of the academic year was now at hand, and Oxford was beginning to put on her gayest clothing. The college gardeners were in a state of unusual activity, and the lawns and flower-beds, which form such exquisite settings to many of the venerable grey-gabled buildings, were as neat and as bright as hands could make them. Cooks, butlers, and their assistants, were bestirring themselves in kitchen and butlery, under the direction of bursars jealous of the fame of their houses, in the preparation of the abundant and solid fare with which Oxford is wont to entertain all comers. Everything the best of its kind, no stint but no nonsense, seems to be the wise rule which the University hands down and lives up to in these matters. However we may differ as to her degeneracy in other departments, all who have ever visited her will admit that in this of hospitality she is still a great national teacher, acknowledging and preaching by example the fact, that eating and drinking are important parts of man's life, which are to be allowed their due prominence, and not thrust into a corner, but are to be done soberly and thankfully, in the sight of God and man. The coaches were bringing in heavy loads of visitors; carriages of all kinds were coming in from the neighbouring counties; and lodgings in the High-street were going up to fabulous prices.

In one of these High-street lodgings, on the evening of the Saturday before Commemoration, Miss Winter and her cousin are sitting. They have been in Oxford during the greater part of the day, having posted up from Englebourn, but they have only just come in, for the younger lady is still in her bonnet, and Miss Winter's lies on the table. The windows are wide open, and Miss Winter is sitting at one of them, while her cousin is busied in examining the furniture and decorations of their temporary home, now commenting upon these, now pouring out praises of Oxford.

"Isn't it too charming? I never dreamt that any town could be so beautiful. Don't you feel wild about it, Katie?"

"It is the queen of towns, dear. But I know it well, you see, so that I can't be quite so enthusiastic as you."

"Oh, those dear gardens! what was the name of those ones with the targets up, where they were shooting? Don't you remember?"

"New College Gardens, on the old city wall, you mean?"

"No, no. They were very nice and sentimental. I should like to go and sit and read poetry there. But I mean the big ones, the gorgeous, princely ones; with wicked old Bishop Laud's gallery looking into them."

"Oh! St. John's, of course."

"Yes, St. John's. Why do you hate Laud so, Katie?"

"I don't hate him, dear. He was a Berkshire man, you know. But I think he did a great deal of harm to the Church."

"How did you think my new silk looked in the gardens? How lucky I brought it, wasn't it? I shouldn't have liked to have been in nothing but muslins. They don't suit here; you want something richer amongst the old buildings, and on the beautiful velvety turf of the gardens. How do you think I looked?"

"You looked like a queen, dear; or a lady in waiting at least."

"Yes, a lady in waiting on Henrietta Maria. Didn't you hear one of the gentlemen say that she was lodged in St. John's when Charles marched to relieve Gloucester? Ah! can't you fancy her sweeping about the gardens, with her ladies following her, and Bishop Laud walking just a little behind her, and talking in a low voice about—let me see—something very important?"

"Oh Mary, where has your history gone? He was Archbishop, and was safely locked up in the Tower."

"Well, perhaps he was; then he couldn't be with her of course. How stupid of you to remember, Katie. Why can't you make up your mind

to enjoy yourself when you come out for a holiday?"

"I shouldn't enjoy myself any the more for forgetting dates," said Katie, laughing.

"Oh, you would though; only try. But, let me see, it can't be Laud. Then it shall be that cruel drinking old man, with the wooden leg made of gold, who was governor of Oxford when the king was away. He must be hobbling along after the queen in a buff coat and breast-plate, holding his hat with a long drooping white feather in his hand."

"But you wouldn't like it at all, Mary, it would be too serious for you. The poor queen would be too anxious to gossip, and you ladies in waiting would be obliged to walk after her without saying a word.

"Yes, that would be stupid. But then she would have to go away with the old governor to write despatches; and some of the young officers with long hair and beautiful lace sleeves, and large boots, whom the king had left behind, wounded, might come and walk perhaps, or sit in the sun in the quiet gardens."

Mary looked over her shoulder with the merriest twinkle in her eye, to see how her steady cousin would take this last picture. "The college authorities would never allow that," she said quietly, still looking out of the window; "if you wanted beaus, you must have them in black gowns."

"They would have been jealous of the soldiers, you think? Well, I don't mind; the black gowns are very pleasant, only a little stiff. But how do you think my bonnet looked?"

"Charmingly. But when are you going to have done looking in the glass? You don't care for the buildings, I believe, a bit. Come and look at St. Mary's; there is such a lovely light on the steeple!"

"I'll come directly, but I must get these flowers right. I'm sure there are too many in this trimming."

Mary was trying her new bonnet on over and over again before the mantel-glass, and pulling out and changing the places of the blush-rose buds with which it was trimmed. Just then a noise of wheels, accompanied by a merry tune on a cornopean, came in from the street.

"What's that, Katie?" she cried, stopping her work for a moment.

"A coach coming up from Magdalen bridge. I think it is a cricketing party coming home."

"Oh let me see," and she tripped across to the window, bonnet in hand, and stood beside her cousin. And then, sure enough, a coach covered with cricketers returning from a match, drove past the window. The young ladies looked out at first with great curiosity; but, suddenly finding themselves the mark for a whole coach-load of male eyes, shrank back a little before the cricketers had passed on towards the "Mitre." As the coach passed out of sight, Mary gave a pretty toss of her head, and said,—

"Well, they don't want for assurance, at any rate. I think they needn't have stared so."

"It was our fault," said Katie; "we shouldn't have been at the window. Besides, you know you are to be a lady in waiting on Henrietta Maria up here, and of course you must get used to being stared at."

"Oh yes, but that was to be by young gentlemen wounded in the wars, in lace ruffles, as one sees them in pictures. That's a very different thing from young gentlemen in flannel trousers and straw hats, driving up the High Street on coaches. I declare one of them had the impudence to bow, as if he knew you."

"So he does. That was my cousin."

"Your cousin! Ah, I remember. Then he must be my cousin too."

"No, not at all. He is no relation of yours."

"Well, I sha'n't break my heart. But is he a good partner?"

"I should say, yes. But I hardly know. We used to be a great deal together as children, but papa has been such an invalid lately."

"Ah, I wonder how uncle is getting

on at the Vice-Chancellor's. Look, it is past eight by St. Mary's. When were we to go?"

"We were asked for nine."

"Then we must go and dress. Will it be very slow and stiff, Katie? I wish we were going to something not quite so grand."

"You'll find it very pleasant, I dare say."

"There won't be any dancing, though, I know; will there?"

"No; I should think certainly not."

"Dear me! I hope there will be some young men there—I shall be so shy, I know, if there are nothing but wise people. How do you talk to a Regius Professor, Katie? It must be awful."

"He will probably be at least as uncomfortable as you, dear," said Miss Winter, laughing, and rising from the window; "let us go and dress."

"Shall I wear my best gown?—What shall I put in my hair?"

At this moment the door opened, and the maid-servant introduced Mr. Brown.

It was the St. Ambrose drag which had passed along shortly before, bearing the eleven home from a triumphant match. As they came over Magdalen bridge, Drysdale, who had returned to Oxford as a private gentleman after his late catastrophe, which he had managed to keep a secret from his guardian, and was occupying his usual place on the box, called out—

"Now, boys, keep your eyes open, there must be plenty of lionesses about;" and thus warned, the whole load, including the cornopean player, were on the look-out for lady visitors, profanely called lionesses, all the way up the street. They had been gratified by the sight of several walking in the High-street or looking out of the windows, before they caught sight of Miss Winter and her cousin. The appearance of these young ladies created a sensation.

"I say, look! up there in that first-floor."

"By George, they're something like."

"The sitter for choice."

"No, no, the standing-up one; she looks so saucy."

"Hullo, Brown! do you know them?"

"One of them is my cousin," said Tom, who had just been guilty of the salutation which, as we saw, excited the indignation of the younger lady.

"What luck!—You'll ask me to meet them—when shall it be? To-morrow at breakfast, I vote."

"I say, you'll introduce me before the ball on Monday? promise now," said another.

"I don't know that I shall see anything of them," said Tom; "I shall just leave a pasteboard, but I'm not in the humour to be dancing about lionizing."

A storm of indignation arose at this speech: the notion that any of the fraternity who had any hold on lionesses, particularly if they were pretty, should not use it to the utmost for the benefit of the rest, and the glory and honour of the college, was revolting to the undergraduate mind. So the whole body escorted Tom to the door of the lodgings, impressing upon him the necessity of engaging both his lionesses for every hour of every day in St. Ambrose's, and left him not till they had heard him ask for the young ladies, and seen him fairly on his way upstairs. They need not have taken so much trouble, for in his secret soul he was no little pleased at the appearance of creditable ladies, more or less belonging to him, and would have found his way to see them quickly and surely enough without any urging. Moreover, he had been really fond of his cousin, years before, when they had been boy and girl together.

So they greeted one another very cordially, and looked one another over as they shook hands, to see what changes time had made. He makes his changes rapidly enough at that age, and mostly for the better, as the two cousins thought. It was nearly three years since they had met, and then he was a fifth-form boy and she a girl in the schoolroom. They were both conscious of a strange pleasure in meeting again, mixed with a feeling of shyness, and wonder whether they should be able to step back into their old relations.

Mary looked on demurely, really watching them, but ostensibly engaged on the rosebud trimming. Presently Miss Winter turned to her and said, "I don't think you two ever met before; I must introduce you, I suppose;—my cousin Tom, my cousin Mary."

"Then we must be cousins too," said Tom, holding out his hand.

"No, Katie says not," she answered.

"I don't mean to believe her, then," said Tom; "but what are you going to do now, to-night? Why didn't you write and tell me you were coming?"

"We have been so shut up lately, owing to papa's bad health, that I really had almost forgotten you were at Oxford."

"By the bye," said Tom, "where is uncle?"

"Oh! he is dining at the Vice-Chancellor's, who is an old college friend of his. We have only been up here three or four hours, and it has done him so much good. I am so glad we spirited him up to coming."

"You haven't made any engagements yet, I hope?"

"Indeed we have; I can't tell how many. We came in time for luncheon in Balliol. Mary and I made it our dinner, and we have been seeing sights ever since, and have been asked to go to I don't know how many luncheons and breakfasts."

"What, with a lot of dons, I suppose?" said Tom spitefully; "you won't enjoy Oxford then; they'll bore you to death."

"There now, Katie; that is just what I was afraid of," joined in Mary; "you remember we didn't hear a word about balls all the afternoon."

"You haven't got your tickets for the balls, then?" said Tom, brightening up.

"No, how shall we get them?"

"Oh! I can manage that, I've no doubt."

"Stop; how are we to go? Papa will never take us."

"You needn't think about that; any body will chaperone you. Nobody cares about that sort of thing at commemoration."

"Indeed I think you had better wait till I have talked to papa."

"Then all the tickets will be gone," said Tom. "You must go. Why shouldn't I chaperone you? I know several men whose sisters are going with them."

"No, that will scarcely do, I'm afraid. But really, Mary, we must go and dress."

"Where are you going then?" said Tom.

"To an evening party at the Vice-Chancellor's; we are asked for nine o'clock, and the half-hour has struck."

"Hang the dons; how unlucky that I didn't know before! Have you any flowers, by the way?"

"Not one."

"Then I will try to get you some by the time you are ready. May I?"

"Oh yes, pray do," said Mary. "That's capital, Katie, isn't it? Now I shall have something to put in my hair; I couldn't think what I was to wear."

Tom took a look at the hair in question, and then left them and hastened out to scour the town for flowers, as if his life depended on success. In the morning, he would probably have resented as insulting, or laughed at as wildly improbable, the suggestion that he would be so employed before night.

A double chair was drawn up opposite the door when he came back, and the ladies were coming down into the sitting room.

"Oh look, Katie! What lovely flowers! How very kind of you."

Tom surrendered as much of his burden as that young lady's little round white hands could clasp, to her, and deposited the rest on the table.

"Now, Katie, which shall I wear—this beautiful white rose all by itself, or a wreath of these pansies? Here, I have a wire: I can make them up in a minute." She turned to the glass, and held the rich cream-white rose against her hair, and then turning on Tom, added, "What do you think?"

"I thought fern would suit your hair better than anything else," said Tom; "and so I got these leaves," and he picked out two slender fern leaves.

"How very kind of you! Let me see, how do you mean? Ah! I see; it will be charming;" and so saying, she

held the leaves one in each hand to the sides of her head, and then floated about the room for needle and thread, and with a few nimble stitches fastened together the simple green crown, which her cousin put on for her, making the points meet above her forehead. Mary was wild with delight at the effect, and full of thanks to Tom as he helped them hastily to tie up bouquets, and then, amidst much laughing, they squeezed into the wheel chair together (as the fashions of that day allowed two young ladies to do), and went off to their party, leaving a last injunction on him to go up and put the rest of the flowers in water, and to call directly after breakfast the next day. He obeyed his orders, and pensively arranged the rest of the flowers in the china ornaments on the mantelpiece, and in a soup plate, which he got and placed in the middle of the table, and then spent some minutes examining a pair of gloves and other small articles of women's gear which lay scattered about the room. The gloves particularly attracted him, and he flattened them out and laid them on his own large brown hand, and smiled at the contrast, and took other unjustifiable liberties with them; after which he returned to college and endured much banter as to the time his call had lasted, and promised to engage his cousins, as he called them, to grace some festivities in St. Ambrose's at their first spare moment.

The next day, being show Sunday, was spent by the young ladies in a ferment of spiritual and other dissipation. They attended morning service at eight at the cathedral; breakfasted at a Merton fellow's, from whence they adjourned to University sermon. Here, Mary, after two or three utterly ineffectual attempts to understand what the preacher was meaning, soon relapsed into an examination of the bonnets present, and the doctors and proctors on the floor, and the undergraduates in the gallery. On the whole, she was, perhaps, better employed than her cousin, who knew enough of religious party strife to follow the preacher, and was made very uncomfortable by his discourse, which consisted of an attack upon the recent publications of the most eminent and best men in the University. Poor Miss Winter came away with a vague impression of the wickedness of all persons who dare to travel out of beaten tracks, and that the most unsafe state of mind in the world is that which inquires and aspires, and cannot be satisfied with the regulation draught of spiritual doctors in high places. Being naturally of a reverent turn of mind, she tried to think that the discourse had done her good. At the same time she was somewhat troubled by the thought that somehow the best men in all times of which she had read seemed to her to be just those whom the preacher was in fact denouncing, although in words he had praised them as the great lights of the Church. The words which she had heard in one of the lessons kept running in her head, "Truly ye bear witness that ye do allow the deeds of your fathers, for they indeed killed them, but ye build their sepulchres." But she had little leisure to think on the subject, and, as her father praised the sermon as a noble protest against the fearful tendencies of the day to Popery and Pantheism, smothered the questionings of her own heart as well as she could, and went off to luncheon in a common room; after which her father retired to their lodgings, and she and her cousin were escorted to afternoon service at Magdalen, in achieving which last feat they had to encounter a crush only to be equalled by that at the pit entrance to the opera on a Jenny Lind night. But what will not a delicately nurtured British lady go through when her mind is bent either on pleasure or duty?

Poor Tom's feelings throughout the day may be more easily conceived than described. He had called according to order, and waited at their lodgings after breakfast. Of course they did not arrive. He had caught a distant glimpse of them in St. Mary's, but had not been able to approach. He had called again in the afternoon unsuccessfully, so far as seeing

them was concerned; but he had found his uncle at home, lying upon the sofa. At first he was much dismayed by this rencontre, but, recovering his presence of mind he proceeded, I regret to say, to take the length of the old gentleman's foot, by entering into a minute and sympathizing inquiry into the state of his health. Tom had no faith whatever in his uncle's ill health, and believed—as many persons of robust constitution are too apt to do when brought face to face with nervous patients—that he might shake off the whole of his maladies at any time by a resolute effort, so that his sympathy was all sham, though, perhaps, one may pardon it, considering the end in view, which was that of persuading the old gentleman to entrust the young ladies to his nephew's care for that evening in the long walk; and generally to look upon his nephew, Thomas Brown, as his natural prop and supporter in the University, whose one object in life just now would be to take trouble off his hands, and who was of that rare and precocious steadiness of character that he might be as safely trusted as a Spanish duenna. To a very considerable extent the victim fell into the toils. He had many old friends at the colleges, and was very fond of good dinners, and long sittings afterwards. This very evening he was going to dine at St. John's, and had been much troubled at the idea of having to leave the unrivalled old port of that learned house to escort his daughter and niece to the long walk. Still he was too easy and good-natured not to wish that they might get there, and did not like the notion of their going with perfect strangers. Here was a compromise. His nephew was young, but still he was a near relation, and in fact it gave the poor old man a plausible excuse for not exerting himself as he felt he ought to do, which was all he ever required for shifting his responsibilities and duties upon other shoulders.

So Tom waited quietly till the young ladies came home, which they did just before hall-time. Mr. Winter was getting impatient. As soon as they arrived he started for St. John's, after advising them to remain at home for the rest of the evening, as they looked quite tired and knocked up; but if they were resolved to go to the long walk, his nephew would escort them.

"How can Uncle Robert say we look so tired?" said Mary, consulting the glass on the subject; "I feel quite fresh. Of course, Katie, you mean to go to the long walk?"

"I hope you will go," said Tom; "I think you owe me some amends. I came here according to order this morning, and you were not in, and I have been trying to catch you ever since."

"We couldn't help it," said Miss Winter; "indeed we have not had a minute to ourselves all day. I was very sorry to think that we should have brought you here for nothing this morning."

"But about the long walk, Katie?"

"Well, don't you think we have done enough for to-day? I should like to have tea and sit quietly at home, as papa suggested."

"Do you feel very tired, dear?" said Mary, seating herself by her cousin on the sofa, and taking her hand.

"No, dear; I only want a little quiet and a cup of tea."

"Then let us stay here quietly till it is time to start. When ought we to get to the long walk?"

"About half-past seven," said Tom; "you shouldn't be much later than that."

"There you see, Katie, we shall have two hours' perfect rest. You shall lie upon the sofa and I will read to you, and then we shall go on all fresh again."

Miss Winter smiled and said, "Very well." She saw that her cousin was bent on going, and she could deny her nothing.

"May I send you in anything from college?" said Tom; "you ought to have something more than tea I'm sure."

"Oh no, thank you. We dined in the middle of the day."

"Then I may call for you about seven o'clock," said Tom, who had come unwillingly to the conclusion that he had better leave them for the present.

"Yes, and mind you come in good time; we mean to see the whole sight, remember. We are country cousins."

"You must let me call you cousin then, just for the look of the thing."

"Certainly, just for the look of the thing, we will be cousins till further notice."

"Well, you and Tom seem to get on together, Mary," said Miss Winter, as they heard the front door close. "I'm learning a lesson from you, though I doubt whether I shall ever be able to put it in practice. What a blessing it must be not to be shy!"

"Are you shy, then," said Mary, looking at her cousin with a playful loving smile.

"Yes, dreadfully. It is positive pain to me to walk into a room where there are people I do not know."

"But I feel that too. I'm sure now you were much less embarrassed than I last night at the Vice-Chancellor's. I quite envied you, you seemed so much at your ease."

"Did I? I would have given anything to be back here quietly. But it is not the same thing with you. You have no real shyness, or you would never have got on so fast with my cousin."

"Oh! I don't feel at all shy with him," said Mary, laughing. "How lucky it is that he found us out so soon. I like him so much. There is a sort of way about him as if he couldn't help himself. I am sure one could turn him round one's finger. Don't you think so?"

"I'm not so sure of that. But he always was soft-hearted, poor boy. But he isn't a boy any longer. You must take care, Mary. Shall we ring for tea?"

To be continued.

THE MYSTERY.

"Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom."—Prov. xviii. 1.

O the haunted house on the moorland, how lone and desolate,
In its antique fashions grand, it seems to frown upon its fate!
Looking over the bleak moorland, looking over to the sea,
Defiant in the haughtiness of some great memory.

Few trees are there and stunted, for the salt-wind blows across,
And swathes their twigs in lichens grey, and flakes of ragged moss;
And the cotton-grass nods in the fish-pond beside the spotted rush,
And the newt creeps thro' their sodden roots where they grow rank and lush.

But moor and marsh and stunted tree, with mosses overrun,
And the Druid stone where the raven sits blinking in the sun—
All are bleaker from its neighbourhood, and grouped around it lie,
As round a desolate thought that fills a subtle painter's eye.

Straggling over half an acre, with a rough-hewn masonry,
There are portals heavy-arched, and gables crested with the fleur-de-lis,
Mounting turrets, curious windows, and armorial bearings quaint,
Full of rare fantastic meanings as the dreams of some old saint.

And the grim old tower looms darkly with its shadow over all;
Beast unclean and bird unholy brood or burrow in its wall;
Moans the wind thro' long blind lobbies—distant doors are heard to slap,
And the paint falls from the panels, and the mouldering tapestries flap.

Falls the paint from scripture stories, all blurred with mildew damp,
Fade the ancient knights and ladies from the tapestries quaint and cramp;
And of all the rare carved mantels only here and there are seen
A bunch of flowers and vine leaves, with a satyr's face between.

Through chinks the sun is breaking, the rain breaks through the roof;
There are sullen pools in the corners, and sullen drops aloof;
And flitting as in woodlands, strange lights are in the rooms,
And to and fro they glimmer, alternating with glooms.

And him that shelters there a-night from the wild storm or rain,
Will death or madness set upon, and leaguer him amain
With eldrich shapes, and eerie sounds of sorrow and of sin,
And cries of utter wailing that make the blood grow thin.

O the haunted house on the moorland, how lone and desolate,
In its antique fashions grand, it seems to frown upon its fate!
But sit not thou in its tapestried rooms about the midnight drear,
When the chains clank on the staircase, and the groaning step draws near.

The chains clank on the staircase, and the step is coming slow,
And the doors creak on their hinges, and the lamp is burning low,
And thou listenest too intently, and thy heart is throbbing fast;—
Be thou coward now or bold, 'twere better face the stormy blast.

Better face the storm without, you think? Alas! I cannot tell:
Perhaps we lose the power, perhaps we lose the wish as well;
For I have watched and pondered many a weary night and day,
Ever listening thus intently in our mystic house of clay;

Ever listening to its strangeness, to its sorrow and its sin,
With a boldness and a terror, and a throbbing heart within;
Bold to know the very thing which I feared indeed to see,
Would the lamp but only hold till I searched the mystery.

For is not this our human life even such a wreck of greatness,
Where the trace of an ancient grandeur marks an equal desolateness?
Since that which hath been is not, or only serves to wake
A thirst for truth and beauty, which, alas! it cannot slake.

And the ruin of its greatness casts all round an air of gloom;
Earth's loveliness is darkened by the shadow of our doom;
And the richness of our nature only adds a bitter point
Of irony to the thought that all is plainly out of joint.

And fitfully, as through a chink, the higher world of God
Breaks in to make more visible our waste and drear abode;
And syllables and whispers, all discordant to rehearse,
Hint unutterable harmonies in the great Universe.

And there are pictured tapestries in chambers of the brain,
The memories of a higher state which still with us remain,
But faded all and mildewed they but deepen our regret,
Like twilight glories telling of a glory that is set.

And mingling with the traces of a wondrous beauty still,
There are lustful satyr faces turning all the good to ill ;
And like birds unholy nestling and defiling every part,
O the broods of evil passions in the corners of the heart.

And if thou watch there thoughtful, in silence of the night,
With a longing and a listening too intent to know the right ;
Have a care, for there are phantoms—be thou cowardly or bold,—
That syllable and whisper what shall make the blood run cold.

O to rid me of that longing ! to stand aloof and free
From the dread, or from the power of the dread Infinity !
O to grasp, or to be careless of, the subtle thoughts that fly
And shun the sense, like flower-smells, the closer we come nigh !

Just to dwell among the little things of life, and be content
With its ordinary being and its ordinary bent ;
Still to wade in the clear shallows and the old accustomed fords,
'Mong the thin and easy truths and the babbling of old words !

To think and feel, and comprehend all I might think and feel,
With a heart that never sickened, and a brain that did not reel
Under the sense of mystery and mighty shadows, cast
Upon the soul from life and death—the future and the past.

So thou'rt crushed beneath a shadow !—Ah ! I would that I could smile
With your satisfied philosophy ; but on my heart the while
The shadow of the Infinite is laid oppressively,
And though I know that it is light, alas ! it darkens me.

In the lonesomeness and thoughtfulness of the still midnight hour,
Hast thou never felt the mystery of being, and its power ?—
The great light from the Godhead, and the cross-light from man,
From that which is and ought to be—the portion and the plan ?

How they are twined and parted, yet firmly linkèd still
By necessity of being in the dread Almighty will !
Hast thou never yearned to see the sun break thro' this gathered haze,
Though he quenched thy little hearth-fire by the glory of his blaze ?

Never felt the eager longing in the inner heart of men,
Like a tiger pacing restless to and fro his narrow den,
For his mighty limbs grow irksome with the lack of room to play,
And he pineth for a leap—a bound into the night or day ?

Ah, me ! to be a botanist or bookworm ! just to task
A herbal or a history to answer all I'd ask ;
And be content to live, and work, and die, and rot—nor ever
Writhe with a mighty longing and a sense of high endeavour.

Why are all things yet a question ? What is nature ? What is man ?
What is truth ? and what is duty ? Why, answer as we can,
Has the soul a deeper question still to put, when all is done,
Which goes echoing into darkness, and answer there is none ?

O, I've heard that echo often die in mockery away
In the distance of conception, like the waters of a bay
Surging far into a lone sea cave—you cannot tell how far—
And there is neither light of torch, nor light of moon or star.

Can I will, and can I be, and do, all I have thought and felt?
Can I mould mine opportunity, and shake off sin and guilt?
Is life so thin-transparent, as men have thought and said?
And God a mere onlooker to see the game well played?

'Twixt the willing and the being—'twixt the darkness and the light,
Is there no interval for Him to exercise His might?
Then perish all my hesitance, and all your power and pelf;—
I will be loyal to the truth, and royal to myself.

I will call out from the depths a boundless truth—a certain key
To unlock the ancient secrets of our hoar perplexity;
For the glow of one vast certainty would banish chaos-night,
And canopy my soul as with a dome of rainbow light.

O the sounding waves should speak to me, and be well understood;
The violet should tell the secret of its pensive mood;
And the dew-drops why their tears are formed on the eyelash of the light,
And that lorn wind in the woodland why it sobs the livelong night.

For the whole creation groaneth with a sorrow not its own,
And to all its many voices grief is still the undertone,
And on all its sunny aspects lies a shadow I would fain
Lift, and know with what a birth it is travailing in pain.

I would speak with the wild Arab deep-throat guttural truth, and sound
The heart-depths of ascetic squatting loathsome on the ground:
Taste all truths of past or present, and all truths of clime and race,
Where'er a true Divinity was deemed to have a place.

I would know all creeds and gospels, and how they played their part,
Each with its place appointed for this changeful human heart:
Each with a dawn of progress, and a share of good and ill,
Each with its work appointed by the Eternal will.

But tossing on the ocean of a changeable belief,
To deem there is no certainty and hope for no relief,
With no faith in the old causeways and the lamplights, it is dreary
To be wandering as I wander now, so aimless, dark, and weary.

Woe's me! but life is rigid—is not plastic to my will;
Thoughts they come and go, like spirits with the mist about them still;
And the strife is ineffectual towards lighting up the soul,
Like the faint and glimmering twilights that creep around the pole.

To myself I am all mystery: I fain would act my part;
But the problem of existence aches unsolved within my heart.
How can this life be possible?—What matter now to ask?
'Tis already a necessity—an urgent, hourly task.

Ah ! there the clouds break up ; and lo ! a clear bright star uprearing,
Its face deep, deep in heaven, beside the crystal throne appearing :
Though life be dreary, and truth be dark ; yet duty is not so :
Lay thy hand then to its labour, and thy heart into the blow.

Like the light of a dark lantern is the guiding light for thee,
A circle on the earth just where thy foot should planted be :
But turn it to the mountains that encompass life and doom,
And it flickers like a shadow, and only shows the gloom.

O the haunted house on the moorland, all lone and desolate,
Let it stand in its antique fashions frowning grimly on its fate ;
But brood not thou with thought intense about the dark midnight,
But turn thee to thy task, and do thy work with all thy might.

The day is short and changeful, the night is drawing on,
And maybe there is light beyond, and maybe there is none ;
But the grief and pain and struggle, and the hoar perplexity,
Will not yield their secrets up to any questioning of thee.

ORWELL.

FROUDE'S HISTORY—VOLS. V. AND VI.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

TEN years ago an eminent German scholar expressed his astonishment at the amount and the value of the contributions which England had recently made to historical literature. That two great histories of Greece should not only have been undertaken, but should have become popular—among us, was a fact which, he said, no experience in his country of books enabled him to account for. He accepted, if he did not suggest, the interpretation, that those who were in the midst of political action must feel an interest in political experiences, from whatever age or nation they are derived, which the most diligent students cannot feel. There was some hope in 1850 that what had been given to one part of the Anglo-Saxon race, would not always be denied to the other. That hope may not be less in 1860. Certainly, the intervening years which have put us in possession of Lord Macaulay's splendid fragment, of several volumes of Mr. Merivale's "Roman Empire," of Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity" (at least in its complete form), of Mr. Carlyle's "Frederick," and of Mr. Froude's "Tudors,"* have not diminished the evidence that the reign of Queen Victoria is likely to be at least as illustrious in the department of history as in that of physical science.

That Mr. Froude's first four volumes have established a place for themselves among our English classics, is, it seems to me, a greater witness for the historical tendency of our minds in this day, than even the success of such works as Bishop Thirlwall's, or Mr. Grote's.

We know that we have accepted many loose traditions and many false opinions about the classical periods. We can have patience with the scholars who undertake to set us right. We can even feel a sort of gratitude to them. We expect them to adopt a solemn Gibbonic style of writing. But our own history we of course understand ; there may be points in it which require to be cleared up ;

* I have not ventured to include our Transatlantic brethren ; otherwise Mr. Prescott and Mr. Mottley would have made splendid additions to my list.

Whigs and Tories have their own theories and predilections; but one or other of these we take it for granted must be right. All we want is to have the story of our kings rendered to us in short, epigrammatic sentences; to have our own opinions presented to us in an agreeable form; to be occasionally relieved from the necessity of admiring some one who has been reputed a hero.

In all these particulars Mr. Froude has set at nought our demands. Without relapsing into Gibbonism, he positively refuses to cast his sentences in the "Edinburgh Review" moulds. He is resolved to write simple, quiet English, such as a man writes who thinks seriously of the generations of old, and dares not treat them as we treat the writer of the last new novel. He has not introduced any affectations of his own, while he has eschewed those of his contemporaries. The experiment is a very courageous one. Great intrinsic merits are necessary to make a kind of writing acceptable which is so good that it never forces itself upon our notice, which presents its subject with such clearness, that the medium is almost forgotten.

But even if he could be forgiven for being without mannerism, could our English conservative nature tolerate his departure from some of our most approved and fundamental historical maxims? We may be glad if some writer, especially some female writer, will persuade us that we are under no obligation to respect Elizabeth. Those who are Romanists, and those who nibble at Romanism, may be pleased if they are told that Mary has been unjustly disparaged. The opposition to such innovations in some quarters may cause them to be more welcomed in others. But Henry the Eighth is an object of fervent detestation to Romanists and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, English Churchmen and Dissenters. To speak a word in his favour would have been, a few years ago, to incur the denunciation of the most moderate and the most equitable. Sir James Mackintosh, on this topic, is as fierce as Lingard. If a respectable writer like Sharon Turner raised a timid voice in protest, it was drowned in a shout of indignation, mixed, as it would naturally be, with gentle female cries of horror and pity.

The love of paradox must be stronger than I believe it ever was in any man, if it led him to resist a clamour so general, and having such obvious justification. The love of *truth* might be strong enough in one who was undertaking to write a history which must either ratify or disturb the existing opinion, to make him seriously debate with himself a few such questions as these: "This English "Reformation had very much to do "with this King Henry, had it not? "Romanists say, Protestants say—the "plain evidence of history says—that "his image is very deeply stamped "upon it; that whatever most distin-"guished it from the Reformations else-"where, it owed to the fact that a King "was more directly concerned in it than "Divines. Am I prepared to say that "all which was characteristic and pecu-"liar in this Reformation was evil? Am "I prepared to say that it ought to have "followed another course; that if I had "had the management of it, it should "have been committed to the divines; "and that the universe would have "been much better off if I *had* had the "management of that, and of sundry "other matters about which, unfortu-"nately, I have not been consulted? "It may be, no doubt, that I have been "mistaken altogether, in thinking the "Reformation to be a good. If so, I "will go to the history; I will study "it fairly; it will no doubt tell me. "And then I shall not be the least sur-"prised to find that the main agent in "it was simply a Bluebeard, simply a "monster. But if it turns out to be good "in principle, with whatever evils it "may have been accompanied, and if I "do not find that the King had less to "do with it than my predecessors say "that he had, is it not possible, also, "that I may find that there was some-"thing in him besides that blackness "which appears in certain of his actions

"—some whiteness which perhaps will "make that blackness look more ter- "rible, but which will also account for "doings that it will not account for? "Certainly Shakspeare did not regard "him as an unmitigated villain; and "make what allowances you will for "Shakspeare's willingness to flatter his "daughter, is not his portrait a some- "what more credible one than that of "the post-Stuart chroniclers? Have not "modern French historians, such as "Michelet, though not specially inclined "to favour English sovereigns, been "forced by the evidence of documents "to confess that he had more notion of "the sacredness of the royal word, more "reverence for treaties and promises, "than Francis or Charles, or any of "those contemporaries who have been "magnified to his disparagement?"

I say that such thoughts as these must come at times into our minds, and though they may not displace the opinions we have received in our nurseries, may make us disposed to look a little more sharply into the evidence. Mr. Froude assures us that he came to the study with a decided bias in favour of the common opinion. Shakspeare's authority had not the weight with him that it might have with some of us. He suspects the poets almost as much as Plato or Bacon might do. He probably had early prepossessions against the exercise of the royal Supremacy, doubts whether the Reformation was not marred by the royal influence. The sheer conscientious study of facts and documents, has, it seems to me, led him to that conception of the King's character which is the groundwork of his history. That conception has nothing necessarily to do with the opinions which he has formed respecting particular points. He may have understated the case of Catherine; he may be wrong in thinking Anne Boleyn guilty; we may not hold with him about the suddenness of the marriage with Jane Seymour; we may believe that Cromwell was unjustly given up to his enemies. All these questions are open to fresh examination. Mr. Froude has the merit of having disturbed our settled conclusions upon them; he may not have established the opposite. But it is not true—as some have ignorantly and some dishonestly represented—that he has written an apology for the acts of an immoral and lawless tyrant. No charge was ever more directly refuted by the tone and spirit of his book. I do not know any English history which exhibits more unfeigned reverence for goodness, more contempt for baseness, or which is so utterly free from pruriency, even when the subject afforded great temptations to indulge in it.

What Mr. Froude has attempted to show is this; that passion was by no means the characteristic of Henry, by no means the source of even his worst acts. He was, first of all, a Tudor king, inheriting from his father and cherishing in his own mind an intensely strong sense of the power and office of a King; possessing in a high degree many of the peculiarly royal qualities—a strong will, a reverence for law, clear sense, application to business—not possessing at all in the same proportion the humane qualities, though not absolutely deficient in these; therefore at any time disposed for political ends—for what seemed to him the duty of a monarch—to sweep away the personal regards and attachments which stood in his way. This policy of Henry Mr. Froude believes not to have been the cunning Machiavellian policy of his time, but to have been in the main honest and manly. He believes, as Shakspeare did, that the King felt and did not feign conscientious scruples on the subject of his marriage with Catherine; that his scruples may at a certain period have mingled with affection for Anne, but that that affection did not determine his conduct; that it was determined mainly by considerations respecting the peril of the nation if he left no male issue. Such a character is far from attractive. No one can fall into a sentimental admiration of it. But it contains dispositions which belong to the strong English mould; a vigorous sense of responsibility, comparatively cold affec-

tions. It is as unlike as possible to a form of character with which it has been compared. Lord Byron talks of George IV. as compounded of two elements, Henry's being the principal. Such an opinion falls in well with the popular theory; according to that, the elder prince was worse than his successor by all that Catherine of Arragon was better than Caroline of Brunswick. But if the besetting sin of Henry was a disregard of family and personal ties, when set against the supposed obligations of the sovereign, and the besetting sin of George an impatience of all restraint upon his appetites and ease, whether it came through the laws of the household or the business of the kingdom, we perceive that the imaginary likeness is a striking contrast; we learn too, perhaps, wherein the temptations of the nineteenth century differ from those of the sixteenth.

On all these grounds, but especially on the last, I hold Mr. Froude's idea of the King to be more consistent with itself, less dangerous to morality, fuller of historical light than that which it supersedes. The Tudor age is that age which was to show what the sovereign could do, as the Stuart was that which was to show what he could not do. Strictly speaking, one is not less important for the history of the constitution than the other; but if we throw back the mere constitutional watchwords of Prerogative and Privilege, which are most important for the second period, to the first, we involve ourselves in great confusion. The privileges of the Commons, if they were sometimes affronted, were quite as often vindicated by that very prerogative which was afterwards set in opposition to them. The power of the Commons as against the Lords, as against the ecclesiastical authority, was never more brought out than in Henry's time. The King's supremacy was felt to be the assertion of a national principle; the Nation realised its own existence in the existence of its ruler. And that perilous blasphemy which threatened under James and Charles to confound the king with God, existed far less in the time when the royal power was a fact, and not a theory. The King, casting off his allegiance to a foreign bishop, was claiming indeed an authority which became fearful; but the claim was in itself one of subjection to an actual spiritual Ruler, the confession of an invisible King of kings, and Lord of lords. In that confession lay the faith of England in the sixteenth century; its faith and its morality also. Faith or trust was the watchword of the Reformation. But faith or trust in a doctrine, or as a doctrine, had no worth for the practical English mind. Trust or faith in a Person, and that not chiefly because He was powerful, but because He was righteous, was that which associated itself with their old loyalty. It could not be satisfied with any visible monarch who so often showed himself to be unrighteous; but without the visible monarch, the invisible would have been indistinct and shadowy. The representative of generations of Welsh and Saxon sovereigns, now no longer bowing to a foreign priest, educated his subjects into a belief in One who lived for ever and ever. All the doctors in the world could supply no such education; they could only do good so far as they helped to administer that which a better Wisdom had provided; in so far as they used the open English Bible to explain to the English people how kings had ruled in old time the chosen people in the name of the unseen Lord of Hosts, how all visible idolatry had been the cause of their degradation and his.

Mr. Froude's insurrection against our prevalent and customary notion of Henry's character has been exceedingly helpful in restoring this older and simpler apprehension of our annals. His two last volumes will do much to strengthen and deepen it. Many who fancied they disliked the former for their parodox, will dislike these for their freedom from paradox. They will complain of them as wanting excitement and novelty, as maintaining very much those old notions respecting the characters and events of the time which (under

protest) we should like to exchange for others more racy and startling. When we had hoped that Lord Macaulay had given us reasons for despising Cranmer, we find him resuming his claims upon our affection and admiration. Somerset and Northumberland prove to be much what we supposed they were; Edward is still a hopeful, conscientious, highly cultivated boy. Whether Foxe is a safe authority or not, Mr. Froude will not excuse us from paying our ancient homage to the Marian martyrs. Nevertheless, these two volumes respecting Edward and Mary are, I conceive, at least equal in originality, in historical research, in biographical interest, in right and noble feeling, and in clearness and simplicity of style, to those which preceded them. I should have added as a more marked characteristic of them than all, a rigid impartiality, if that title were not open to the greatest mistake. Most just Mr. Froude is in bringing forth the virtues both of Protestants and Catholics; most just in exposing their sins. But there is no impartiality in *this* sense, that he looks down upon both as from a higher judgment-seat of his own; or in this sense, that he treats their differences as insignificant, such as only school controversialists would trouble themselves with. From this arrogance and frivolity, which are the great diseases of modern historians, he is, if not absolutely free, yet more free than any, so far as I know, who have handled the subject before him, unless they have lent themselves to the views of a faction, and have made the history repeat its decrees. His impartiality arises from no love for an Anglican *Via Media*, which gives those who walk in it a title to insult the passengers on either side of the road. He regards the attempt of divines to cut such a path as this as feeble and abortive. He always prefers strong men to weak men; he does not condemn vehemence except where he believes it to be wholly or partly insincere. But he sees more clearly, I think, than any previous historian, that the Protestant dogmatizers of Edward's reign, and the Catholic dogmatizers of Mary's reign, were not only of necessity persecutors, but were of necessity trucklers to dishonest statesmen, practisers of statecraft. They might affect to hate compromises; but the ends which they proposed to themselves made very discreditable compromises inevitable. They could not establish the opinions which they thought it all-important to establish, except by the sacrifice of both manliness and godliness. Those who fancied they were pushing the Reformation to the furthest point, had to discover that they were forgetting the very meaning of reformation, that all the moral abuses which they had denounced were re-appearing under another name, and could justify themselves as well on Protestant as on Popish maxims; that they had swept away the barriers which hindered man's access to God, only that they might with more comfort and satisfaction present their offerings to the devil.

It is in showing how these discoveries forced themselves upon the minds of the better Protestant teachers during their prosperity, how manfully they spoke againt the evils which their own system was developing, yet how hard, how impossible it was for them to discover where the evil lay, or to devise a remedy for it: it is in showing how the Divine medicine of adversity provided that for them which they were wanting and could not invent for themselves, and how courageously some of them drank that medicine to the dregs; how others, who had been loudest in using all the cant phrases of their school, in denouncing the most earnest men as half-hearted, and in invoking the judgments of God and man upon their opponents, were shown in the day of trouble to be the atheists they had always really been—it is for these discoveries that Protestants owe so much gratitude to Mr. Froude. It is not for me to say what Roman Catholics ought to learn or may learn from him; but I cannot help hoping that they will appreciate the frankness of his confessions respecting the first reign, his desire to do Mary justice, his acknowledgment of the advantage which

Gardiner had over his opponents whilst he was their prisoner, his readiness to show that much of the Catholic feeling of the English people was a genuine reverence for what was sacred, which the Reformers could not insult without imperilling all which it was most their duty to maintain. To both Protestant and Romanist, and still more, perhaps, to the English Churchman, the great worth of the volumes lies in the comparison which they afford between the two reigns, and in the proof which is derived from them that the refusal of Henry and Elizabeth to sanction Protestantism or Romanism merely as such, may have been inspired by a good spirit (however much in either or both it degenerated into tyranny), and may have led to results for which all generations have to be grateful. *Protestants* in the strongest sense (though not exactly in the sense of the Diet of Spyers)—because they maintained that independence of the English Sovereign upon any foreign rule which all the Plantagenets had been trying to maintain; *Catholics* (though in the opposite sense to that of the Catholic League)—inasmuch as they had no wish to separate England from the general fellowship of Christendom, provided she were not forced to outrage any Christendom principle—they discovered by instinct what the doctors could not discover by logic; they saved their country from becoming utterly the victim of theological dissensions, which threatened its highest spiritual interests as well as its common earthly honesty; they vindicated the connexion between its politics and its worship; they prepared the way for a time when their own efforts to produce uniformity of faith should be felt to be poor and futile, when they should yield to a desire for unity of faith, which no schemes of statesmen or of Churchmen shall be able to stifle or to satisfy.

I have preferred to speak of the total impression which these volumes have made upon me, of the general lessons which they have taught me, than to comment upon particular passages. It is a book written for study and not for effect; yet there are narratives which are most effective. The rising in the West and in Norfolk in the year 1549 is admirably described; Wyatt's insurrection, especially the termination of it, with still greater spirit. We can only give the beginning, not the best part of the latter story. Mr. Froude has exhibited the Queen in all the weakness, discontent, and mawkishness of her passion for Philip; he has to show her hereafter soured and darkened by fanaticism; he can represent her also in all the true dignity of a Tudor princess.

"Had Wyatt, said Noailles, been able to reach London simultaneously with this answer, he would have found the gates open and the whole population eager to give him welcome. To his misfortune he lingered on the way, and the queen had time to use his words against him. The two gentlemen returned indignant at his insolence. The next morning Count Egmont waited on Mary to say that he and his companions were at her service, and would stand by her to their death. Perplexed as she was, Egmont said he found her 'marvellously firm.' The marriage, she felt, must, at all events, be postponed for the present; the prince could not come till the insurrection was at an end; and, while she was grateful for the offer, she not only thought it best to decline the ambassadors' kindness, but she recommended them, if possible, to leave London and the country without delay. Their party was large enough to irritate the people, and too small to be of use. She bade Egmont, therefore, tell the Emperor that from the first she had put her trust in God, and that she trusted in Him still; and for themselves, she told them to go at once, taking her best wishes with them. They obeyed. Six Antwerp merchant sloops were in the river below the bridge, waiting to sail. They stole on board, dropped down the tide, and were gone.

"The afternoon of the same day the queen herself, with a studied air of dejection, rode through the streets to the Guildhall, attended by Gardiner and the remnant of the guard. In St. Paul's Churchyard she met Pembroke, and slightly bowed as she passed him. Gardiner was observed to stoop to his saddle. The hall was crowded with citizens; some brought there by hatred, some by respect, many by pity, but more by curiosity. When the queen entered she stood forward on the steps, above the throng, and, in her deep man's voice, she spoke to them.

"Her subjects had risen in rebellion against her, she said; she had been told that the cause was her intended marriage with the Prince of

Spain; and, believing that it was the real cause, she had offered to hear and to respect their objections. Their leader had betrayed in his answer his true motives; he had demanded possession of the Tower of London and of her own person. She stood there, she said, as lawful Queen of England, and she appealed to the loyalty of her great city to save her from a presumptuous rebel, who, under specious pretences, intended to 'subdue the laws to his will, and to give scope to rascals and forlorn persons to make general havoc and spoil.' As to her marriage, she had supposed that so magnificent an alliance could not have failed to be agreeable to her people. To herself, and, she was not afraid to say, to her council, it seemed to promise high advantage to the commonwealth. Marriage, in itself, was indifferent to her; she had been invited to think of it by the desire of the country that she should have an heir; but she could continue happily in the virgin state in which she had hitherto passed her life. She would call a parliament, and the subject should be considered in all its bearings; if, on mature consideration, the Lords and Commons of England should refuse to approve of the Prince of Spain as a fitting husband for her, she promised, on the word of a queen, that she would think of him no more.

"The spectacle of her distress won the sympathy of her audience; the boldness of her bearing commanded their respect; the promise of a parliament satisfied, or seemed to satisfy, all reasonable demands: and among the wealthy citizens there was no desire to see London in possession of an armed mob, in whom the Anabaptist leaven was deeply interfused. The speech, therefore, had remarkable success. The queen returned to Westminster, leaving the corporation converted to the prudence of supporting her. Twenty-five thousand men were enrolled the next day for the protection of the crown and the capital; Lord William Howard was associated with the mayor in the command; and Wyatt, who had reached Greenwich on Thursday, and had wasted two days there, uncertain whether he should not cross the river in boats to Blackwall, arrived on Saturday morning at Southwark, to find the gates closed on London Bridge, and the drawbridge flung down into the water."

As I have no excuse for indulging in the narratives of the deaths in Oxford or at Smithfield, I will take the conclusion of the whole matter.

"This was the 14th of November. The same day, or the day after, a lady-in-waiting carried the queen's last wishes to her successor. They were the same which she had already mentioned to De Feria—that her debts should be paid, and that the Catholic religion might be maintained, with an additional request that her servants should be properly cared for. Then, taking leave of a world in which she had played so ill a part, she prepared, with quiet piety, for the end. On the 16th, at midnight, she received the last rites of the Church. Towards morning, as she was sinking, mass was said at her bedside. At the elevation of the Host, unable to speak or move, she fixed her eyes upon the body of her Lord; and as the last words of the benediction were uttered, her head sunk, and she was gone.

"A few hours later, at Lambeth, Pole followed her, and the reign of the Pope in England, and the reign of terror, closed together.

"No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries; and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their natural sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of her inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amidst curses deeper than the acclamations which had welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in the horrid epithet which will cling to it for ever; and yet from the passions which in general tempt sovereigns into crime, she was entirely free; to the time of her accession she had lived a blameless, and, in many respects, a noble life; and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing.

"Philip's conduct, which could not extinguish her passion for him, and the collapse of the inflated imaginations which had surrounded her supposed pregnancy, it can hardly be doubted affected her sanity. Those forlorn hours when she would sit on the ground with her knees drawn to her face; those restless days and nights when, like a ghost, she would wander about the palace galleries, rousing herself only to write tear-blotted letters to her husband; those bursts of fury over the libels dropped in her way; or the marchings in procession behind the Host in the London streets—these are all symptoms of hysterical derangement, and leave little room, as we think of her, for other feelings than pity. But if Mary was insane, the madness was of a kind which placed her absolutely under her spiritual directors; and the responsibility for her cruelties, if responsibility be anything but a name, rests first with Gardiner, who commenced them, and, secondly, and in a higher degree, with Reginald Pole. Because Pole, with the council, once interfered to prevent an imprudent massacre in Smithfield; because, being legate, he left the common duties of his diocese to subordinates; he is not to be held innocent of atrocities which could neither have been commenced nor continued without his sanction; and he was notoriously the one person in the council whom

the queen absolutely trusted. The revenge of the clergy for their past humiliations, and the too natural tendency of an oppressed party to abuse suddenly recovered power, combined to originate the Marian persecution. The rebellions and massacres, the political scandals, the universal suffering throughout the country during Edward's minority, had created a general bitterness in all classes against the Reformers; the Catholics could appeal with justice to the apparent consequences of heretical opinions; and when the Reforming preachers themselves denounced so loudly the irreligion which had attended their success, there was little wonder that the world took them at their word, and was ready to permit the use of strong suppressive measures to keep down the unruly tendencies of uncontrolled fanatics.

"But neither these nor any other feelings of English growth, could have produced the scenes which have stamped this unhappy reign with a character so frightful. The parliament which re-enacted the Lollard statutes, had refused to restore the Six Articles as being too severe; yet under the Six Articles twenty-one persons only suffered in six years; while, perhaps, not twice as many more had been executed under the earlier acts in the century and a half in which they had stood on the Statute roll. The harshness of the law confined the action of it to men who were definitely dangerous; and when the bishops' powers were given back to them, there was little anticipation of the manner in which those powers would be misused.

"And that except from some special influences they would not have been thus misused, the local character of the prosecution may be taken to prove. The storm was violent only in London, in Essex which was in the diocese of London, and in Canterbury. It raged long after the death of Gardiner; and Gardiner, though he made the beginning, ceased after the first few months to take further part in it. The Bishop of Winchester would have had a persecution, and a keen one; but the fervour of others left his lagging zeal far behind. For the first and last time the true Ultramontane spirit was dominant in England—the genuine conviction that, as the orthodox prophets and sovereigns of Israel slew the worshippers of Baal, so were Catholic rulers called upon, as their first duty, to extirpate heretics as the enemies of God and man.

"The language of the legate to the City of London shows the devout sincerity with which he held that opinion himself. Through him, and sustained by his authority, the queen held it; and by these two the ecclesiastical government of England was conducted.

"Archbishop Parker, who knew Pole and Pole's doings well, called him *Carnifex et flagellum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, the hangman and the scourge of the Church of England. His character was irreproachable; in all the virtues of the Catholic Church he walked without spot or stain; and the system to which he had surrendered himself had left to him of the common selfishnesses of mankind his enormous vanity alone. But that system had extinguished also in him the human instincts, the genial emotions by which theological theories stand especially in need to be corrected. He belonged to a class of persons at all times numerous, in whom enthusiasm takes the place of understanding; who are men of an 'idea;' and unable to accept human things as they are, are passionate loyalists, passionate churchmen, passionate revolutionists, as the accidents of their age may determine. Happily for the welfare of mankind, persons so constituted rarely arrive at power; should power come to them, they use it, as Pole used it, to defeat the ends which are nearest to their hearts.

"The teachers who finally converted the English nation to Protestantism were not the declaimers from the pulpit, nor the voluminous controversialists with the pen. These, indeed, could produce arguments which, to those who were already convinced, seemed as if they ought to produce conviction; but conviction did not follow till the fruits of the doctrine bore witness to the spirit from which it came. The evangelical teachers, caring only to be allowed to develope their own opinions, and persecute their opponents, had walked hand in hand with men who had spared neither tomb nor altar, who had stripped the lead from the church roofs, and stolen the bells from the church towers; and between them they had so outraged such plain honest minds as remained in England, that had Mary been content with mild repression, had she left the Pope to those who loved him, and had married, instead of Philip, some English lord, the mass would have retained its place, the clergy in moderate form would have resumed their old authority, and the Reformation would have waited for a century. In an evil hour, the queen listened to the unwise advisers, who told her that moderation in religion was the sin of the Laodicæans; and while the fanatics who had brought scandal on the Reforming cause, either truckled, like Shaxton, or stole abroad to wrangle over surplices and forms of prayer, the true and the good atoned with their lives for the crimes of others, and vindicated a noble cause by nobly dying for it.

"And while among the Reformers that which was most bright and excellent shone out with preternatural lustre, so were the Catholics permitted to exhibit also the preternatural features of the creed which was expiring.

"Although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious, although, in the queen's own guard, there were many who never listened to a mass, they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges; they

gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plough; they laid hands on maidens and boys 'who had never heard of any other religion than that which they were called on to abjure;' old men tottering into the grave; and children whose lips could but just lisp the articles of their creed; and of these they made their burnt-offerings; with these they crowded their prisons, and when filth and famine killed them, they flung them out to rot. How long England would have endured the repetition of the horrid spectacles is hard to say. The persecution lasted three years, and in that time something less than 300 persons were burnt at the stake. 'By imprisonment,' said Lord Burleigh, 'by torment, by famine, by fire, almost the number of 400 were,' in their various ways, 'lamentably destroyed.'

"Yet, as I have already said, interference was impossible except by armed force. The country knew from the first that by the course of nature the period of cruelty must be a brief one; it knew that a successful rebellion is at best a calamity; and the bravest and wisest men would not injure an illustrious cause by conduct less than worthy of it, so long as endurance was possible. They had saved Elizabeth's life and Elizabeth's rights; and Elizabeth, when her time came, would deliver her subjects. The Catholics, therefore, were permitted to continue their cruelties till the cup of iniquity was full; till they had taught the educated laity of England to regard them with horror; and until the Romanist superstition had died, amidst the execrations of the people, of its own excess."

Some will say that Pole is hardly treated here and elsewhere in these volumes. If Mr. Froude's statements respecting him can be refuted, Englishmen may recover that estimate of him which they have derived from the older historians. But I cannot feel that the character is inconsistent with itself, or that Mr. Froude is wrong in giving, as he certainly does, the preference to Gardiner as being more of an English statesman, and not a worse Churchman. I should be more inclined to dispute Mr. Froude's judgment of Paget. That he should feel a real respect for a man who was not only keen-sighted, and in the main just, but who anticipated the modern opinions respecting persecution, is not wonderful. Mr. Froude has earned a right to express a little over-sympathy with a Latitudinarian, by his cordial appreciation of men of an opposite type of character. But I cannot discover that the Pagets, the Halifaxes, and the trimmers of the sixteenth or the seventeenth centuries, really did anything to secure that their convictions—if convictions they are to be called—should be the inheritance of the ages that were to succeed them. They were wise for themselves. They scorned much that was worthy of scorn, but they could not make their scorn effective for the cure of it. They despised persecutors; they did not seriously curse persecution. When a man was disagreeably pertinacious in his opinions, they were so tolerant of others that they found it quite justifiable to be intolerant of him. They thought it very absurd to kill for a faith, but they thought it quite as absurd to die for one. And this alone has made persecution impossible in any country or any age, this only will make it impossible in all countries and in all ages: that it has been established by a series of demonstrations, some of which Mr. Froude has beautifully recorded, that he who kills for a faith must be weak, that he who dies for a faith must be strong.[1]

[1] Do I mean to endorse the pious fraud that the persecutor always fails of his immediate object, and strengthens the cause which he desires to crush? Certainly not. The impotency of his material force in the spiritual battle is established by other evidence than that His success is his defeat. He cannot deprive his victims of their faith. Unless he is saved by becoming a sufferer, he loses his own. Unless his country is saved by similar suffering, it ceases to believe when it is reduced into acquiescence. This is the persecutor's curse; thus the divine law is vindicated. I do not say that the remark can be applied strictly to any persecutions except those which Christians have set on foot against each other and against infidels. If the Cross is *not* the sign and the power of conquest, there is no manifest direct contradiction in trying to conquer for a faith by inflicting punishment instead of bearing it.

THE ARTISAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY PERCY GREG.

Those who have read the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater"—and few of us have not—will recollect in the earlier part of that remarkable volume the author's description of the manner in which he was wont to spend "an opium evening" in his youth. Under the peculiar influence exerted by that marvellous drug, in a frame of mind disposed to quiet contemplation and sentimental entertainment, but wholly averse from laborious thought or keen excitement, he was wont to seek amusement and interest in a stroll among the unfashionable marts of London: to watch the working man in his commercial dealings, the working woman in her humble round of weekly shopping; to hear their talk and gather their thoughts upon their lot in life, upon the things and persons that surround them, during the few gas-light hours in which it is their practice to purchase wherewithal to feed and clothe and warm themselves and their children, as best they may, during the seven days that are to follow. And such a walk,—though it lie not exactly through neighbourhoods as quiet and pleasant as Kensington Gardens, or streets and squares as fair to look upon as those of Belgravia and Mayfair; though the localities through which it may lead us are not always clean, and are too often both unsightly and unsavoury, offending our senses in no trivial degree,—yet has its picturesque and interesting aspect. Humanity cannot well fail of picturesque effect, wherever it has to wage a hard and earnest struggle, however ugly and ill-built the dwellings it haunts, however squalid the rags which are its only uniform, in the Battle of Life.

The crowded market in a by-way, lighted by flaring jets of gas in double rows, and crammed with purchasers so closely clustered together that it would seem hardly possible to reach the stalls at its further end in time to effect a purchase—the little shops which are making an effort at unusual display in order to attract purchasers who are not likely to scrutinize very closely the texture of that showy dress which is marked at a figure so surprisingly low, and who will be too hurried to notice that yonder "cheap and elegant" coat and vest are got up to sell and not to wear;—the shopkeepers and stallkeepers who stand at their doors or at the side of their handcarts, keeping up a continual confused bawl, which, if attentively analysed, seems to run—"Only a penny, gentlemen, only a penny! no better in London, marm, twopence half-penny a pound—only twopence ha'penny—fine bacon—now then! buy! buy! buy!"—and the eager, hurried throng of jostling purchasers, glancing at everything, coveting everything, buying at last that which is most pressed upon them; with here and there some quiet knowing ones among them, who have set their hearts on some special adornment for the wife's bonnet, or some new delicacy for the husband's Sunday dinner, and are not to be tempted aside by the noisy offers which beset them on all hands—all these things compose a scene which is worth notice, and which, at first sight, is amusing and not unpleasing to behold.

If, however, we walk in among the crowd of sellers and buyers, and look a little more closely than do the latter at the articles offered to their selection; above all, if we do so not when noise and business have reached their highest point, but before the thickest press has commenced, and before, at this season, the daylight has departed from those huge screens of joints of unwholesome-looking meat which veil one shop, and the piles of withered peas which are heaped on the rude counter of another,

we shall presently obtain a glimpse of the underside of the matter which is more instructive than agreeable. We shall then see at what disadvantage stands the shopping which is done by gaslight, amid the confusion of incessant noise and the hurry of impatient customers. That beef, for instance, is not such as a good housewife would think of buying; much of the bacon yonder is of a kind that Do-the-boys Hall would be ashamed of; and the smell of the mackerel exposed on the fish-stall in the corner is so objectionable, that it makes itself felt even amid the innumerable odours of this unsavoury place, and compels us to form a decided opinion as to the fitness of the fishmonger's wares for human food. Those shoes, too, look very much as if they were the unsaleable refuse of some more fashionable locality—especially those dedicated to the "ladies." Of those which seem fit for working men, the more serviceable were possibly bought from some government establishment as "old stores," at a fourth of the price that will to-night be asked for them. And so on throughout. Everything—except, of course, the prices—is third-rate at best, and often merely worthless. The customers must go home ill-shod, ill-fed, unfitly clothed, and must dine to-morrow on meat decidedly "high," and fish unmistakeably odorous; and all this not because they cannot afford to pay for proper food and clothing, but because all their purchases are made at once, by gaslight, in a crowd and in a hurry; because they are in the hands of itinerant stallkeepers, and shopkeepers of scarcely higher character; and because too many of them come to their purchases not from home, but from the public-house, with heads not of the clearest, and with pockets a little less heavy than they were three or four hours ago.

To many of the small dealers in such localities Saturday night is worth as much as the rest of the week altogether; many of them take more between six and twelve on Saturday night than between Monday morning and Saturday afternoon. Here is a baker doing a more regular daily business than his neighbours, who tells us that his receipts during those six hours are equal to those of any other three days in the week. And outside the baker's door is a man with a small hand-cart, on which are piles of starved cherries, sour apples, and half-ripe gooseberries. He never comes there except on Saturday night, and he pays the baker four shillings a week for leave to stand there on the little strip of pavement which, as private property, is exempt from clearance by the police. He can afford to pay out of six hours' profit on his wretched stock a rent of four shillings for the square yard of ground he stands on. There are plenty of lads and lasses released to-night from their week's toil with a few shillings in their pockets and a taste for fruit rather comprehensive than choice, who will amply remunerate him for his outlay. Next to his stands the barrow of a woman who sells penny bottles of something which she calls ginger-beer, but to which I should hesitate to assign a name. She stands there every day; but she, too, would have a poor living of it were it not for Saturday night, when the man who has seventeen or twenty shillings in his pocket thinks less of a penny than he will do by Thursday or Friday next. And those immense heaps of peas which on a summer Saturday night are piled over half the green-grocer's disposable space, would hardly find purchasers on any other evening. One evening of business at high profits pays the dealer in the poor man's market for a week of slack trade and scanty gains. From six hours' profits does he get his living, and those profits must come from the scanty resources of families in which the bread-winner earns from fifteen to thirty-five shillings a week.

Very different is the case of the west-end; very striking the contrast between Saturday night in western shops and in Whitechapel markets, between the Saturday of the rich and the Saturday of the poor.

Were this only one of the manifold instances in which by mere force of neighbourhood the distinctions of rank

"opportunity to get drunk that night; a "practice which they often followed up "by remaining drunk all Sunday, in "which case, of course, their work was "not good for much on Monday morning, "especially as they got drunk on whisky, "which is much worse than getting "drunk on ale. It occurred to me one "day to try whether I could not mend "the matter by altering the pay-day. I "called the men and women together, "and told them my ideas about it. The "women heartily agreed with me; the "men seemed nothing loth; and the "change was made. They were paid "thenceforward on Thursday, instead of "Saturday. From that time their habits "improved, their homes became more "comfortable, their visits to the public-"house less frequent. The women, no "longer obliged to do their marketing "in a hurry on Saturday evening, had "the pick and choice of articles, instead "of being forced, as formerly, to take "anything they could get. Before long "I had the gratification of hearing from "many quarters that my people were "the most sober, well-to-do, and well-"conducted artisans in the trade to be "found in Glasgow."

It is not from indifference to the welfare of their workpeople, or from carelessness of their own interest, that employers generally continue a practice so deleterious to both. Many great firms in London have changed the day of payment with excellent effect; some have tried to do so and failed, or been compelled to return to the old practice; numbers would be glad to make the alteration if they were convinced of its importance and its feasibility. But, in the first place, men do not readily recognise the evil effects of an immemorial custom; they conceive them rather to be part of the natural and immutable order of things, than results of a definite and removable cause; and employers are very generally unsuspicious that Saturday marketing, Sunday trading, and weekly debauches, result from any other influence than the natural improvidence and weakness of the artisan class: faults which they may regret but cannot cure. They say, and very justly, that it is not given them to keep their "hands" provident and sober; but they would fully recognise the duty of offering no temptation to excess, and no inducement to waste; and anything that will awaken them to a sense of the mischiefs of the present custom, will render them as a class desirous to amend it. On their part the "evil is wrought by want of thought." But change, where the working-classes are concerned, is not always an easy matter. In their own affairs, in regard to the time-honoured customs of their order and occupations, the masses share the sturdy Toryism of Lord Eldon; and it is not absolutely certain that if such a boon as Thursday payment of wages were offered them, they would not regard it as some deep-laid plot for their enslavement. But the time may come when they will understand their own interest well enough to ask it for themselves; and the simple change, costing no trouble, and exciting no clamour, will do more for their improvement than many schemes of much more ambitious seeming. It would prevent the crowding of the week's marketing into its last five or six hours, and of the week's meals into the Sunday dinner. It would facilitate, in no slight degree, what is a blessing of no small value to the labourer —the *Saturday half-holiday*, now generally enjoyed in the manufacturing districts of the north of England. Above all, it would cure the evil that now does so much to demoralize the population of our cities, and to thwart all efforts to counteract the prevalence of that drunkenness which more than any other cause keeps them poor and discontented; for it would put an end to the practice of filling the artisan's pocket with money at the very hour when the tavern doors stand most invitingly open, and no thought of to-morrow's work exercises a wholesome restraint over the temptation to immediate excesses.

TWO LOVE STORIES.

I.

Laura Leslie has a lover;
She is lovely, loving he;
The summer birds that sing above her
Scarcely are so blithe as she.

Happy days! when she awakens,
Flowers from him are by her bed;
Every lonely hour she reckons
Brings a gift in Harry's stead.

Every sunset, through the flowers,
Laura and her lover stray,
Heedless of the fleeting hours,
Heedless of the waning day.

Laura's parents watch, admiring
Love so tender, so complete;
While a little orphan hireling
Plies her needle at their feet.

What should now delay the marriage?
Every comfort they prepare;
House and gardens, horses, carriage,
Fall to Laura Leslie's share.

Soon, upon a summer morning,
Mary stands by Laura's side,
Little orphan hands adorning
Harry's young and happy bride.

II.

Orphan Mary has a lover;
Miles away from her is he;
The wintry clouds that hang above her
Scarcely are so sad as she.

Every morning when she wakens,
Prays she for her absent John;
On a knotted stick she reckons
Every lonely day that's gone.

Twice a year he leaves his labour,
Walks across the country wide,
And waits for Mary in an arbour,
By the Leslies' garden-side.

First, when she had seen him weary,
Worn and wasted by the heat,
Simple-hearted orphan Mary
Ask'd him in to take a seat.

Twenty little minutes, stolen
From her working, fled away;
Then she rose, with eyelids swollen:
Laura rang; she must not stay.

Mary gave one kiss at parting,
Turn'd, and lo, across the hall,
Angry looks at her were darting;
Angry eyes had seen it all.

Laura's parents watch'd, regretting
Time so shamefully misspent:
What example she was setting
To the whole establishment!

Mary blushed and stood convict;
Often had she heard it said
Followers were interdicted;
Wherefore had she disobey'd?

What though John was true and loving?
What though he was all to her?
In the sphere where she was moving
He was but "a follower."

Twice a-year, now, orphan Mary
Waits till every servant sleeps;
Then, with footsteps slow and wary,
To the lonely arbour creeps.

There, or nowhere, she must meet him;
Ere the morning, he must go;
There, unseen, her kiss may greet him;
There, unchid, her tears may flow.

Thus, an angry witness dreading,
Mary thinks her love her shame:
Should it never end in wedding,
Who shall bear the bitter blame?

THE CARDROSS CASE AND THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Public attention has been widely called to a late judgment of the Master of the Rolls on certain questions affecting the Baptist Churches in England. During some months Scotland has been the field of a contest in some respects similar, but exciting much more interest. There have been published pamphlets, sermons, reviews of sermons, speeches, letters, and other forms of popular address; and, with about a score of these selected as materials, together with the pleadings and the authentic report of the Cause, it is proposed here to attempt a brief exposition of the questions and principles involved.

The interest in ecclesio-political questions in Scotland is both deeper and wider than in England. Two causes of this difference may be noticed: first, the broad basis of the Scottish reformation, and the extent to which the common people took part in it; and, secondly, the mental habits of the Scotch. The struggles for freedom in Scotland have been chiefly in connexion with ecclesiastical institutions; and the republican form of these favoured the individual political education of the members, and, in the absence of free Parliamentary debate, afforded an open arena for the discussion of questions of national or local interest. Indeed, the republican spirit, in connexion with existing political confusions and threatened political dissolution, had at one time (if we may trust Sir Walter Scott's judgment on such a matter of history) all but subjugated the civil constitution of Scotland, and moulded it into corresponding forms. Connect with this the speculative and logical mental habits, —the tendency to carry out a principle or idea to its remotest conclusions, unwillingly admitting the control of practical regulative influences,—add the sacred and patriotic memories and associations which have gathered round those ideas or institutions; and some explanation is afforded of the strong hold which questions of this nature have taken of the popular mind in Scotland.

About twenty years ago a conflict was begun in the Church of Scotland, ending in 1843 in a crisis which has been since generally known as "the Disruption"—the name with which it was baptized by Chalmers, who wholly identified himself with those forming, from that time forward, the Free Church of Scotland.

Now, till the event disclosed something obvious to the most careless onlooker—the spontaneous withdrawal of nearly 500 ministers, and large bodies of the people, from a national establishment, of which they formed, probably, in number fully one-third part, in value considerably more—it is perhaps not far from the truth to say, that what was convulsing Scotland from the Solway to the Pentland Firth was generally regarded in England rather with a sort of puzzled wonder than with any intelligent sympathy or appreciation. The question at issue seemed too abstract and metaphysical to take any hold of the general mind; and for every ten persons who looked with interest, whether in admiration of the sacrifice, or in censure of its rashness, on the visible results, probably scarcely one had a distinct conception of the processes of thought, out of which these results came.

The conflict between the Courts of Law and the Church Courts arose out of an attempt made by the Church—in all good faith, and with general consent—to limit the rights of the patronage of parochial churches, by allowing a conclusive negative voice to the congregation; but the final ground of separation was the refusal of the Church to submit to judgments of the Courts of Law reversing sentences of Suspension and Deposition, and otherwise directly interfering with ecclesiastical censures. The claim of the Church was one to absolute independence of all external control in matters of government and

discipline; practically, that at least no interference should be allowed to prevent the adoption of whatever measures were thought essential, or beneficial, and expedient. The theoretical view was in many quarters strongly presented, and gave birth to the idea which fired the people. But many felt a difficulty in adopting this view, at least without reserve, inasmuch as it appeared hardly to consist with the history of the Church. Such unqualified rights seemed, indeed, to have been claimed, but never conceded or possessed. The practical view, especially as it modified the exercise of patronage which had been much complained of, was highly popular.

Yet these questions were so closely intertwined with the very foundations and fabric of the Church, regarded as an institution fenced with special laws, and resting on historical traditions, that without some knowledge of these the nature and urgency of that crisis can hardly be understood. They cannot be here dwelt on, but the subject must not be touched without some acknowledgment of the energy, devotion, powers of organization, and practical efficiency which have made the Free Church eminent even in a country where these qualities unusually abound. The old traditions have proved themselves an invaluable inheritance; and it may have hardly lived long enough under the new conditions to have altogether tested its powers of independent existence, or to be entitled to claim a victory over the new dangers. It remains to be seen whether it will have patience and faith in the future, so as to resist the pressing temptation to choose rather an apparent present success, than strength, dignity, stability, and ultimate triumph. It has already shown an industry, earnestness, and ability which, if only regulated by a wise regard to the long life and late maturity of *institutions*, can hardly fail to confer blessings on Scotland.

The present question is only in part the same as that which was involved in the former struggles. *Then* the Church and its opponents equally pleaded the statutes of the Legislature, by which it was at once protected and limited. In the present case there are no statutes to be appealed to, unless as fixing or interpreting the usages of the Church; and there is little difficulty in making the question intelligible even to readers who may not be well versed in this region of Scottish history. For the sake of such readers it may be well, in one or two sentences, to describe the organization of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, as this is seen in that Church to which these remarks specially relate.

The congregational court known as the "Kirk Session," is composed of the minister and the elders, both elected by the members of the congregation. The elders may be assumed generally to range in number from five to twenty; are, with few exceptions, married men, or "heads of families;" are always, it may be said, of good character, varying in pecuniary circumstances and social status with the nature of the congregation. Its jurisdiction extends over the members of the congregation; and by its authority children are baptized, or adults admitted to the communion; and it has power "to "suspend from the Lord's Table a person "not yet cast out of the Church." Of old it wielded the terrors of the "cutty stool." The minister is the chairman, or "moderator" (the preserver of order), a word which is applied to the president of each of the Church Courts.

The next court in order of rank is the Presbytery, consisting of the ministers of a group of neighbouring congregations, and one elder from each of them. Besides an appellate jurisdiction as regards the Kirk Sessions, its authority extends over the ministers as well as the members of the congregations within its bounds. Its meetings are usually monthly. There are seventy-one Presbyteries of the Free Church in Scotland.

Next comes the Synod, or provincial assembly, composed of the members of several adjoining Presbyteries. Its jurisdiction is not original, but appellate, or on reference only, from the judgment or on the application of one of these Presbyteries. There are seventeen Synods.

Lastly, the General Assembly consists of ministers and elders holding commissions (hence called commissioners) as representatives from the Presbyteries in a fixed proportion, according to the number of ministers they contain respectively. There are about four hundred members (the number of congregations in the Free Church being about eight hundred), half of them ministers, and half of them elders. It meets once a year in Edinburgh, in the month of May, holding its sittings during ten or twelve days. Its authority is legislative, judicial, and executive, and extends over the whole area of the Church, and over all the inferior courts.

In the General Assembly of the Established Church there have been, from very early times, members appointed not by any ecclesiastical court, but by the Royal Burghs; and a Commissioner (always in practice a peer of Scotland) appointed by the Queen, is enthroned as her representative, but takes no active part in the proceedings.

In the Free Church Assembly there is no representative of any of the Burghs, nor, of course, of the Queen. Another difference may be noticed here:—that persons accused are not permitted to appear by their counsel in any of its courts. This is a departure (whether wisely adopted or not) from the settled practice of the Established Church. With these remarks, by way of introduction, the facts of the present case may be now narrated.

The Minister of Cardross, having been from the time of the Disruption a minister of the Free Church, was in February, 1858, served with a libel (or indictment) by the Presbytery of Dumbarton, to which he was subject. It contained three counts. The two first related to alleged instances of intoxication; the third accused him of an immodest assault. The Presbytery found the first count not proven; the second substantially proven (but with the exception of one of the alleged facts—indistinctness of speech); the third proven, but with exceptions which essentially altered its nature, so that the conviction under it was only of rude and violent behaviour. Against this judgment, *so far as unfavourable to himself*, the accused protested and appealed to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. There was no complaint (which would have been quite in order) by any members of the Presbytery, who might deem the sentence *too favourable*. The judgment of the Synod was in these terms: "The Synod did and hereby "do sustain the protest and appeal, dis- "charge the first count of the libel, and "find the second and third counts thereof "not proven."

The Presbytery appealed against this judgment, so far as it was adverse to their own sentence, and several members of the Synod also dissented and complained to the General Assembly; whose decision was: "That on the first count "of the minor proposition of the libel" (the indictment being syllogistic in form) "the Assembly allow the judgment "of the Synod to stand; on the second "count of the minor proposition of the "libel, sustain the dissent and complaint "and appeal, reverse the judgment of "the Synod, and affirm the judgment of "the Presbytery, finding the charge in "the said count proven; and on the "third count of the minor proposition "of the libel, sustain the dissent and "complaint, reverse the judgment of "the Synod, and find the whole of the "charge in said count, as framed ori- "ginally in the libel, proven." Thereafter the Assembly, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Candlish, resolved that the Minister of Cardross should be suspended from his office *sine die*, and be loosed from his charge; which sentence was accordingly pronounced, with the further declaration, that he "cannot be restored "to the office of the ministry, except by "the General Assembly."

By the next step the first point of contact with the jurisdiction of the civil courts is reached. The Minister of Cardross, in order to prevent the sentence against him being carried into effect, applied to the Court of Session[1]

[1] The Court of Session is the supreme civil court in Scotland, having as well an equitable as a legal jurisdiction. It consists of thirteen

for suspension of the sentence and interdict against the General Assembly, on the ground that the judgment of the Presbytery, so far as not appealed against, was final, and that the Assembly had no power to revive against him a charge thus conclusively negatived. The application was refused by the Lord Ordinary, as incompetent. The General Assembly, still in session, learning that such an application had been made, and finding that it purported to be an application to the Civil Court to suspend their sentence, resolved to summon the (quondam) Minister of Cardross to appear at their bar "to answer for his conduct thereanent." The citation was accordingly served on him, on the 28th of May (about twelve o'clock at night), to appear before the Assembly on the 1st of June. The following is his statement of what there took place, and its substantial accuracy seems admitted. "On the said 1st of June the pursuer "accordingly appeared before the said "General Assembly of the Free Church, "and he was there called upon by the "moderator to state whether or not he "had authorized the application referred "to to the Civil Court. In consequence "of and in compliance with this call, "the pursuer was beginning to read the "explanation and protest, a copy of "which is produced, when he was in-"terrupted by the defender, Dr. Cand-"lish, who moved that he should not be "allowed to give any explanation what-"ever, but that his answers should be "restricted to a categorical 'yea' or "'nay'; and, though the pursuer claimed "and insisted on his right to be heard, "he was, in consequence of the motion "of the defender, Dr. Candlish, which "was carried, peremptorily commanded "by the moderator to restrict his answer to 'yea' or 'nay,' as no explana-"tion, or anything but a bare affirmative "or negative answer, would be taken or "heard from him." Having answered in the affirmative he was then ordered to leave the bar, and retired from the Assembly. Whereupon, in his absence, the Assembly, on the motion of Dr. Candlish, seconded by Dr. Bannerman, resolved, that in respect of the reply so given he should "be deposed from the "office of the holy ministry; and this "was accordingly done. This is the "sentence, deposition, or proceeding "complained of, and such are the cir-"cumstances in which it was passed or "agreed to." "The pursuer" (it is added) "has also, in consequence of the "said deposition, been removed from his "office of clerk to the Free Synod of "Glasgow and Ayr."

The Minister of the Free Church of Cardross had thus been first suspended, and afterwards deposed from his office by sentences of the General Assembly. In the hope of setting these aside, or at least of getting pecuniary compensation, he instituted two actions (or suits) in the Court of Session. The first of these was directed against the General Assembly and its representative officers; and called for the production, with a view to its being declared illegal, of the sentence of suspension. The second action was directed against the same persons; and also against certain individual defenders—namely, the moderator who pronounced it, and the Ministers who moved and seconded the resolution which led to its being pronounced. His statement is, that having been one of the ministers of the Church of Scotland at the time of the Disruption, he soon afterwards became Minister of the Free Church of Cardross, and was appointed clerk to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr in 1848; and that his emoluments, including the value of a manse (or parsonage-house), amounted to about 214*l.* per annum. "And in conse-"quence of the decision, sentence, depo-"sition or proceedings complained of, "the pursuer has been deprived, in his "old age, and after a ministry without

judges; of whom four form the first, and four the second division, or "Inner House," as each of these is called; the other five sitting as single judges, or "Lords Ordinary," and deciding causes in the first instance after having superintended them until ripe for final judgment. Their decision is subject to review by one or other division of the Court. The judges in rotation dispose of urgent and summary applications in chambers.

"reproach of above thirty years' dura-
"tion, of his only means of obtaining a
"livelihood, and he has been otherwise
"greatly injured in his character, credit,
"feelings, and prospects." This action aimed at the reduction of the sentence of deposition; and in both actions damages were also claimed for the alleged injuries suffered or anticipated.

For the pursuer, it was pleaded, that the sentences of the Assembly were illegal and invalid; inasmuch as, (1) The sentence of suspension proceeded on charges which were not lawfully under the cognisance of the Assembly, no appeal or complaint having been brought against the sentence of acquittal by the Presbytery, which still in fact stood unreversed. (2) Under the proceedings relating to the deposition, no libel was served on the accused, which the laws and practice of the Church required. (3) No evidence was adduced to prove the criminal acts, while on the other hand there had been no admission of guilt; and (4) No opportunity was allowed to the accused of being heard in defence.

It was pleaded for the Church—"The action is incompetent, and cannot "and ought not to be entertained in "this Court, because, (1st) The sentence "complained of having been pronounced "in a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, "by a judicatory of the Free Church of "Scotland, an association of Christians "tolerated and protected by law, any "review of or complaint against that "sentence in the civil courts is excluded: "and (2d) the pursuer, as a minister of "the Free Church, contracted and "bound himself to submit to the disci-"pline and government of that Church. "(3d) It is not a relevant ground for "calling for production and reduction "of the writs in question, that the de-"fenders have deviated from the ordi-"nary forms of process in observance in "the Free Church, the same being a "matter exclusively within the cogni-"sance and regulation of the Free "Church and its judicatories." And in the written argument for the defendants, the Free Church, it is pleaded, that "while the Free Church cannot prevent "persons betaking themselves to the "civil courts, they can say, and have "said, that, as a Church of Christ, tole-"rated by law, they have an indepen-"dent jurisdiction in spiritual matters, "and that, if a member does not choose "to abide by their sentences, he cannot "remain in their body. That is their "fundamental principle." And again: "But there is another plea not less im-"portant than these. It is, whether the "subject matter of these actions is such "as the civil courts can regard; or "whether, in any circumstances, they "will undertake to reverse the merely "spiritual sentences of a voluntary "Church. The jurisdiction of the "Court of Session must be exercised "consistently with the toleration which "all religious societies enjoy. The go-"vernment, discipline, and worship, "distinctive of such religious societies, "are essential to them as such, and "are therefore as much sanctioned by "the law as the societies themselves." And Whately, Locke, and Lord Mansfield are quoted in support of this general view.

The position of the Free Church is stated in the pleadings to be strongly fortified by the terms of certain documents connected with the "Disruption"—especially the Formula, subscribed by all Free Church ministers as a condition of licence and of ordination, in which the general principles asserted by the Free Church are professed, and an express promise is made "to submit to the said "discipline, government, and exclusive "jurisdiction of this Church, and not "endeavour directly or indirectly the "prejudice or subversion of the same."

On the special questions thus raised there has not yet been any judgment. But there has been a preliminary discussion regarding the power of the Court to interfere, which took the technical form of an argument as to the liability of the defendants to "satisfy the production"—that is, to produce judicially before the Court the sentences complained of; and on this point only has a judgment been pronounced. There

is some advantage in thus calling attention to the case in its present immature condition. The question now under consideration is, *not*, whether the Minister of Cardross was or was not guilty of the offences charged against him; *nor*, whether, after the materials for final judgment have been afforded, the Court will find reason to conclude that the proceedings of the Assembly have been, or have not been, in conformity with its laws and constitution—a question on which any expression of opinion would be premature. It is a still wider and more important inquiry to which attention is here called; namely, whether, a civil interest being involved, or apparently involved, in the proceedings of a voluntary Church, taken with an immediate view to internal order and discipline, the Courts of Law will, on the suit of one of the members, deeming himself wronged, inquire into the laws and constitution of the Church, in order to determine whether these afford probable grounds for such proceedings, and, in the event of its being made to appear in the contrary, in order to give such redress as may, in the circumstances, be just and practicable.

The judgment of the Lord Ordinary in favour of the defendants "sustaining "the preliminary defences, and dis-"missing the actions as incompetent," having been brought under the review of the First Division of the Court, was unanimously reversed, and it was decided that the defendants must produce, for the consideration and judgment of the Court, the sentences of suspension and deposition, to which the actions related, together with the warrants on which the sentences were grounded. The opinions of the judges are elaborate and concurrent; but it would be out of place here to do more than indicate the general principles on which they all profess to be rested. These are—that in a voluntary Church, or any other voluntary society, there is no *jurisdiction*, properly so called, and that any authority exercised over the members depends, for its justification, on their own consent; that the laws of the society (unless invalid because inconsistent with public policy) are to be held conclusive as between the members and office-bearers, but that any proceedings not authorized by these laws will not be protected from question by the mere fact that they are the proceedings of such a Church or of its office-bearers, and relate directly to internal discipline; and that the Church or its office-bearers, or individual members, may become liable in reparation to any member who has suffered in consequence of such proceedings.[1]

This judgment of the Court, waited for with anxiety, was received by a large part of the Free Church, and by some members of other non-conforming Churches, with indignation, or dismay; and a meeting of the members of the General Assembly of the Free Church (termed a meeting of its "Commission") was held, on the 18th of January, to consider the course to be taken. Many members, it is understood, came to that meeting prepared to recommend extreme measures; but the counsels of the less impetuous and more influential lay members prevailed in the meeting, and the recommendations embodied in the Report of a Committee of the Assembly were adopted. It was accordingly resolved that the sentences of suspension and deposition should be judicially produced. The speeches made at an adjourned meeting, to which the public were admitted (the meeting for consultation having been private) have been published, as revised by the speakers; but, being all on one side, neither give expression to the differences of temper and sentiment already noticed, nor shew the real difficulties of the question.

In the case of the Norwich Baptists, already referred to, public attention was called in the *Times* to "the calm and "peaceable resort of the disputants to a "Court of Law, the quiet and natural "action of the Court in a case so appa-"rently strange, as features forcibly "illustrative of English feeling and

[1] December 23, 1859. See "Cases in the Court of Session &c. vol. xxii. pp. 290 to 328.

"habits." It may be a question if these remarks could be applied with truth to the Cardross case; and, indeed, the manner in which the judgment of the Court was received by those whom it chiefly concerned, suggests a doubt whether the judges of Scotland have yet universally earned the reputation for calm, dignified, impartial bearing in the administration of the laws, which has long so honourably distinguished the judges of England, and won for their office the public confidence. And it may be remarked, that a reader of the opinions by which the judgment in the Cardross case was prefaced, will hardly find in them any expressions tending to show that the judges were much impressed with the extreme delicacy of treatment requisite for such questions, and the respect due to a region of thought and feeling which, although too high and etherial to come within the proper sphere of their jurisdiction, can never be safely ignored or treated with levity. At the same time, some of the quotations already made from the arguments for the Free Church, rather seem to indicate that these sacred elements had been from that quarter imported into a question, towards the solution of which they can probably bring no contribution. They are not within the province of Courts of Law, and can only be validly pleaded there on the hypothesis that the judges are to determine what is the true idea of a Christian Church, and what institutions, claiming authority in that character, are to have their authority recognised and their judgments executed by the Courts of Law.

Perhaps in no way could the liberties of the Churches in this country be more effectually undermined and destroyed than by the establishment of such a principle; for, since there are certainly no existing laws defining what, for such purposes, a Christian Church is, the decision would in each case be determined by the mere theological tenets of the particular judges; with results too disastrous to be needlessly depicted or imagined. For the danger is not imminent; the Courts of Law will give no countenance to such a proposition. Nor does the allied position seem capable of being easily maintained—that such sentences as those under question in this case are so purely spiritual and within the domain of the conscience as not to contain any elements for the adjudication of civil courts. It would rather appear that a Church, in becoming an organized society or institution, necessarily comes under the conditions common to all such social organisms. It may also contemplate higher aims, and possess other special qualities; but at least it must possess those which are general or universal; and, however spiritual such sentences may be deemed, they have certain civil effects, or ought to have such effects—which can only be made to follow them, in case of any refusal to submit, by the intervention of the Courts of Justice.

It must be added that, in the argument for the Free Church, the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law has been admitted to extend over all the *property*, of whatever nature, which the Church may be possessed of; and that the refusal to give effect to the sentences of the Church, *in so far as they relate to its disposal*, is not resented as an invasion of the region claimed as sacred. It needs little reflection, however, to satisfy any mind familiar with inquiries of this nature, that the distinction here assumed, though plausible, is inadequate. Legislative enactments, and the daily experience of Courts of Law, equally attest, that restrictions are enforced, rights protected, and wrongs redressed, affecting character, feeling, liberty, as falling within the domain of civil government, which the assumed distinction would exclude; and in the later arguments for the Church larger concessions have been made.

If, then, there is to be inquiry by the Courts of Law, what are its limits? It is admitted, that the only questions to be put are—(1) Is there anything in the proceeding immoral, or otherwise contrary to public law? And (2) Is it, apparently, in accordance with the constitution of the Church? The autonomy

of the Churches is entirely admitted, or, rather assumed. Subject to the provisions of public law, Churches may organize themselves with perfect freedom, and the Courts of Justice will recognise and give civil effect to their sentences. Here is the conclusive answer to the cry of persecution, raised in some quarters with reference to the possible decision in the present case. And, it is to be remarked, that, to call in question and refuse civil effect to a sentence passed in disregard or defiance of the constitution and laws of the Church in whose name it is uttered, may not be to invade the liberties of the Church, but to protect these from the incursions of a temporary majority of its members or office-bearers. For, if a Church be an organism, it must act through its laws and constitution, which express and regulate its life ; and what is done in contradiction of these is the act only of certain individuals, not the act of the Church. And, without ascribing to Courts of Law any peculiar exemption from human error, it will probably be admitted that, on the whole, at least in England, the rare and never unsolicited interference, exercised by them in such cases, has been just and beneficial. Never unsolicited—and this limitation is of the utmost importance—for it is only when the refusal to submit to such an ecclesiastical sentence proves that the question is no longer, in a strict sense, within the forum, or court of conscience, that the interference is possible. And when, in such circumstances, the plea of conscience is urged by the Church, as excluding the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law, what is really (although, perhaps, not consciously) contended for is, the right of the Church, or of a majority, to compel the submission of a member to a sentence which his own conscience does not itself acknowledge and make effectual. This is plainly not a mere question of conscience ; and on the rebellious members sentences cannot become operative without the intervention of the Courts of Law. A power to execute their own sentences would be inconsistent with the well-being of the Churches themselves, depriving them of their most peculiar characteristic ; and the evils would be scarcely less were the Courts of Justice, without inquiry, to carry them into execution.

The alarm with which, in some quarters, the judgment of the Court has been regarded, can hardly be understood without noticing its relation to a peculiar dogma (or, perhaps, rather a peculiar mode of expression), giving an exaggerated importance to this case. It is a special form of the general idea of the independence or autonomy of the Church as a Divine Institution. It is the subject of many recent sermons and speeches ; and of a large part of a "Catechism on the principles and constitution of the Free Church," published under the sanction of the General Assembly (although of questionable authority), in which the following questions and answers on the subject occur (pp. 9,10). "*Q.* 10. Who "is the Head of the visible Church? "*A.* The Lord Jesus Christ. *Q.* 16. "What is your meaning when you say "that Christ is the Head of the visible "Church? *A.* I mean that it is the "kingdom of which He is the only Lord "and Lawgiver ; of the institutions of "which He is the sole author ; and the "peculiar privileges, immunities, and "benefits enjoyed by which proceed "from, and are conferred by Him alone. "*Q.* 17. What do you mean when you say "that Christ is the Head of every par-"ticular Church, or branch of the visible "Church? *A.* The meaning is, that "what He is to the whole, He is, and "must be, to every part ; since it would "be subversive of the relation in which "He stands to the universal body as its "Head, to suppose Him not to stand in "the very same relation to the several "communities of which the Catholic "Church is made up."

As an example of the practical application of this doctrine or phraseology, a few sentences may be quoted from a Sermon by Dr. Candlish, as in some sort one of the most representative of the Sermons recently preached on this topic ; its author being one of the most eminent

and influential orators and preachers in the Church to which he belongs.[1]

"I cannot consent to the Church visible "being dealt with as if it were less truly "the body of Christ than the Church "invisible. To me the Church visible; "the Church of which I am a member; "is most practically and immediately, "the body of Christ;—more so, I would "say, in an important sense, than even "the Church invisible;—more so, at all "events, when a testing crisis comes.

"With the Church invisible, the true "spiritual body of Christ, Cæsar cannot "interfere. The sentences passed with "reference to it, he cannot review. "With perfect ease and safety therefore, "I can maintain the independence of "the Church invisible. And affecting "a high and transcendental spirituality, "which looks on questions of outward "rule and order, touching the relations "of Church and State, as beneath its "notice, I may suffer Cæsar to have his "own way in all the actual ongoings of "the outstanding Christian community "on earth;—while in a region far "apart and far above, I place the un-"seen crown of a practically inoperative "spiritual headship, upon the brows of "an unseen Lord, allowed to reign over "an unseen realm.

"But it is not so with me; it cannot "be, if I rightly apprehend the nature "of the kingdom which Christ meant "to found, and has founded, in the "world. It is not indeed absolutely "identical with the kingdom as it is to "exist in the heavenly state. It has in "it worldly elements; it is liable to "worldly mischances and mistakes. But "it is Christ's ordinance nevertheless; "it is Christ's body. It is to be treated "as his body. And I am no more to "suffer the interference of Cæsar in its "concerns, than I would do, if it were "the new Jerusalem itself come down "out of heaven, prepared as a bride "adorned for her husband!"

From these quotations it is apparent that High-Church doctrine is not altogether unknown to present Scotch Presbyterianism. But it is difficult out of such discourse on a subject like this to extract any definite thought, which might aid in the decision of the question, whether there truly lies hid under this language (in so far as it differs from other assertions of ecclesiastical authority) any specific doctrine; or whether, on the other hand, it is only a traditional mode of expression extended beyond its original sense, and encrusted with sacred associations. The fact that there is a tenacious adherence to the old phraseology, and an unwillingness, or inability, to translate it into more modern forms, rather supports the latter view, which might be confirmed by a reference to the venerable authoritative standards of the Church of Scotland—from the first of these (or John Knox's) Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, ratified by the Parliament in 1560, to the latest of them, the Westminster Confession, sanctioned by the General Assembly in 1647.

The extreme views put forth in most of the sermons, preached on the occasion referred to, that have been published, have not been uncontradicted. In a sermon entitled "The Church and its Living Head," by the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D.,[2] preached on the same occasion, these passages occur:—

"The controversy between us and that "Establishment from which we have re-

[1] "Church and State." A Sermon on the Principles of the Free Church of Scotland. By R. S. Candlish, D.D, preached in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, on Sabbath, Nov. 13 (1859), the day appointed by the Assembly for advocating the principles of the Free Church of Scotland, and making a collection on behalf of the Ante-Disruption Ministers.

[2] Dr. Hanna is already known to the public as the biographer and son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers. Another interesting volume has been published recently, consisting of two courses of lectures, which he delivered to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh; the first on "Wicliffe and his Times," and the second on "The Huguenots." They show careful study, are written in an earnest, truthful, candid spirit, and will incline those who may have perused them to regard with more respect the sentiments of the author on the subject at present under consideration.

"tired, does not touch the doctrine of "Christ's Headship as taught in Holy "Writ, so as to give any true ground for "saying that we uphold, and that the "Established Church denies, that Head-"ship. The whole question at issue "between us has respect alone to the "functions and government of the "Church, regarded as an external or-"ganized society. But it is not of any "incorporated society of professing "Christians, however pure its member-"ship, however exactly its institutions, "laws, and government, may correspond "with those set up by our Lord and his "Apostles, that Christ is said in Scrip-"ture to be the Head. The Church, "which is his body, is composed alone "of those who, by true faith, are in "vital union with Him through the "indwelling of the Holy Spirit. All "the descriptions given of that Church, "all the attributes and prerogatives "assigned to it, all the promises held "out and made good to it, are such as "can belong alone to the body of true "believers, the company of faithful men "in Christ Jesus our Lord. They do "not and they cannot apply to any "organized society whatever, viewed as "such. There has been no greater per-"version of Holy Writ, none more "widely and fatally misleading, than "that by which those descriptions, "attributes, powers, prerogatives, pro-"mises, which belong alone to the "spiritual brotherhood of true believers, "have been transferred and attached to "an external institute calling itself the "Church."

"The attempt has been made to throw "a peculiar and additional sanctity "around that testimony, by erecting it "into a separate religious dogma or doc-"trine—that, namely, of the Headship of "Christ over the visible Church. That "attempt I have endeavoured to expose, "by showing that no such separate "dogma is taught in Holy Writ; that "so far as it is taught there, it resolves "itself into the general truth of the "supremacy of Christ's revealed will, "and that, as thus taught, our oppo-"nents cannot fairly be charged with "repudiating it. For other and wider "purposes, I have endeavoured to un-"fold to you the true idea of the Church, "by teaching you to distinguish care-"fully between that Church of the first-"born, of whose birth and life, dignities "and destiny, such glorious things have "been spoken, and any outward and "organized community of professing "Christians. Keep this distinction "steadily in view, and the spell of that "arrogant assumption will be broken by "which the Church of Rome claims for "herself all the powers and prerogatives "of the unseen Church of God. Keep "this distinction steadily in view, and, "under cover of an unconscious confu-"sion of the two different meanings of "the term Church, you will discover "some stern substantial embodiments, "and some thin ghosts of the Popish "theory stalking in regions remote "enough from Rome."

Some of the other recent pamphlets show this sermon to have met with a reception from a large and influential part of the Free Church, revealing a danger to its liberties which may be greatly more serious, although more insidious, than any which can be anticipated from the Courts of Justice. The free expression of conviction is plainly essential to its life; and all attempts by means of misrepresentation, calumny, public accusations of heresy or treachery, or by other similar too familiar weapons, to resent or preclude the utterance of those differences, which in every truly Free Church must exist, ought to be regarded as acts of hostility to its liberties, and disavowed and reprobated by all its real friends. One or two of these publications might, indeed, justly fall under this censure, but they had best be forgotten, and will not be here named. From another out of this bundle a few sentences may be quoted, as written in a different spirit.[1]

"It will surprise no careful observer to "find that, while the simply practical "Free Churchmen have been for years "quiet and silent, the other party in the

[1] "The Recent Sermons on the Headship Reviewed," by the Rev. Walter Smith, Free Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh.

"church, who held the doctrine of the "'Headship of Christ'—or rather, who "identified that doctrine with the posi- "tion which they maintained—have been "ceaselessly busy, disseminating their "opinion within the church and with- "out. The consequence is, that any "modification of that opinion is apt to "be regarded as a kind of treason "against the Disruption, an attempt to "whitewash the Establishment, and to "make the sacrifice of the Free Church "a sort of martyrdom by mistake. The "extreme party have managed so to "diffuse the leaven of their idea, that "all freedom of opinion is well-nigh "silenced; and thoughtful, living, earnest "Free Churchmen are terrified into mere "disruption formulas. Nothing could "more emphatically illustrate this spirit "than the way in which Dr. Hanna's "sermon was greeted on its appearance, "and is still very generally regarded."

Again, with reference to the sermons on the other side, there is this important testimony, — "I believe, indeed, that "they only represent a portion of the "Free Church community. The men of "thought among us,—those who give "the tone to opinion, and lead on the "progress of the present into the future, "—think, we are assured, far otherwise. "The whole current of opinion in the "higher circles of intelligence is to exalt "the spiritual, and to make less and "less of mere forms and machineries." P. 9.

The Cardross case has already given rise to valuable discussions of important principles; and may have also disclosed hidden internal dangers to the Church immediately concerned. The final decision of the Cause may probably be waited without great solicitude. The Church which Knox planted, having during three centuries survived all the storms and convulsions under which Scotland has suffered and attained the present maturity, and having been able to keep its hold against the assaults of a powerful neighbour, must, although weakened by divisions, be too deeply rooted in the affections of the nation to be likely to perish by any external violence.

A TALK ABOUT THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT WIMBLEDON.

BY J. C. TEMPLER, CAPTAIN COMMANDING 18TH MIDDLESEX.

Tom. You were at Wimbledon, at the great national rifle meeting. By all the accounts I have seen of it, it must have been a great success; but I should like to hear some of the details from an eye-witness; so tell me about it, for I was confined to my post here by work of all sorts.

Jack. Well, in a desultory sort of way, I will; but, remember, I was not present the whole time, as my avocations called me back to London nearly every day. You shall have, and welcome, what passed under my own observation; and I will also give you some thoughts that have occurred to me since.

T. Do so.

J. The first thing that struck one was the complete mixture of classes;—it forced itself on your notice immediately, and although in the formation of our company I had been somewhat accustomed to it, it did not come so home as when I saw it on a large scale, and amongst strangers. There were men holding the highest social positions mixing as equals with others not so fortunately placed, and along the whole line of civil society. It came off something in this shape: the volunteers were formed into squads, each about sixteen strong, and the officer in charge took the names down on a paper, the surnames only, and then called them out as they came, without titles or additions of any kind, thus,—Bowling, Buckshorn, John-

son, Childers, Clasper, &c. The first might be a peer, the second a working man, the third a shopkeeper, the fourth a yeoman, the fifth a captain in the Guards, and so on. There they stood, shoulder to shoulder, intent on the same object, to test their skill in a generous rivalry; and the volunteer uniform showed no difference. You will see the *Times*, in giving the names, does the same. It was the old public school custom over again, and is a sure sign of healthy feeling. Men stood upon their merits alone, their personal merits in the use of the rifle. Besides, the intermixture of classes did more; it showed us to each other, and we found the mind of the gentleman was common to all. It was "Fair play and old England;" each man did his best, without striving after any small advantages; we stood upon honour with each other.

T. Do you mean that you all became acquainted at once with each other?

J. Quite so; and it was not long before there was great clanship amongst us—just like the old feeling of sides at football and cricket, and, in spite of our individual rivalry, we cheered a successful shot as reflecting credit on the squad, —"Well done, Johnson," "Well done, Buckshorn," when they got centres. And so high did this run, that, at the close of the day, we wished to challenge any other of the squads; and, had there been time, no doubt plenty of such matches would have come off. Talking of centres, I think General Hay should alter the nomenclature at Hythe. You are perhaps aware that bull's-eyes are confined to distances up to 300 yards only; after that, there are no bull's-eyes, properly so called, but the central part of the target is called the centre. I observed the north countrymen, Yorkshiremen, and Swiss, always spoke of it as the bull's-eye; and certainly this name conveys to the uninitiated a better idea, besides being more agreeable to the marksman. The division should be — up to 300 yards, bull's-eyes, centres, and outers; and, after that distance, bull's-eyes and outers.

T. There is not much in that, I think.

J. Perhaps not; but we may as well have it correct at first, and now is the time to rectify these little matters.

T. But now tell me about the shooting; for, after all, that's the main thing.

J. It was surprising, and, to a spectator who carried back his memory but one short year, must have seemed a marvel. Fancy the squad in which I was. Our third round at 500 yards, but two men missed the target, and one of them shot from the shoulder, having permission to do so, from some disability in the knee, which prevented his kneeling. All the others either got outers or bull's-eyes, as we will now call it. Why, a sheep could not have lived for a minute there, much less a horse or a man. The average merit of the squad for five rounds was 3.66; and you must remember this was the first year, with but little opportunity for selection. I came myself, not because I was the best shot of my company, but simply because, having had no opportunity of testing the capabilities of any one by reason of our butts not being erected, I thought, in case of failure, my shoulders were the broadest to bear the responsibility, and, besides, not having had the advantage of a course at Hythe, I was willing to run the risk of some little discredit against the certainty of the advantage of the practice; so, without having fired a round of ball cartridge, I trusted to the position drill and the mechanical truth of the rifle; and no doubt there were numbers of others, who, if not quite in so forlorn a position as my own, at the longer ranges could have had little or no practice.

T. Was there much question as to the rifles?

J. The contest, virtually, was confined to the long Enfields, the Whitworths, and the Westley Richards. The two former, as you know, are muzzle-loaders; the latter breech-loaders. As far as my own observation went, the long Enfield, up to 600 yards, was equal to either for precision — indeed I should have preferred mine. You will remember we shot with those that had been supplied us by the National Rifle Associa-

tion; and these were more carefully adjusted in their sights than those issued by Government to the corps. Besides, the pull of the trigger was reduced from some 8 or 9-lb., which is the ordinary pull of the Government Enfield, to about 4-lb.; indeed, every ninth or tenth rifle in our company will bear its own weight on the trigger without springing it. Now this should not be, and it is a pity that all the rifles issued by Government should not be adjusted to a 3-lb. or 4-lb. pull. It is a great disadvantage, drilling with one and shooting with another. Now no man can shoot with great accuracy with a 9-lb. pull at a trigger; the effort to get the piece off is sure to derange the aim. Nothing is more nice than the adjustment of the finger to the trigger; and, out of fifteen shots, a 4-lb. pull, as compared with a 9-lb. pull, is worth three points, if not more.

T. Did you like your own rifle? I mean the Enfield you shot with.

J. Exceedingly—so much so that I have applied to the Association to be allowed to purchase it for the Company. The decision rests with the War-office, and it would seem a pity to return it into store to remain unused for another twelvemonths. The government might put an enhanced price on it—say 9*l.* or 5*l.*; but it would be a great advantage to the first-class men, or, at least, the marksmen of the Company, to be able to practise with it constantly. I doubt if you could get a better weapon for its range—say of 600 yards. I know nothing of its virtues beyond that distance; but, if the War-office insist on these rifles being returned to them, we shall be in the same predicament next year—that is, practising with rifles with a heavy pull, and shooting for prizes with rifles with a light one.

T. Did you shoot at the long ranges?

J. Yes; I competed both for the Duke of Cambridge's and for the Duke of Wellington's prize, and only got on the target at 1000 yards with my ninth shot in the second contest. This was with a Westley Richards, which I had to sight for myself; and it was greatly guess-work. I should have preferred a Whitworth; but they were all engaged by the volunteers who came to shoot for the Queen's prize, and therefore I had no opportunity of trying them. But, though not successful myself, I saw some good practice with the Westley Richards at these ranges. The rifle I used struck me as too light—not eight pounds in weight, I think—to carry such a flight with certainty; and it certainly kicked more than the Enfield, as my shoulder testified the next morning. The breech-loading principle is an advantage in loading; but it has the disadvantage of the cartridge greasing the fingers, and thus preventing the firm grip both of the left and right hands. This, unless carefully guarded against, by rubbing the fingers quite dry (which takes time) is much against a true shot. Indeed, the nicety of all the points required at these distances to make a successful shot is wonderful. It is eye, hand, nerve, and perhaps the "electricity" of the man that all comes into play; and the singular thing is, you can tell, as you pull the trigger, if you are right. I always felt certain, the moment I fired, whether I had hit or missed. It is an indescribable something that conveys it to you, of which the white or blue flag, some seconds after, is only the communication; and this I found was common to all. I saw Jacob Knecht of Zurich fire the last shot that won the Duke of Cambridge's prize: he was 8, Lieutenant Lacey was 9. Knecht pulled, and instantaneously exclaimed, "Ah, gute, gute, a bool's eye, a bool's eye," and made almost extravagant exhibitions of delight. I stood by, I confess, incredulous; but, some ten seconds afterwards, the blue flag showed at the butts. A bull's-eye it was; and, thus scoring two, Knecht made ten, and won the prize. It was an exciting moment. Lieutenant Lacey, standing by, was second, when he might well, a moment before, have felt almost certain of the prize. Knecht fired sitting. His position was admirably steady; he brought his rifle at once to the aim, and then, after a single

moment's dwell, fired. In this lies the rifleman's dexterity—to pull at the instant his sight tells him he is on. It will not always come off right even then; for the slightest failure of finger to give the impulse will defeat him; but to pull when he is not on—and this he must wait for and work for, if it does not, as it often does not, come at once—is just sheer folly, as the shot is sure to be wasted. The art of shooting is one of the mental phenomena; "trace home the lightning to the cloud," and you will find it resolves itself into a brain-action, a sense. "It strikes the electric chord wherewith we are darkly bound," and it is this that creates the excitement. Nothing can be more thrilling than the feeling of the successful shot. Thence arises the affection for the rifle itself. You love it; you talk to it. I could not help whispering to mine in the tent, "If you'll be true to me, I'll be true to you;" and out of this little social compact I got a centre at 600 yards. No doubt this would be much enhanced by longer familiarity. By continued practice you could reduce distances to such a certainty that every 20 yards might be lined off on the slide. The sighting the rifle is the first grand secret. With that all right the rifleman has confidence; and confidence is the second grand secret in the shot.

T. But tell me, what did you do when you first came on the ground on the Monday?

J. In truth there was not much to do. The volunteers fell in at one o'clock and were marched to the sides of the approach of the Royal Pavilion, under the command of a good-natured gentleman, who screeched "Shoudr-r-r-r-r-a-ar-r-r-r-ms!" at us; which we were in no hurry to do, as shouldering arms, even for a short time—is not the best preparation for accurate shooting. Every tittle of physical power should be carefully husbanded in a match. I had an enthusiastic young Sherwood Forester near me; and I could not help thinking of Robin Hood, and what a contrast the scene before me must have presented to an archery gathering in his day. Twelve score on 240 yards was an outside shot then; with the rifle it could be multiplied by 4.

T. Tell me about the Common itself. Of course every Londoner knows Wimbledon Common; but what was it like on the day of the meeting?

J. Well, England is a glorious country. She has capacities for everything; her Epsom, her Goodwood, her Doncaster and Newmarket, are all race-courses made to our hands by nature, and requiring but little of art to make them as perfect as they are. Look at the broad stretches of the Thames and Isis for an eight-oar match; the sunny spots by thousands that are spread on her green lap for cricket; or the glad waters of the Solent, or the Channel, for a trial of speed in a fore-and-aft rigged yacht. They are each and all excellent in their way; but none surpass in their peculiar features the complete, the perfect, natural rifle-range that Wimbledon Common presents. Stretching across the common from left to right, there was ample room for ten pairs of butts, twelve feet high, and twenty-five feet wide at the base; while between every second pair stood four others of the same size, but farther back, for the longer ranges; so that there was no difficulty in accommodating from three hundred to four hundred riflemen at a time, and, from the level nature of the ground, at any range from 200 yards to 1000. It looks as if it was intended by nature for the national rifle practice-ground; and, thanks to the kindness of Lord Spencer, no pains were spared to make it worthy of the first meeting. Within an easy distance of London, a nearly worthless soil, heather and ling growing on a great bog,—a little drainage, and the consent of the owners and neighbours, is all that is necessary to secure it as a first-rate ground for the country.

T. Yes; but that consent, I hear, will be hard to get.

J. So I hear; but, as to the owners and commoners, their rights are purchasable; and, were I interested, I should prefer the money-value to the right

to feed geese and donkeys—which is about all that the spot seemed worth. With the neighbours it is, however, different; and I can well understand that the place, under a constant repetition of such an excitement as was witnessed at the meeting, might be frightened out of all its propriety. Servant-girls had lots of volunteer sweethearts—to say nothing of the gipsy hordes of tinkers, hawkers, and vagabonds of all sorts that are attracted to such gatherings, as a matter of course. But much of this was entirely dependent on the novelty of the thing; and, were the common once purchased by the nation, and enclosed, and the different sites let out to the London Rifle Corps, reserving the right of one or more general meeting, the novelty would be over.

T. Still, for the work of the annual meeting, it would be a sort of Epsom jubilee; would it not?

J. I hope not. I do trust the tone of our riflemen will be healthier and more robust than the tone of the turf—from which at the very outset I would draw the broadest line of demarcation. I do not see why the gipsies and vagabonds should be allowed to congregate at all, especially as the ground will be enclosed; and, besides, I should like to cut away from it everything like betting. Why not assimilate it to cricket and boating? We never played or rowed for money. If gambling be once admitted—legitimatized I might say—as it has been on the turf, depend on it, rifle-practice will degenerate. Do let us try and keep the thing pure at first; and, if our children let it down, the fault will rest with them, not with us. It a little goes against the grain with me that there should be a need of prizes. The nobler and the manlier lesson would surely be the generous rivalry of being first.

T. My good fellow, the thing would not work. You won't get men to come distances simply to get a name: and, besides, they must look to something to pay expenses.

J. Consider how few after all can attain the prizes; and I'm not so sure that the fame of being a crack rifle-shot would not with a large number be enough. Still, if there must be prizes, let the contest be for them and them alone,—cups and medals, and such like. Let us forego *money* prizes, and discountenance all bets and betting, and sweep away all the hideous devilries of ring and turf. The thing has been inaugurated in the right tone. If there was a spice of the devil in it at all, it lurked beneath the smiles of Aunt Sally.

T. Tell me about that lady; was she like what she is at Epsom?

J. Something, but with an improved character; and there was, no doubt, sport in the thing. Any one, whoever he was, by paying a shilling, was entitled to a shot, and, if he got a bull's-eye, shared in the pool at the close of the day with the others who were equally fortunate. This would be innocent enough, if the betting could be kept out of it; but occasionally you heard the "five to one," or larger odds against the shot, break out. This, however, might be corrected by a rule to meet it; and, while the management is in the hands of the admirable staff of men, from General Hay downwards, who did duty at Wimbledon, it would be easy both to impose the rule, and to see that it was kept. The officers were educated gentlemen, and held their men in first-rate working order; hence the absence of all accidents, and the avoidance of all unpleasantness in the agreeable week passed there. If the national meeting be made the standard, you would have the true spirit given to all the provincial meetings throughout the country. Depend on it, if once gambling is allowed to take place at rifle-meetings, the thing will become a curse instead of a blessing.

T. Well, I agree with you, and will come some day with the best of mine to shoot with the best of yours, for honour and glory alone.

J. Agreed; and I can show you a splendid range—a thousand yards—as level as a bowling green, and with a fine lay of sheep-walk beyond it. It is beautifully situated in the very heart of England.

T. You have told me nothing of the meeting as a demonstration to other countries. How, think you, will it appear to them?

J. It left on my mind the deep conviction that you will hear nothing more of the invasion of England. In this respect it beat the review hollow. That was a grand thing, a noble thing; but it was soldiering, and there are others who can play at soldiers besides ourselves. The French can, the Austrians can, the Prussians can; but they can't shoot—I mean, it does not come so natural to them as it does to us. Why, I stood in a squad of sixteen men, to shoot for the Whitworth rifles; perhaps, with three or four exceptions, not one of those men had ever fired a rifle a short year ago; and yet, as I said before, not a sheep could have lived a minute before them at 500 yards. Why, any four of them would have silenced a gun in a couple or three discharges, by striking dead every man and horse attached to it. It is true, we had the Victorias and the Inns of Court men in the squad (and right well they shot), and generally, perhaps, the volunteers who assembled at Wimbledon, in some sense, may be looked upon as picked men; but you may be sure it was but a matter of small degree, and that in any company or corps you would find the next fifteen or twenty nearly, if not quite, as good as the men that were sent. Next year I believe 1000 yards will be as readily and truly gauged as the 500 were then. All our men want now is the opportunity of practice. The position drill is a truth, and a little actual shooting is all that is now needed to turn it to account. The north countrymen did better than the south from this very cause. With us southerners, and particularly with the Londoners, it was a very difficult thing to get at a range at all, and much interest had to be used to get even the selected men a shot before the day. When once we have got ranges—and it will not now be long first—the Saxon eye, and steadiness of hand and temper will be sure to tell, and you will find the mountaineers neither from Scotland nor Switzerland will beat us.

T. Talking of Switzerland, how did the Switzers do?

J. They were first-rate. They were no doubt almost without exception admirable shots, and could well be entrusted with their liberties against a whole army of Zouaves and Turcos. They were intelligent, well-conditioned men, who quickly learnt to appreciate the English rifle; and I really believe the best thing that could have happened to them was the detention of their own weapons in the French Douanes, for it was the means of introducing them to a better weapon. In this way the accident may bear upon the fortunes of Europe, should the unequal game of war be tried.

T. Some objection has been made, I believe, to opening the competition to all comers, as teaching the foreigner to beat us with our own weapons.

J. I heard of it; but don't agree with the objectors. I believe open competition is the soul of all excellence: and, of all nations, the English are sure to profit by it. But, of all people, the Swiss should be admitted to share in the advantage as a matter of policy; because, in the game of European politics, their sympathies are sure to be with England, and thus, in giving them a better weapon, we are in fact assisting an ally.

T. Were there not some complaints of the cartridges at the meeting?

J. Yes, great complaints; but I was unable to judge of them, because, as I mentioned to you, I had not fired ball cartridge before.

T. No doubt the controversy will lead to the best thing being procured in the end; for there is nothing to prevent celerity of loading, which is the object of the easy fit, being combined with accuracy of shooting, as soon as the right measures both in powder and lead are hit. Did you witness the conclusion of the contest?

J. No, I did not. I was obliged to leave after the rifle given by the Swiss was shot for. But the practice seems to have been admirable. Twenty-four points obtained out of thirty shots—ten shots

at 800, 900, and 1,000 respectively—won the Queen's prize; and the victor was a young man, not of age—a strong argument in favour of the public school corps, which I should like to see instituted at once. It will be long a question between the young and the middle-aged men. If "years steal fire from the mind, and vigour from the limb," in rifle-shooting at least they will impart steadiness and judgment. Still, the keenness of sight and the pliancy of body are with the youth, and they are wonderful aids in such a contest. It is, however, a great thing for the middle-aged men of this generation to find a new pastime opened to them, and one in which they can largely utilize the love of sport and exercise that they cherished in their youth, at a time when cricket and boating must be perforce foregone. The rifle is in their hands; and they can use it up to a green old age, and improve year by year in the knowledge and practice of their piece; and, if the boys beat them, they will, as was the case here, have the satisfaction of being beaten by their sons.

ON UNINSPIRED PROPHECY.

BY HERBERT COLERIDGE.

Uninspired Prophecy! The phrase will probably sound like a contradiction in terms to many readers. From our early familiarity with the prophetical writings of the Bible, we are led so irresistibly to associate the power of foretelling future events with the presence of a divine and holy *afflatus*, that we can hardly bring ourselves to admit the authenticity of any alleged instances of the exercise of the same power, when they occur beyond the pale of the sacred books. Yet even the Bible itself, in such cases as that of Balaam, and of the Egyptian and other magicians (of whose business divination formed a considerable part), and in the various directions and warnings about false prophets contained in the law,[1] evidently countenances a belief that a real power of seeing into futurity existed, not only in chosen individuals of a "peculiar people," but among the heathen also, and in men by no means remarkable for sanctity. And it will be hardly necessary to remind the reader, that in the early history of all nations, the existence of such a power under one form or another is tacitly assumed,[2] while in those of more advanced civilization, such as the Greeks and Romans, special institutions for the solemn communication of this important species of information were organized and maintained as an essential part of the state machinery. At a certain era, however, in the life of each people this general and unhesitating faith begins to waver; the scepticism, which originates in the more educated portion of the community, slowly filters downward through the several underlying strata, and after a while becomes widely diffused, although a dim notion not only of the possibility of such knowledge, but also of its continued existence in certain mysteriously favoured individuals at any given epoch, is never perhaps *wholly* eradicated.

It is not, however, our intention on the present occasion to enter into any discussion respecting the possible nature and source of this power, or to account by any theory of our own for the extraordinary influence it has at different times exercised over mankind. We rather wish to bring together some of the more striking instances of its operation, which may serve to call attention to a subject of considerable interest in more points of view than one. To any really philosophical investigation of the subject, a much larger accumulation of instances than we at present possess

[1] Deut. xiii. 1—3. xvii. 20—22.
[2] Cic. de Div. i. 1, 2.

would be an indispensable requisite; and those here given are merely intended as a first contribution towards such a collection. It will be as well, however, to remind the reader, that the instances we are about to bring forward are those of prediction *proper*, that is to say, of a distinct foretelling of events which do not actually take place till long after the utterance of the prophecy. Mere chance coincidences, such as are occasionally evolved from the names of individuals by some anagrammatic process,[1] or such as are found to exist now and then between the meaning of the name of an individual and his actual career in life,[2] however striking they may seem, must here be passed over.

The Greek oracles naturally come first for consideration, and among them those of Apollo clearly have a right to pre-eminence. For although Jupiter and other Gods did a little prophetic business for a select set of clients, the establishment at Delphi practically eclipsed all the others, and almost reduced them to a state of inactivity. Many were deterred from making use of the older shrines by some uncomfortable or nerve-shaking ceremonial, to which the inquirer was obliged to submit before a response could be elicited, or by the filthy habits of the priests[3] (as at Dodona): Apollo managed matters with more practical wisdom in these respects, besides throwing open gratis to the inspection of visitors that magnificent museum of ancient art, which attested the superstition and the gratitude of half the ancient world. Yet it is singular enough, that hardly one unimpeachable instance of a prediction, truly and fairly verified by the event, can be quoted out of the multitude preserved to us by ancient authors. For in the first place it must be remembered, that many of the responses of the oracle, we might say a majority, were mere moral apothegms, such as "know thyself," "nothing in excess," &c., or opinions given as to the course to be adopted in cases of conscience. Another large portion consisted of ambiguous answers, which could be construed so as to save the credit of the oracle, whichever way the event fell out; mere quibbles of language, in fact, such as that given to Crœsus as to his crossing the Halys,[4] and to Pyrrhus, relative to his chance of success in his campaign against Rome;[5] while not a few, which seem more truly predictive in character, are cases of fulfilment according to the letter, by means of some identity of name between two persons or places, one of which was well known, the other not. Of this last sort, the well-known prediction as to the death of our Henry IV. at Jerusalem, introduced by Shakspeare in the second part of his Henry IV. is a conspicuous example[6] in modern times, and bears an exact analogy to that which deluded the wretched Cambyses into his terrible Ethiopian expedition, by promising him that his death-bed should be in Ecbatana.[7] A predecessor, too, of Pyrrhus on the Epirot throne, Alexander, was unlucky enough to be the victim of a precisely similar humbug on the part of the venerable oracle of Dodona.[8] He was told to avoid the river Acheron, and as there was a river of some note bearing that name in his own kingdom of Epirus, he naturally supposed that he might safely accept an invitation to an Italian campaign on behalf of the Tarentines, who just then were suffering annoyance from their Lucanian and Bruttian neighbours. He ran upon his doom, however, as usual; he found a trumpery stream calling itself Acheron, in Bruttium, and there sure enough he was killed in the most appropriate manner, by some treacherous Lucanian exiles, while attempting to cross its swollen waters. These would answer our purpose well enough could we be certain, (which we cannot,) that they were not invented after the event, of

[1] *E.g.* Horatio Nelson—Honor est a Nilo. William Noy—I moyl in law.
[2] As Demosthenes, Aristides, &c.
[3] Il. xvi. 235.
[4] Herod. i. 91.
[5] Act iv. Sc. 4.
[6] Cic. de Div. ii. 56.
[7] Herod. iii. 64.
[8] Justin. xii. 3.

which, in most cases, the Delphic establishment would be the first to receive intelligence. Probably, as the oracle grew richer and richer, it kept in permanent pay a number of secret and very special correspondents, and thus secured the latest news at the earliest possible period.

Perhaps, however, the famous response given to the Athenian envoys before the battle of Thermopylæ, that the "wooden wall" had been granted by Jove to Athene as a last refuge for the inhabitants of the doomed city, and the distinct prediction that Salamis should be a scene of slaughter,[1] some months before the Persian fleet was actually destroyed there, comes nearer to the fulfilment of our conditions than any other. In this case we have the advantage of contemporary testimony to the fact of the prediction and the time of its delivery in the person of Herodotus; and although we may not quite share his reverent faith in these prophetic utterances, and may suspect that Themistocles had as much to do with the inspiration of the Pythoness on this occasion as Apollo, still the guess was a bold one, and the accuracy of its fulfilment must have struck even those in the secret. Neither the place of the battle, nor the victorious issue, were in any sense certainties. So in the account of the plague which desolated Athens in the second year of the Peloponnesian war, Thucydides mentions an ancient prediction, *one at least in existence before his own time*, which foretold the approach of a Dorian war with a pestilence in its train;[2] and, notwithstanding his sneering criticism, it is evident that the correspondence of the event with the prophecy was sufficiently noteworthy to cause no small stir in people's minds at Athens. To another recommending that a certain plot of ground under the Acropolis had better be left untouched and unbuilt upon[3]—an injunction which had to be disregarded when the whole population were driven to take refuge within the walls—he seems to attach somewhat more weight, and suggests an interpretation of the oracular fragment, plausible enough in itself, but which robs it to some extent of its prophetic character. His solution is, that it would be most assuredly better for Athens that the plot of land should remain open, because as long as it was possible to keep it so, so long would it be evident that the extreme limit of calamity and distress had not been reached. In other words, the building would not cause the calamity, but would never take place as a fact till the worst calamity was at hand.

We might go on to cite other similar instances; but, as was said before, although a complete collection of all the oracular responses recorded in the pages of Greek writers would amount to many hundreds, the number of fortunate fulfilments, in cases where collusion can be shown to have been impossible, is far less than the average of probabilities would lead one to expect. De Quincey, in his excellent essay on the Pagan Oracles, to a certain extent accounts for this by an ingenious theory that the two principal functions of the establishment at Delphi were that of an universal news-agency office, and that of a national bank, or safe depository of money and valuables, which the domestic architecture of the time exposed to the mercy of the first burglar who could use a chisel; but at the same time he certainly understates its activity and vogue as a means of obtaining information as to coming events.

Let us cross the Adriatic and enter the territory of that sublime nation whose history was for so many ages the history of the world, of which in the fulness of time they became the masters. How different is the impression we receive from a survey of their history from that derived from the pages of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In Greece, the component elements of the nation seem to be perpetually exerting repulsive forces on each other: no combination is ever stable; while Rome, through all the long stages of its rise and decline, is ever *one*, and expands

[1] Herod vii. 141. [2] Thuc. II. 54.
[3] Thuc. II. 17.

only by absorptions into a central nucleus rapidly and irresistibly assimilated, rather than by mere appendages of territory which never lose their original character of excrescences, merely adhering to the main body, not partaking as true members of its life and energy. It is this uniting tendency ever rivetting the attention on the ancient centre and birthplace of the nation that invests their history with such unequalled grandeur; and we should *à priori* almost expect to find that such a part as it was theirs to play on the world's great stage would not be wholly devoid of elements of mystery, or unaccompanied, at least in tradition, with dark and portentous indications of a mighty destiny. Accordingly we do find at the very outset an augural prediction recorded respecting the duration of their empire, which it took twelve centuries to fulfil, but which those centuries did fulfil with an exactitude equal to that challenged by commentators for the numerical prophecies of the book of Daniel. The firm belief in the foundation of Rome about the middle of the eighth century before our era, and in the existence of a contemporaneous augury interpreted to predict a continuous existence of twelve centuries, is a fact which cannot be disputed, whether we look upon Romulus and his twelve vultures[1] as mythical or not; and it is equally beyond controversy that the deposition of Augustulus, the last of the western emperors in the middle of the fifth century of our era, coincides almost to a year with the expiration of the appointed time. Here the nature of the case at once precludes all possibility of collusion; and, what is still more curious, we are not concerned to prove the actual occurrence of the omen as a fact; the universal and undoubting assumption of its reality by every generation of Romans renders the authenticity of the story immaterial. This is probably the most striking instance of the fulfilment of prophecy recorded in history, and it receives additional weight from the consideration that no hypothesis of a double fulfilment, one literal and immediate, the other more distant and metaphorical or typical, can by any ingenuity find place here.

The discovery of America, which modern researches have shown to have been achieved by the Norsemen as early as the tenth century of our era,[2] was anticipated by a Latin poet, who probably flourished in the first or second; although it must be confessed that the prophecy is a wide one, and fits its interpretation somewhat loosely. At the close of the second act of Seneca's Medea, the chorus end their song with the lines,—

> "Venient annis sæcula seris,
> "Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
> "Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
> "Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
> "Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Thus translated by John Studley in 1585:—

"Time shall in fine out breake
"When ocean wave shall open every realme,
"The wandering world at will shall open lye,
"And Typhis will some newe founde land survey;
"Some travelers shall the countreys farre escrye,
"Beyonde small Thule, knowen furthest at this day."

But an old poem in our own language, composed probably about the middle of the fourteenth century, will furnish us with a far more remarkable instance. In the tenth "Passus," or fytte of the Vision of Piers Plouhman, Clergy, one of the allegorical personages, after a long exposition of the sad state into which religion had then fallen, gives warning of the coming, though still distant, retribution, in lines which are worth quoting in their ancient garb:—

> "Ac ther shal come a kyng,
> "And confesse yow religiouses,
> "And bete you as the Bible telleth
> "For brekynge of youre rule;

[1] Cic. de Divin. i. 48. Censorin. de d. N. c. 17.

[2] See the Antiqq. Americanæ, p. xxix. et sqq. Copenhagen. 1837.

"And amende monyals,[1]
"Munkes and chanons,
"And puten to hir penaunce,
"*Ad pristinum statum ire.*
. . . . .
"And thanne shal the abbot of Abyngdone,
"And al his issue for evere,
"Have a knok of a kyng,
"And incurable the wounde."
Vision, vv. 6239-63.

Two centuries elapse, and the forgotten prophecy is fulfilled; a king with a decided propensity for "knocking" in all its branches is seated on the English throne, and the Abbot of Abingdon and his brethren duly receive the "incurable wounde," commonly called "the Suppression of the Monasteries," and disappear for ever. Here, too, as in the Roman augury, the effect of the coincidence is much heightened by the simplicity of the case, and the impossibility of any trickery being employed to bring about the result.

A few cases of more recent occurrence may be cited, but they rarely rise much above the level of lucky hits, or are expressed in language too general and vague to cause any great surprise at their fulfilment. Perhaps the best specimen of the kind is the well-known prophecy by Lord Chesterfield, of the coming on of the French Revolution. Writing in April, 1752, to his son, he says, "But this I foresee, that before "the end of this century, the trade of "both king and priest will not be half "so good an one as it has been. Du- "clos, in his reflections, has observed, "and very truly, '*qu' il y a un germe* "'*de raison qui commence à se développer* "'*en France.*' A *développement* that "must prove fatal to regal and papal "pretensions." The limitation of time is here the element in the prognostication which arrests the attention; putting this aside, the rest might have been uttered by any Lyndhurst of that time who could look below the surface of things, and interpret the signs of the times in a philosophic spirit. A somewhat similar vaticination was uttered by Coleridge in 1809, respecting the probability of the Spaniards achieving success in their resistance to the French Emperor, for which he was set down jocosely by Lord Darnley as deranged, so hopeless did their chance then seem. Two years, however, passed away, and then the philosopher's turn came to put the question as to relative sanity to his Lordship, who admitted his mistake, but endeavoured to turn the edge of the retort by calling it "a bold and lucky guess." This, however, Coleridge distinctly repudiated, showing that the unexpected result of the contest was nothing but a necessary consequence of certain principles which he had enunciated, and which he had deduced from a profound consideration of antecedent history. In direct contrast, however, to these dignified speculators, comes the immortal ancestor of the Raphaels, the Zadkiels, and the like of the present day—William Lilly, whose career as astrologer, almanack-maker, and seer, coincides with the Civil War, the Protectorate, and the earlier part of Charles the Second's reign, and whose fame rested partly on two capital successes, but more truly on his superior tactics, and the sagacity with which he avoided committing himself in cases where to have been right would have perhaps excited little attention, while a blunder would have been fatal. However, not to be unjust to the astrologer, let it be recorded, that in his Anglicus for June, 1645, he backed the chances of Parliament by a prediction that, if they fought that month, the victory would be theirs; and Naseby followed on the 14th, to confirm the words of the seer. Here the event trod so close on the heels of the prophecy as to detract somewhat from the effect; but the next case was very different, and was justly regarded by him as a piece of luck he was not likely to improve upon, and after which he might gracefully shut up shop and retire into private life. In a work of his, published in 1651, entitled, "Monarchy and No Monarchy in England, Grebner's prophecy concerning Charles the Son of

[1] Nuns.

Charles," it appears that he had indicated the 3d of September, 1666, as a day favourable for the expiration of monarchy; a lucky and highly anti-monarchical planet being then in the ascendant. On the basis of this prophecy, and with a view to ensure its fulfilment in the most exact manner, a plot was actually formed by a number of old soldiers and officers who had served in the late rebellion, for killing the King, and overthrowing the Government; and the surprisal of the Tower and the firing of the City were to form prominent parts of the scheme. The plot, however, came to light in April, 1666, and the confederates were found guilty of high treason; yet, notwithstanding this awkward interference, the stars (or, not to be calumnious, "the star") got the ill-favoured design executed, at any rate, *cy près*, as the lawyers say, by causing the fire of London to break out on the 2d September, 1666; which Mr. Pepys,[1] who records the circumstance, not unreasonably sets down in his diary as "very strange, methinks." Prophecies of this kind, however, are usually supposed to have a considerable share in bringing about their own fulfilment—a remark which applies with some force to that last cited, and to one said to have been recently current in India, that our rule there was destined to last a century, and then to come to an end. Reckoning from the date of the great battle of Plassey, which was fought on the 23d June, 1757, a century carries us on to that fatal year, when it seemed as though the manes of Surajah Dowlah were to be avenged, and that the work of Clive would have to be done over again. There were, however, sufficient signs of preconcerted action, the meaning of which became clear enough after the event, to render it highly probable that the outbreak of the mutiny was purposely timed so as to accord with the old prediction, which was thus artfully made subservient to its own accomplishment.

On the other hand, it is but fair to mention the case reported by the author of Eothen,[2] to whom Lady Hester Stanhope, on the occasion of his paying her a visit at her castle near Beyrout, foretold that, "on leaving her he would go "into Egypt, but that in a little while "he would return to Syria." The object of this prophecy secretly set down the last part of it as a "bad shot," his plans having been otherwise arranged; but destiny, as he says, was too much for him, and, owing to the plague and the necessity of avoiding a quarantine detention, he was forced to retrace his steps across the desert, after visiting the Pyramids, and came back to the mountains of Lebanon, just as the weird woman had foretold. And, if our space permitted, we might add several well-authenticated instances of that presentiment felt by some respecting the duration of their lives, or the particular day of their decease, which is said to have possessed Bentley and Nelson so strongly, and which was certainly in each case verified by the event. There is a sort of anticipation of this in Homer, who frequently makes his heroes, when in articulo mortis, predict the speedy doom which should overtake their conquerors: thus Patroclus tells Hector to consider himself "fey," to use an old English word; and Hector in his turn attempts to damp the triumph of Achilles by a similar expedient. But it is time to refrain.

In what precedes we have brought together a number of instances in which coming events have cast their shadows before them with such distinctness as to render possible the construction of the true figure from the dim and evanescent outlines of the projection. They are of all degrees of importance, ranging from the low level of the mere lucky guess up to a point where it is difficult to avoid recognising the secret influence of a mysterious and peculiar agency. It must surely be possible to add largely to the handful of cases here presented to the reader; and it can hardly be doubted that such a collection, duly classified and sifted, would yield results not without value either to psychologist

[1] Diary, Dec. 13, 1666.

[2] Page 100, Fifth Edition.

or historian. Whatever the scepticism of our time may assert, such an omen as that of the Twelve Vultures, and the prediction involved in it, cannot be explained away by any of the ordinary expedients; and, if a sufficient number of parallels could be adduced, these, supported by the admitted fact of the possession of true prophetic powers by idolatrous and heathen nations, might not improbably tend to the more complete elucidation of the nature of those mental states or conditions, the existence and reality of which must be assumed in any theory of prophetic utterance. And we are convinced that the Scriptural prophecies would gain a decided advantage by being thus brought into direct contrast with the *élite* of their rivals. Until some such investigation be made in a reverent yet independent spirit, and until the numerous claims that have been advanced in different ages to the possession or on behalf of the various possessors of this power, have been fairly appraised and weighed, so long must we be content to feel that the edifice of our faith wants a buttress which it is in our power to erect for its support, but which, from a certain deficiency of moral courage, we are timidly led to withhold.

THOMAS HOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hood was born in London in 1799, the son of a bookseller in the Poultry. He was educated, till about his fifteenth year, at private and day-schools in or near London. His father died in 1811, leaving a widow and several children, all of whom, except Thomas, were cut off early by consumption. His health also was very delicate from the first; and, after being for some little time in a London merchant's office, he was sent alone, at the age of fifteen, for change of climate, to Dundee, which was his father's native place. Here he found himself in the midst of a bevy of Scotch relations—aunts, uncles, cousins, and others—of whom he had never heard before, and whose ways and dialect were as strange to him as his were to them. "It was like coming among the Struldbrugs," he says, alluding to the venerable age of some of these newly-discovered relatives. He passed about two years in Dundee,—engaged in no particular occupation, but recruiting his health by walking, fishing, boating, &c. It was here, too, that he first tried his hand at literature—contributing some trifles to a newspaper and a magazine of the town. Returning to London at the age of seventeen, he was apprenticed to his mother's brother, Mr. Sands, an engraver. With him and with another engraver, to whom he was transferred, he remained several years, with every prospect that engraving was to be his profession. But an event in which he could not have supposed beforehand that his own fortunes would be in the least degree concerned, suddenly changed the tenor of his life. In the beginning of 1821, Mr. John Scott, the Editor of the "London Magazine," was killed in a duel; and, the magazine passing into the hands of new proprietors, who were acquainted with Hood, and had been acquainted with his father, he was engaged to assist the Editor. He was then twenty-two years of age. For about two years he wrote little pieces for the Magazine; his connexion with which introduced him to many, if not all, of the brilliant men who were then its contributors — Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Horace Smith, Talfourd, Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, Cary, John Clare, Hartley Coleridge, &c. With Lamb, in particular, he formed an intimacy which lasted till Lamb's death, and which, as Lamb was twenty-four years his senior, must have had considerable influence on his literary tastes. At Lamb's house, in addition to the persons named, he met both Wordsworth and Coleridge.

In 1824 Hood married a Miss Reynolds.

By this time the "London Magazine" had again changed hands; and Hood, ceasing connexion with it, but still living in London, began to write more miscellaneously. In 1825 he published, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, a little volume of humorous "*Odes and Addresses to Great People*," In 1826 there followed, under Hood's own name, the first series of "*Whims and Oddities*," consisting of a selection from his previous writings, with additions; and a second series appeared in 1827, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. In the same year appeared two volumes of "*National Tales*," or short stories in prose; and a volume of serious poetry entitled "*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other Poems.*" In 1829 Hood edited a periodical called "*The Gem*," and here he published his poem of "Eugene Aram." By so much varied writing he had become, in his thirtieth year, well known in the circle of metropolitan men of letters. His health being still precarious, he removed in 1829 to a cottage at Winchmore Hill, not far from London; and here he resided about three years, making frequent trips, for the benefit of sea-air, to Brighton, Hastings, Margate and other places. In 1830 he published his first *Comic Annual*—continued, as a Christmas publication, in successive years till 1837. The "Annual," with casual contributions to other periodicals, and a little writing for the stage, occupied him till 1832, when he removed from Winchmore Hill to a quaint but inconvenient old house near Wanstead in Essex. Here he completed his novel of *Tylney Hall*, and wrote a comic poem called *The Epping Hunt*, published with illustrations by Cruikshank.

The failure of a publishing firm having involved Hood in pecuniary difficulties, he resolved in 1835 to leave England and reside on the Continent. Going over in the March of that year, he fixed on Coblenz on the Rhine as the most suitable place for his purpose. Hither his wife followed him with their two surviving children—a girl about five years of age, and an infant son. During about two years Coblenz continued to be the head-quarters of the family—Hood working at his "Annuals," and sending over the copy by very uncertain carriage to London; corresponding also with friends in England—especially with Mr. Dilke, and a Dr. Elliot of Stratford; amusing himself with fishing and with the observation of German character; making one or two acquaintances with English-speaking Germans, among whom was a friendly and intelligent Prussian officer named De Franck; but, on the whole, out of his element, and harassed by almost constant illness, aggravated by the discomforts of German housekeeping and the rough handling of German doctors. Disgusted at length with Coblenz, he removed, in the middle of 1837, to Ostend—convenient as being more accessible from England. At Ostend he resided with his family for three years—varied by two trips to London, and by visits from English friends. In 1838, which was the last year of the Comic Annual, he commenced in its stead the monthly miscellany known as "*Hood's Own*," consisting chiefly of selections from his former writings, but containing new pieces and illustrations by himself. From Ostend he also sent over the copy of his "*Up the Rhine*," a satire on German manners and English travellers, which he had begun at Coblenz.

In 1840, after five years of expatriation, he judged it prudent to return to England. The family took a house in Camberwell; and Hood, rather in worse health than before, became a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Theodore Hook. One of his contributions to the Magazine was his poem of "Miss Kilmansegg." On the death of Theodore Hook, in 1841, Hood succeeded him as Editor of the New Monthly. He continued to edit it till 1843, contributing to its pages a number of sketches and poems, which he republished in 1844, under the title of *Whimsicalities*. In 1842 he had removed from Camberwell to St. John's Wood, in which neighbourhood he re-

sided till his death—first in Elm Tree Road, and then in Finchley Road. At this time, what with his writings in the New Monthly, the growing reputation of his former writings, and the electric effect produced by his "Song of the Shirt," on its appearance separately in *Punch* (1843), Hood's literary life seemed to have taken a new start; and when, after a brief visit to Scotland, he projected a magazine of his own under the title of "*Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany*," the public were ready to welcome it and make it a favourite. Among his friends he now counted many of a younger generation than those whom he had known before going abroad—Mr. Dickens, Mr. Browning, Mr. F. O. Ward, Samuel Phillips, and others. But he had not long to live. The new Magazine, begun in January, 1844, had been carried on as far as its fourteenth number, when it was announced that the editor was on his death-bed. For two months longer he wrote or dictated his last contributions to it; and, on May 3d, 1845, he died in his house in Finchley Road, at the age of forty-six.

At no time had Hood's name been so familiarly dear to the public as about the time of his death. His "Bridge of Sighs," which appeared in one of the numbers of his Magazine in 1844, was a poem for the people's heart; it, and his "Song of the Shirt," of the previous year, were being everywhere repeated; and, of the letters, presents, and other tokens of regard from unknown persons, sent to him on his death-bed, most were testimonies to the singular effect produced by these two poems. Working back, as it were, from these two poems, the public have since become acquainted with Hood's writings as a whole; the volumes of his selected poems, published since his death by Moxon, have been but inducements to many to look after the various earlier publications in which these and other pieces of his were originally scattered; and the erection of a monument, by public subscription, in 1854, over Hood's grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, was but an evidence of the unusually strong affection then felt, and still felt for him, as a man peculiar among recent British authors.

Hood's daughter and son, who were left children at his death, and who have since grown up to cherish his memory, and to add, by their own deserts, to the respect they inherit by their relationship to him, have done but an act of duty in preparing and publishing these two volumes of *Memorials*.[1] They do not form what could properly be called a biography of Hood. A single chapter carries us over the first thirty-six years of his life, adding little or nothing to the information previously accessible; and the remaining chapters of the volumes consist of an account, year by year, of the last ten years of his life—the five years, from 1835 to 1840, which he spent at Coblenz and Ostend; and the five, from 1840 to 1845, which followed his return to England. This account does not take the form of a story regularly and connectedly told; but is made up chiefly of private letters by Hood himself and by his wife, now first published, from which the reader is left to gather the incidents for himself, and to derive his own impression of Hood's habits and character. In what of connecting narrative there is, one notes a considerable vagueness, or thinness of particulars, and even an indecision respecting those that are given—owing, doubtless, to the fact that, while the writers retain a vivid recollection of their father personally, the external circumstances of his life, his literary connexions and companionships, the whole by-gone social medium of London in which he moved, lie too far in the distance to be recovered by them without as much research as a stranger would have had to bestow. Taken for what they profess to be, however (and the critic, so considering them, will probably have no fault to find, unless he is finical enough to remark on the very incorrect pointing), the volumes are an interesting

[1] Memorials of Thomas Hood; collected, arranged, and edited by his daughter; with a Preface and Notes by his son. Two volumes Moxon. 1860.

addition to our knowledge of Hood, and to his literary remains. They are written in a spirit of true affection, which communicates itself to the reader—especially at the end, where the writers recollect so touchingly their dying father, as they saw him, emaciated and in pain, but resigned, and heard him repeating one night to their mother the plaintive words of the Scottish song, as then his and hers:—

> "I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
> Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean!
> I'm wearin' awa'
> To the land o' the leal."

A tone of this song runs through all Hood's life, as it is related in these *Memorials*. We see him throughout as a most affectionate husband and father, struggling with ill-health, and, while labouring for those dearest to him, and bearing up with a buoyancy which neither pain nor adverse fortune could subdue, foreseeing the day as not distant when his wife should be a widow, and his children orphans. From the time when, in his celebrated petition to the House of Commons on the subject of literary copyright, he referred to his own case, and adduced as one of his arguments for the protection of literary property, the fact that he had two children "who "looked up to him as the author not "only of the Comic Annual but also of "their being," a habitual anxiety, arising from the uncertainty of his own life, seems to have shadowed Hood's mind, and mingled, though not always in an obvious manner, with his conversation and writings. The *Memorials* bring out this—may be best described, indeed, as records of the last ten years of the life of a literary invalid. Not that, in addition to this melancholy fact of Hood's constant struggle with pain and disease, we have not much information respecting him in these pages, of a livelier, more curious, and more general kind of interest. We learn, for example, that Hood was one of those poets—a rather numerous list it would seem—in whom (as if to force attention to a distinction between the musical sense and the faculty of melodious verse) the ear for music has been all but abnormally deficient. We hear of his fondness for practical jokes, and have amusing instances of such, played off by him upon his wife and others; we have sketches, by his own pen, of foreign scenes and manners, full of wit and word-play, and of comical accounts of his differences with German landladies, and his fishing excursions on the Moselle; we have also, in the form of woodcuts, a few additional specimens of the oddities he used to dash off with his pencil to amuse his readers or his children. Altogether a very distinct idea of Hood is to be obtained from the volumes; though an impression of the scantiness of the incidents which composed his life—of the small hold which he had of the world of men or things beyond the circle of his own family—will still remain.

This scantiness of incident in Hood's life, this looseness and slightness of connexion with the contemporary world of men and things, is, we believe, not without its significance in relation to the nature of Hood's genius and writings. Of literary men as a class, indeed, it is not expected that their lives shall present that amount of interconnexion with the net events of their time, the definite and visible course of its social history, which is inevitable in the lives of men of action. But among literary men themselves there may be characteristic differences in this respect. Some there may be who, by the nature of their mental activity as men of speculation, resume and represent in their own thoughts much of the essence of what is going on around them. Others there may be who, though they do not employ their minds on what is passing around them, but on some theme or object independently selected (as Gibbon, for example, in his History), do yet—in virtue of the magnitude of that theme or object, the amount of exertion which it requires ere it can be compassed, and the continuousness of that exertion—lead lives which have a certain massiveness in themselves, and are even distinguishable as part of the historic substance of thei

time. Others again there are who, in virtue merely of an extreme sociability, bringing them in contact with all kinds and classes of their contemporaries, and with all contemporary interests, become remembrancers of more than themselves after they are dead, and allow facts from a wide surface to be drawn almost necessarily into the current of their biography. On the whole, perhaps, of all kinds of literary genius, it is the genius of the imaginative writer that may be rooted most lightly in the facts of his time, and may exhibit biographically the least identification with them—save, as we have said, of that kind which arises, when the very magnitude of the imaginative efforts, and the continuousness of the exertion which they involve, convert *themselves* into substance of history. But Hood, as a writer of wit and imagination, does not present this peculiarity of having exerted himself continuously on any great work. A very slight amount of contact, indeed, with the men or events of his time, a very moderate sociability, or even almost a solitariness of temper and habit, would be quite consistent with the nature of his literary remains. And such would seem to have been the fact. The most pertinacious zealot for the resolution of biography into history would hardly make anything feasible of such a notion as "Hood and his Times," with whatever ingenuity he might select for his purpose this or that portion of the social history of Britain, or even of London, during the twenty years preceding 1845. The "times" are of course there; but Hood's relation to them is that of a man of peculiar constitution, who sees them flitting by, has pensive, or humorous, or even wild and haggard thoughts about them, and makes the expression of such thoughts his business, but, on the whole, is so little incorporated with them, that, had he not existed, the "times" would have been the same, and only his by-standing thoughts would have been lost. A pensive, keenly-organized man, filled with Jaques's peculiar and compound melancholy of "a most humorous sadness," shifted about from place to place, observing oddities and physiognomies wherever he went, and adding to his fancies by reading, but personally not much bound to society, and having few strong acquaintanceships beyond the circle of his own family, where he would chat and frolic affectionately with his children during the day, and sit up by himself to write for the press late through the night,—such, notwithstanding his habit of penning long letters, seems Hood to have been. No detraction this from the interest we must feel in his writings, but rather a reason for a more peculiar curiosity!

A certain small proportion of Hood's writings, though not the best known or the most original, consists of perfectly serious poems of the fancy, after a manner caught from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Lamb, and the minor and sensuous poems of Shakespeare. Most of these were written before his thirtieth year, while it seems still to have been his aim to be known to the public not chiefly or exclusively as a humourist. His "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" is perhaps his most interesting and sustained production of this kind, and is a really pleasant poem of the fancy, constructed on an ingenious story how Titania, Puck, and all the innocent elves and sprites of the poetic Faery-land, are threatened with annihilation by Old Time or Saturn,—how they plead in vain before the ruthless ravager, and are spared only by the happy appearance of the shade of Shakespeare, who champions the Faery-nation, daunts Time, and drives him to flight. The whole poem has a certain true and easy poetic charm, and there are passages of very fine and happy expression in it; but it does not rise higher than the second class of compositions belonging to the school of verse begun by Coleridge and Wordsworth, and continued by Keats. In other poems of the same serious or fanciful kind, as in the "Ode to Autumn," and the "Ode to the Moon," we have the very cadence and manner of Keats present to a degree which suggests actual imitation, together with a marked affec-

tion for special words of the Keatsian vocabulary, such as "argent," "bloom," and "bloomy." For Hood's poem of "Hero and Leander," the model is undisguisedly Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis;" but, with all the disadvantage which this comparison involves, the reader will find much to admire in Hood's version of the classic legend. Here are some lines describing the distant appearance of the face of the water-witch Scylla to Leander, luring him to his death, as he is buffeting with the waves :—

> "Her aspect's like a moon divinely fair,
> But makes the midnight darker that it lies on;
> 'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair
> That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
> Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
> As marble lies advantaged upon jet."

If Hood does not rank in the first class among recent English poets, after Wordsworth and Keats, in virtue of these poems of metrical narrative and sensuous fancy, he attains a greater height and strikes with a stronger emphasis in another class of serious poems—those which consist in the vivid imagination and abrupt lyric representation of ghastly situations in physical nature and in human life. His "Dream of Eugene Aram," his "Haunted House," his "Forge," and his "Last Man," are well-known examples. There was, indeed, in Hood's genius a certain fascination for the ghastly—a certain familiarity of the fancy with ideas and objects usually kept out of mind as too horrible and disagreeable. Toying with his pencil, he would sketch skulls, or coffins, or grinning skeletons in antic mimicry of the attitudes of life. One of the most painful of the illustrations which accompany these *Memorials* is a sketch of himself lying in his shroud as a corpse, which he made while in bed during his last illness. Something of this fascination for the ghastly, this tendency to imagine horrible objects and situations, runs through Hood's comic writings, sometimes appearing distinctly, but in other places only obliging humour and frolic by a kind of reaction. "The hyena," he says himself, "is notoriously a frequenter of graves, a prowler amongst tombs; he is also the only beast that laughs, at least above his breath." Omitting the moral dislike implied in the image chosen, Hood meant its intellectual import to be taken. From thoughts of death and graveclothes, of murders, of suicides, of gibbets on solitary moors, of suggestions of the fiend in gloomy rooms to men on the verge of madness —from a dark circumference of such thoughts, conceived with an almost reckless literality, we see the Humourist rebounding into the thick and bustle of ordinary social life, rioting in its infinite provocations to mirth, raising smiles and laughter wherever he goes, and turning speech into a crackle of jests.

How extraordinary the rebound in Hood's case! Though a not insignificant proportion of his writings consists of such productions of the quiet poetic fancy and such representations of the ghastly as have been described, by far the larger proportion consists of his contributions, during five-and-twenty years, to the fugitive British literature of wit and humour. Vast as are now the dimensions of that literature among us—organised, sharpened, and adjusted as it has been by the long reign of King Punch—Hood's place in its history is not likely soon to be forgotten. From his first connexion with the London press in 1821, it was his habit to throw off those "grotesques, and arabesques, and droll picturesques," to use his own words, "which his good genius (a Pantagruelian familiar) charitably conjured up to divert him from more sombre realities." Even then his humour was of a flavour different from that of Hook's humour, or of the humour of any contemporary wit; in later years, his *Comic Annual* was a kind of anticipation of *Punch;* and to the last, in the *New Monthly* and in *Hood's Magazine*, it was in "grotesques, arabesques, and droll picturesques," that he was most prolific. If all his productions of this kind were collected, no one knows how many hundreds they would number. They are generally brief; but they vary in brevity, from

the single-lined pun or jest, or the witty stanza or couplet, to the extended prose-sketch, or such a metrical extravagance as "Miss Kilmansegg." And then the variety of form and matter! — pun and word-play throughout; here satire with definite purpose, there a mere whirl of humorous nonsense; sometimes a little essay; sometimes a sketch of character, or of a comic incident in a stage-coach or in the streets; sometimes a tale in a chapter or two; sometimes an imaginary correspondence. In *Hood's Own*, published by himself in 1838–9, and in the volume of his selected *Poems of Wit and Humour*, published after his death, we have perhaps his best things in this kind collected; and certainly there is more in the two volumes together than the most insatiable appetite for a *Grin*nage dinner (Hood's own, not mine!) will be able to stand, if the reading is continuous. Page after page it is pun, flash, quip, subtlety, oddity, mad fantasy of fun, till the feeling is that of fatigue with the very excess—save where (and this is one of the minor uses of verse) the pleasure of metre and rhyme prolongs the power of reading. And then, O if one had but the memory to retain a moderate percentage of the good things of which one has had such a surfeit! How, by merely retailing them, one could win peals of laughter from end to end of a dinner-table, and *hood*wink people into the belief that one was a wit oneself. Alas! the human memory is not constructed to retain more than five jokes simultaneously of the greatest humourist that ever lived. One is the common number; three is unusual; and five is the extreme limit. Test the matter by trial among your friends. Get any company who have known Theodore Hook, or Sydney Smith, or Douglas Jerrold,—men who said new good things every day for thirty years,—to club their recollections of these good things together; and the result will be that, though the joint efforts of the oblivious blockheads, raking their memories for a whole hour together, may recover (duplicates deducted) a dozen distinct witticisms, he will be the cock of the company who has furnished five. We hear but of one man who, at a single sitting, could dictate from memory a longish collection of jests and apophthegms; but *they* were from different sources, and *he* was the author of the "Novum Organum." *Moral* to all Boswells of celebrated wits now living: Book each day's jests punctually every night. Posterity will thank you; and, if they don't, never mind.

Hood's good things having in very large measure been booked by himself, we have not far to search for our specimens. Reader, what would *you* call the earliest impressions for good or evil produced on the mind of an infant by family-circumstances before its book-education begins? Hood calls them "impressions before the letters." What does a schoolboy enjoy when he goes home for the holidays? "No satis to the jams." What deafness could exceed that of the old woman in one of Hood's poems who was "as deaf as dog's ears to Enfield's Speaker," deaf not only to nouns and verbs, but "even to the definite article"? And, if you wanted to sell her a hearing-trumpet, how could you recommend it better than by telling her of another old woman who was fully as deaf as herself, if you could add—

> "Well, I sold *her* a horn, and, the very next day,
> She heard from her husband in Botany Bay."

Did you ever hear of the Irish schoolmaster's coat?—

> "'Twas such a jerkin short
> As Spenser had ere he composed his tales."

What is Hood's simile for autumn? "The book of nature getting short of leaves." Have you ever read Hood's ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown," once sung in all the theatres and by the boys in the streets? Sally's sweetheart having been pressed as a sailor, her grief was irrepressible.

> "Alas! 'they've taken my beau, Ben,
> To sail with old Benbow;'
> And her woe began to run afresh,
> As if she said, Gee woe!"

But Sally proved fickle, and Ben, re-

turning after two years, finds her married to another. The poor fellow is inconsolable, and apostrophizes her—

"Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's Well,'
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befel:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell."

In the tender mood in which this leaves the reader, the following may shock:—

"'Tis horrible to die,
And come down with our little all of dust."

Here is a reference to the Vestal fire:—

"Like that old fire that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in—for none have found it out."

And this is pretty:—

"All the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather-beds."

Here are a few together:—

"The hackney-poets overcharge their fair."

"There's something in a horse
That I can always honour, but never could endorse."

"Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach—
Steeds that confess the luxury of *Wo*."

"To muse on death at Ponder's End."

"A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a spoon."

"Utopia is a pleasant place;
But how shall I get there?
'Straight down the crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'"

Hood's wit seems often to have taken a military direction. Here is an army on march—

"So many marching men
That soon might be March-dust."

And here, a detachment of volunteers—

"The pioneers seem very loth
To axe their way to glory."

And who has not heard of Ben Battle?

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs;
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him from the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second Foot.'"

On Ben's return home, his sweetheart jilts him, in consequence of his mutilation; saying she did love him before he went away, but now he stands on a different footing—

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

But, to get back to prose, is there not something touching in the dying words of the old schoolmaster, "I am sinking fast; I am going from the terrestrial globe to the celestial"? And is not this good advice, "Never fancy, every time you cough, that you are going to coughy-pot"? And what a breadth of surface in the idea of the "London bill-sticker, who had volunteered into the Chinese expedition, to get a sight, as he said, of the great Chinese wall!" As a reason against cruelty to animals, Hood lays stress on the fact that "bullocks don't wear oxide of iron;" and to excite our sympathy even with the cold and remote Esquimaux, he bids us think of the children in that region, "born to blubber." Here are a few scraps from his Commonplace Book:—

"Some men pretend to *penetration*, who have not even *halfpenny*-tration."
"A Quaker loves the ocean for its broad brim.
"A parish-clerk's Amen-ity of disposition.
"If three barleycorns go to an inch, how many corns go to a foot? Bunyan says, thirty-six."
"Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men.
"Who make surest of going to Heaven? Descenters."

The following is a selection from a long list of sham-titles for books, given

to the Duke of Devonshire to be set on a Library Door at Chatsworth :—

"Ye Devill on Two Styx (Black Letter) 2 vols.
"On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont.
"Percy Vere. In 40 volumes.
"On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick.
"Malthus's Attack of Infantry.
"Macadam's Views in Rhodes.
"Manfredi. Translated by Defoe.
"Earl Grey on Early Rising.
"The Life of Zimmermann. By Himself.
"On Trial by Jury, with remarkable Packing Cases.
"Koscuisko on the right of the Poles to stick up for themselves.
"On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow.
"Johnson's Contradictionary.
"Cursory Remarks on Swearing.
"The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron."

In default of longer extracts, the reader is bound to remember that the humour of Hood is to be seen in a more diffused form than such verbal samples as we have given would serve to suggest—in poems and sketches, where the mere wit and word-play are but seasoning to a wider and more continuous interest arising from lively incident and the dramatic representation of character. All in all, his "Miss Kilmansegg" is perhaps his best humorous poem of any considerable length; and among his prose-sketches the most amusing are perhaps those which take the form of letters passing between cooks, maid-servants, and other illiterate persons, and giving their impressions of public and private matters in their own style and spelling.

Well, but what is it all worth? In truth, "*I* don't know; nor *you* don't know; nor none of us don't know;" but this we all feel—that it *is* worth something. The day surely is past in which it was thought necessary to apologise for humour; and, despite a few obstinate dissenters, the peculiarly affectionate spirit with which our recent philosophy has been disposed to regard humour in general, is now gladly extended, by all consistent persons, even to that long-vilified form of humour which consists in word-play and pun. As to the *use* of that or of any other kind of humour—this is not the only case in which it would be well once for all to adopt the principle, that the justification of a thing is to be sought, *a priori*, in the fact that it proceeds from obedience to an innate function, as well as, *a posteriori*, in an attempted appreciation of its calculable effects. But, if an answer to the question, "*Cui bono?*" is still demanded, one may point out that, just as in reading a great poem or other serious work of imagination, two kinds of benefit are distinguishable—the benefit, on the one hand, of the actual matter of thought, the images, the expressions, delivered into the mind from it, and either remaining there to be recovered by the memory when wanted, or playing more occultly into the under-processes of the mind that lie beneath conscious memory; and the benefit, on the other hand, of the momentary stir, or wrench, or enthusiastic rouse, given to the mind in the act of reading—so, with a difference, is it with humorous writing too. First, there is the actual intellectual efficiency afterwards of the good things communicated—whether they be bits of shrewd sense, or maxims, or touching combinations of ideas, or permanent fancies of mirth for the mental eye; and, secondly, there is the twitch given to the mind, along with every good thing, in the act of receiving it, and the total shampooing or exhilaration resulting from their sum. But the reader will probably like to work out the rest of the psychology of the subject for himself.

To redeem Hood, however, from the consequences of any adverse decision that might be come to on this ground by the narrower utilitarians of literature, there remains yet a select class of his writings, characterised by the presence of moral and speculative purpose, to an extent that ought to satisfy the strictest advocate for the consecration of genius to philanthropic aims and the service of struggling opinion. Like other men, Hood had his "fixed ideas" in life—permanent thoughts and convictions, in behalf of which he could become pugna-

cious or even savage, or under the excitement of which every show of humour would fall off from him, and he would appear as a man purely sorrowful and serious. The sentiment of Anti-Pharisaism may be regarded as traditional in all men of popular literary genius; and back from our own days to those of Burns and still farther, British Literature has abounded with expressions of it, each more or less powerful in its time, but not superseding the necessity of another, and still another, in the times following. Almost last in the long list of these poets of Anti-Pharisaism comes the name of Hood. His writings are full of this sentiment, and especially of protests against over-rigid Sabbatarianism. On no subject did he so systematically and resolutely exert his powers of sarcasm and wit; and perhaps the English language does not contain any single poem from which the opponents of extreme Sabbatarianism and of what is called religious formality in general can borrow more pungent quotations, or which is really in its way a more eloquent assertion of personal intellectual freedom, than the *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire.* The following passage is very popular:—

"The Saints!—the Pharisees, whose beadle stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk,
A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands
In that great Temple that's not made with hands!

"Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in every feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!
To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chaunt of clerk;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!"

Fortunately for Hood's reputation, even with those whom he here attacks, he has left other pieces, the sentiment of which cannot be discussed controversially, but belongs to the universal heart. "He sang the Song of the Shirt" was the epitaph which Hood chose for himself; but, though we might pardon the taste that would consent to such a selection, because Hood himself made it, we should be sure of the general verdict that the finest thing that Hood ever wrote was his "Bridge of Sighs." Who can cross London Bridge at night, or can read his newspaper for many days successively, without recalling some snatch of that famous lyric?

THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND TO GARIBALDI'S LEGION.[1]

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

O YE who by the gaping earth
Where, faint with resurrection, lay
An empire struggling into birth,
Her storm-strown beauty cold with clay,

The free winds round her flowery head,
Her feet still rooted with the dead,

Leaned on the unconquered arms that clave
Her tomb like Judgment, and foreknew
The life for which you rent the grave,
Would rise to breathe, beam, beat for you,
In every pulse of passionate mood,
A people's glorious gratitude,—

[1] Those 1,067 Cacciatori, who, after conquering in the Lombard campaign, set out, unassisted, and "looking upon themselves as already dead" (vide *Times*), to complete, in face of a fleet and three armies, the work of Italian emancipation.

But heard, far off, the mobled woe
Of some new plaintiff for the light;
And leave your dear reward, and go
In haste, yet once again to smite
The hills, and, like a flood, unlock
Another nation from the rock;

Oh ye who, sure of nought but God
And death, go forth to turn the page
Of life, and in your heart's best blood
Date anew the chaptered age;
Ye o'er whom, as the abyss
O'er Curtius, sundered worlds shall kiss,

Do ye dream what ye have done?
What ye are and shall be? Nay,
Comets rushing to the sun,
And dyeing the tremendous way
With glory, look not back, nor know
How they blind the earth below.

From wave to wave our race rolls on,
In seas that rise, and fall, and rise;
Our tide of Man beneath the moon
Sets from the verge to yonder skies;
Throb after throb the ancient might
In such a thousand hills renews the
earliest height.

'Tis something, o'er that moving vast,
To look across the centuries
Which heave the purple of a past
That was, and is not, and yet is,
And in that awful light to see
The crest of far Thermopylæ,

And, as a fisher draws his fly
Ripple by ripple, from shore to shore,
To draw our floating gaze, and try
The more by less, the less by more,
And find a peer to that sublime
Old height in the last surge of time.

'Tis something: yet great Clio's reed,
Greek with the sap of Castaly,
In her most glorious word midway
Begins to weep and bleed;
And Clio, lest she burn the line
Hides her blushing face divine,

While that maternal muse, so white
And lean with trying to forget,
Moves her mute lips, and, at the sight,
As if all suns that ever set
Slanted on a mortal ear
What man can feel but cannot hear,

We know, and know not how we know,
That when heroic Greece uprist,
Sicilia broke a daughter's vow,
And failed the inexorable tryst,—
We know that when those Spartans drew
Their swords—too many and too few!—

A presage blanched the Olympian hill
To moonlight: the old Thunderer
nods;
But all the sullen air is chill
With rising Fates and younger gods.
Jove saw his peril and spake: one blind
Pale coward touched them with mankind.

What, then, on that Sicanian ground
Which soured the blood of Greece to
shame,
To make the voice of praise resound
A triumph that, if Grecian fame
Blew it on her clarion old,
Had warmed the silver trump to gold!

What, then, brothers! to brim o'er
The measure Greece could scarcely
brim,
And, calling Victory from the dim
Of that remote Thessalian shore,
Make his naked limbs repeat
What in the harness of defeat

He did of old; and, at the head
Of modern men, renewing thus
Thermopylæ, with Xerxes fled
And every Greek Leonidas,
Untitle the proud Past and crown
The heroic ages in our own!

Oh ye, whom they who cry "how long'
See, and—as nestlings in the nest
Sink silent—sink into their rest;
Oh ye, in whom the Right and Wrong
That this old world of Day and Night
Crops upon its black and white,

Shall strike, and, in the last extremes
Of final best and worst, complete
The circuit of your light and heat;
Oh ye who walk upon our dreams,
And live, unknowing how or why
The vision and the prophecy,

In every tabernacled tent—
Eat shew-bread from the altar, and
wot
Not of it—drink a sacrament
At every draught and know it not—

Breathe a nobler year whose least
Worst day is as the fast and feast

Of men—and, with such steps as chime
To nothing lower than the ears
Can hear to whom the marching spheres
Beat the universal time
Thro' our Life's perplexity,
March the land and sail the sea,

O'er those fields where Hate hath led
So oft the hosts of Crime and Pain—
March to break the captive's chain,
To heal the sick, to raise the dead,
And, where the last deadliest rout
Of furies cavern, to cast out

Those Dæmons,—ay, to meet the fell
Foul belch of swarming Satan hot
From Ætna, and down Ætna's throat
Drench that vomit back to hell—
In the east your star doth burn;
The tide of Fate is on the turn;

The thrown powers that mar or make
Man's good lie shed upon the sands,
Or on the wave about to break
Are flotsam that nor swims nor stands;
Earth is cold and pale, a-swoon
With fear; to the watch-tower of noon

The sun climbs sick and sorrowful,
Or, like clouded Cæsar, doth fold
His falling greatness to behold
Some crescent evil near the full.
Hell flickers; and the sudden reel
Of fortune, stopping in mid-wheel

Till the shifted current blows,
Clacks the knocking balls of chance;
And the metred world's advance
Pauses at the rhythmic close;
One stave is ended, and the next
Chords its discords on the vext

And tuning Time: this is the hour
When weak Nature's need should be
The Hero's opportunity,
And heart and hand are Right and Power,
And he who will not serve may reign,
And who dares well dares nought in vain.

Behind you History stands a-gape;
On either side the incarnadine
Hot nations in whom war's wild wine
Burns like vintage thro' the grape,
See you, ruddy with the morn
Of Freedom, see you, and for scorn

As on that old day of wrath
The hosts drew off in hope and doubt,
And the shepherd-boy stept out
To sling Judæa upon Gath,
Furl in two, and, still as stone,
Like a red sea let you on.

On! ay tho' at war's alarms
That sea should flood into a foe!
On! the horns of Jericho
Blow when Virtue blows to arms.
Numberless or numbered—on!
Men are millions, God is one.

On! who waits for favouring gales?
What hap can ground your Argosy?
A nation's blessings fill your sails,
And tho' her wrongs scorched ocean dry,
Yet ah! her blood and tears could roll
Another sea from pole to pole.

On! day round ye, summer bloom
Beneath, in your young veins the bliss
Of youth! Who asks more? Ask but this,
—And ask as One will ask at Doom—
If lead be true, if steel be keen?
If hearts be pure, if hands be clean?

On! night round ye, the worst roak
Of Fortune poisoning all youth's bliss;
Each grass a sword, each Delphic oak
An omen! Who dreads? Dread but this,—
Blunted steel and lead unsure,
Hands unclean and hearts impure!

Full of love to God and man
As girt Martha's wageless toil;
Gracious as the wine and oil
Of the good Samaritan;
Healing to our wrongs and us
As Abraham's breast to Lazarus;

Piteous as the cheek that gave
Its patience to the smiter, still
Rendering nought but good for ill,
Tho' the greatest good ye have
Be iron, and your love and ruth
Speak but from the cannon's mouth—

On! you servants of the Lord,
In the right of servitude
Reap the life He sowed, and blood
His frenzied people with the sword,
And the blessing shall be yours,
That falls upon the peacemakers!

Ay, tho' trump and clarion blare,
Tho' your charging legions rock
Earth's bulwarks, tho' the slaughtered air
Be carrion, and the encountered shock
Of your clashing battles jar
The rung heav'ns, this is Peace, not War!

With that two-edged sword that cleaves
Crowned insolence to awe,
And whose backward lightning leave
Licence stricken into law,
Fill, till slaves and tyrants cease,
The sacred panurgy of peace!

Peace, as outraged peace can rise
When her eye that watched and prayed
Sees upon the favouring skies
The great sign, so long delayed,
And from hoofed and trampled sod
She leaps transfigured to a god,

Meets amid her smoking land
The chariot of careering war,
Locks the whirlwind of his car,
Wrests the thunder from his hand,
And, with his own bolt down-hurl'd,
Brains the monster from the world!

Hark! he comes! His nostrils cast
Like chaff before him flocks and men.
Oh proud, proud day, in yonder glen
Look on your heroes! Look your last,
Your last: and draw in with the passionate eye
Of love's last look the sights that paint eternity.

He comes—a tempest hides their place!
Tis morn. The long day wanes. The loud
Storm lulls. Some march out of the cloud,
The princes of their age and race;
And some the mother earth that bore
Such sons hath loved too well to let them leave her more.

But oh, when joy-bells ring
For the living that return,
And the fires of victory burn,
And the dancing kingdoms sing,
And beauty takes the brave
To the breast he bled to save,

Will no faithful mourner weep
Where the battle-grass is gory,
And deep the soldier's sleep
In his martial cloak of glory,
Sleeps the dear dead buried low?
Shall they be forgotten? Lo,

On beyond that vale of fire
This babe must travel ere the child
Of yonder tall and bearded sire
His father's image hath fulfilled,
He shall see in that far day
A race of maidens pale and grey.

Theirs shall be nor cross nor hood,
Common rite nor convent roof,
Bead nor bell shall put to proof
A sister of that sisterhood;
But by noonday or by night
In her eyes there shall be light.

And as a temple organ, set
To its best stop by hands long gone,
Gives new ears the olden tone
And speaks the buried master yet,
Her lightest accents have the key
Of ancient love and victory.

And, as some hind, whom his o'erthrown
And dying king o'er hill and flood
Sends laden with the fallen crown,
Breathes the great trust into his blood
Till all his conscious forehead wears
The splendid secret that he bears,

For ever, everywhere the same,
Thro' every changing time and scene,
In widow's weeds and lowly name
She stands a bride, she moves a queen;
The flowering land her footstep knows;
The people bless her as she goes,

Whether upon your sacred days
She peers the mightiest and the best,
Or whether, by the common ways,
The babe leans from the peasant's breast,
While humble eyelids proudly fill,
And momentary Sabbaths still

The hand that spins, the foot that delves,
  And all our sorrow and delight
Behold the seraph of themselves
  In that pure face where woe grown bright
Seems rapture chastened to the mild
And equal light of smiles unsmiled.

And if perchance some wandering king,
  Enamoured of her virgin reign,
Should sue the hand whose only ring
  Is the last link of that first chain,
Forged by no departed hours, and seen
But in the daylight that hath been,

She pauses ere her heart can speak,
  And, from below the source of tears,
The girlhood to her faded cheek
  Goes slowly up thro' twenty years,
And, like the shadow in her eyes,
Slowly the living Past replies,

In tones of such serene eclipse
  As if the voices of Death and Life
Came married by her mortal lips
  To more than Life or Death—"A wife
Thou wooest; on yonder field he died
Who lives in all the world beside."

Oh, ye who, in the favouring smile
  Of Heaven, at one great stroke shall win
The gleaming guerdons that beguile
  Glory's grey-haired Paladin
Thro' all his threescore jousts and ten,
—Love of women, and praise of men,

The spurs, the bays, the palm, the crown,—
  Who, from your mountain-peak among
Mountains, thenceforth may look along
  The shining tops of deeds undone,
And take them thro' the level air
As angels walk from star to star,

We from our isle—the ripest spot
  Of the round green globe—where all
The rays of God most kindly fall,
And warm us to that temperate lot
Of seasoned change that slowly brings
Fruition to the orb of things,

We from this calm in chaos, where
  Matter running into plan
  And Reason solid in a man
Mediate the earth and air,
See ye winging yon far gloom,
Oh, ministering spirits! as some

Blest soul above that, all too late,
  From his subaltern seat in heaven
Looks round and measures fate with fate,
  And thro' the clouds below him driven
Beholds from that calm world of bliss
The toil and agony of this,

And, warming with the scene rehearst,
  Bemoans the realms where all is won,
And sees the last that shall be first,
  And spurns his secondary throne,
And envies from his changeless sphere
The life that strives and conquers here.

But ere toward fields so old and new
  We leap from joys that shine in vain,
And rain our passion down the blue
  Serene—once more—once more—to drain
Life's dreadful ecstasy, and sell
Our birthright for that oxymel

Whose stab and unction still keep quick
  The wound for ever lost and found,
Lo, o'erhead, a cherubic
  And legendary lyre, that round
The eddying spaces turns a dream
Of ancient war! And at the theme

Harps to answering harps, on high,
  Call, recall, that but a strait
  Of storm divides our happy state
From that pale sleepless Mystery
Who pines to sit upon the throne
He served ere falling to his own.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE FORETOLD IN HISTORY.

BY T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

THE events of the last year and a half, and the character of the agitation over many parts of the continent, must have banished from the most conservative and peaceable minds in this country all confidence in the stability of the present political and territorial divisions of Europe. Whatever there may be in the numerous omens of departure from the *status quo* to alarm or to interest Englishmen, there is at least no occasion for surprise at the prospect. Europe is not now for the first time occupied about the removal of ancient landmarks. Its history is a chronicle of continual repartitions of its territory. Experience therefore would warrant no other expectation than that of further rearrangements, but it may not be so obvious that experience can help us to foresee the consummation towards which all such changes converge.

It is the object of this essay to show that all the alterations of the political map, since the dissolution of the Roman Empire, have proceeded upon a uniform principle and in one direction; and that, from a comparison of accomplished facts with the tendency of existing movements, we may gather instruction of a practical kind respecting our prospects and duties, considered as both Englishmen and Europeans,—or as citizens not only of the British Empire, but of the great commonwealth of civilized states.

For the most part, nations are not more slow to anticipate the revolutions of time, than they are quick to forget the order of things which those revolutions supersede. Thus French historians of all systems, and politicians of all parties, are accustomed to assume that their nation and government have some ancient, natural, and immutable title to their present, and even more extensive boundaries;[1] although, in truth, France has very lately reached her existing limits—by nine hundred years of war and usurpation—and has no other right to them than the power to hold what she has seized, the gradual acquiescence of many vanquished peoples, and the final assent of the rest of Europe.

Whatever unity Gaul possessed as a province of the empire of the Cæsars—as a single fraction of that vast imperial unit—was a matter of Roman administration entirely; there was nothing national, much less modern or French

[1] This idea is more deeply rooted in the French mind than is commonly believed in England, and would be dangerous to the peace of Europe even if there were no Bonapartists living.

"La nature ne voulut que le maintien de nos limites naturelles. L'idée de les reprendre ne se perdra jamais: elle est profondement nationale et profondement historique."—*Thierry, Récits des Temps Mérov.* i. 194.

"C'est seulement au traité de Verdun, en 843, que la France a reculé du Rhin et des Alpes. Elle n'a cessé de reclamer son antique heritage."—*Duruy, Hist. de France*, i. 2.

"Jusqu'où allait la Gaule, disait Richelieu, jusque là doit aller la France."—Id. ii. 224. Compare Thiers, "Hist. du Consulat et de l'Empire," vol. xvii. p. 124, and passim.

in it. Nay, during the integrity of the province, as such, those bands of German warriors (through whom, by a singular fortune, the Frank name came by degrees to be imposed upon several distinct nationalities and independent states) had not crossed the Somme, and they never finally occupied or governed more than a small portion of the land between the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. The army of Clovis had but a momentary and partial success south of the Loire, and made no conquest of Brittany. Charlemagne had no better title to the sovereignty of the various nations then in Gaul than to the rest of his evanescent empire, which was but an incident of the German invasions, and scarcely belongs to the history and settlement of modern Europe.

By the treaty of Verdun in 843, the Meuse and the Rhone became the boundaries of Charles the Bald's nominal kingdom of France or Gaul. But so broken is the succession between ancient or Roman Gaul, this Carlovingian France, and the modern country of that name, that, towards the end of the tenth century, while the genuine Romans and primitive Celts were slaves, the Bretons, Normans, Burgundians, Visigoths, and Gascons maintained against the Franks their separate territories, their distinct nationality, names, and political independence. About this time it was that the duke of a small district north of the Loire, insulated by natural boundaries, and long afterwards called the Isle of France, assumed, with the consent of some of the chieftains of northern Gaul, the title of King; thereby effacing the last vestige of the Carlovingian sovereignty, while laying the foundation of the modern realm of France. For more than two centuries after Hugh Capet was crowned, the people south of the Loire were distinguished by the general name of Romans from the people above that river, who were called (though not invariably or without dispute) Franks or French. During this period the only monarch who reigned by legitimate right on both sides of this natural boundary of France was the King of England. Until the crusade of Simon de Montfort, followed by the annexation to the crown of France of Languedoc and Provence, "the French of the North had vainly "endeavoured to extend their rule over "the Gallo-Roman or Gothic popu- "lation of the south. The language "divided and defined the two yet un- "mingled races. Throughout the war "the Crusaders are described as the "Franks, as a foreign nation invading a "separate territory."[1] The annexation of Belgium or Switzerland at this day would not be a more cruel violation of national rights and feelings than that which is thus described by a French historian:—"Thus were annexed to the "kingdom of France the provinces of "ancient Gaul situated right and left of "the Rhone, except Guienne and the "valleys at the foot of the Pyrenees. "The most disastrous period in the "history of the people of southern "France is that at which they became "French; when the king, whom their "ancestors used to call the King of "Paris, began to term them his subjects "of the *langue d'oc*, in contra-distinction "to the French of the Outre Loire, who "spoke the *langue d'oui*. Hatred of "the French name was the national "passion of the new subjects of the "King of France; and, even after more "than two hundred years had elapsed, "to fall under his immediate govern- "ment, by the extinction of the counts "of Anjou, appeared to the people of "Provence a new national calamity."[2]

Guienne likewise, it is well known, formed no part of the original dominions of the Capetian dynasty, and was not annexed until some time after the expulsion of the English in the fifteenth century, whose departure was long lamented by many of the inhabitants of the duchy.

When, finally, the last English town had been captured, in 1558, Francis II. was crowned King of France from Calais to the Pyrenees, by no better title than that which had led to the coronation of Henry VI. of England upon the same

[1] Milman's Latin Christianity, iv. 204.
[2] Thierry's Norman Conquest.

throne, that is to say, the fortune of war.

In another sense the war with England may be said to have created the French monarchy and nation; for, as every French historian confesses, it was in the course of that long struggle that the different races began to forget the natural, or primitive and uncivilized divisions of locality and descent, and by making common cause against a common enemy, to regard each other as fellow countrymen. Yet even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the territory of France was far short of its present boundaries; the policy of Richelieu, the merciless encroachments of Louis XIV, and after his death a century and a half of war and annexation followed, before Alsace, la Franche Comté, Roussillon, Lorraine, Nice, and Savoy, could be included under a single government, or inhabited by a united nation.[1]

Thus the history of France, and of the consolidation of the different races, languages, laws, and governments which once flourished between the Mediterranean, the Alps, and the Atlantic, is identical in its main features with that of the growth of the empire of all the Russias out of the dukedom of Moscow. It is one series of conquests, annexations, and usurpations; one continuous repudiation of geographical or fixed natural limits; one unsparing denial of claims to national independence and unity founded on race, history, language, institutions, and locality. The genuine traditions of French policy no more recognise the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees as the natural boundaries of France, than the Oise, the Marne, and the Cevennes, the Rhone, the Loire, and the Garonne, or the Vosges and the Saone, which have been successively crossed. The Elbe and the Carpathians, the Ebro and the Mediterranean,[2] are beyond. So long as earth and water remain for her heralds to demand, France will not want popular doctrines, "which "may reach forth just occasions (as may "be pretended) of war."[3] The conscience of the nation is in this respect more easily satisfied than even that of the ancient Romans, who, as Lord Bacon notices in his remarks on the advantage to an empire of habits and ideas suggestive of military enterprise, "though "they esteemed the extending of the "limits of their empire to be great honour "to their generals when it was accom- "plished, yet never rested upon that "alone to begin a war."[4] Indeed, the Romans modestly held their public festival in honour of the god of boundaries, "on the sixth milestone towards Lau- "rentum, because this was originally the "extent of the Roman territory in that "direction."[5] Upon the same principle the French should celebrate their Terminalia, not at Utrecht, Coblentz, or Genoa, but near the fourth milestone on the road from Paris to St. Denis, along which Louis VI. so often rode, lance in hand, to the abbey of which he was a vassal, at the end of his royal domains; and along which Louis XIV. may have passed on his way to invade the United Provinces in 1672.[6]

[1] "La revolution et les guerres de la revolution ont plus fait pour l'unité de la France que n'auraient fait dix siècles."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Juillet, 1860. Nice and Savoy cannot, even now, be regarded as irrevocably annexed to France.

[2] The Mediterranean has already been not indistinctly spoken of as a French lake by natural position.

[3] Bacon. Essay XXIX. Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms.

[4] Idem.

[5] Smith's Greek and Roman Antiquities.

[6] In 1671 Sir W. Temple predicted this war in terms which an English Statesman might use almost without variation in 1860:—"In regard there are several conquests remaining upon record (though all of them the mere result of our own divisions and invitations),—when trade is grown the design of all nations in Europe; when, instead of a king of France surrounded and bearded by dukes of Brittany and Burgundy, as well as our own possessions of Normandy and Guienne, we now behold in France the greatest forces that perhaps have ever been known under the command of any Christian Prince, it may import us in this calm we enjoy to hearken to the storms that are now rising abroad, and by the best perspectives that we have, to discover from what coast they break. . . . If there were any certain height where the flights of power and ambition use to end, we might imagine that

But although the greatness of France has been accomplished by an unswerving policy of aggression, as threatening now as in the days of Louis XIV, it would be a blind study of history to overlook the immense acquisitions to the domains of civilization from the substitution of one powerful monarchy for many independent and hostile states. The successors of Hugh Capet might hold the language of the Roman conqueror to the subjugated Gauls: "Regna "bellaque per Gallias semper fuere donec "in nostrum jus concederetis."[1] It should console us even for the surviving jealousy of the English name, that so many other rancorous national antipathies are buried for ever; and that a numerous and illustrious people now dwell together as brethren in unity, and, however high and martial their spirit, will draw the sword against each other as aliens no more. Nay, even this is some compensation for past aggression, that Europe has now the warning of so many centuries that France will, sooner or later, bear down the opposition of all unequal and divided force, acknowledging no frontiers short of the most convenient positions to support the extension of her territory; and that, between it and Russia, only brave, united, and powerful nations can permanently preserve their independence. It is still more pertinent to our argument to observe that the history of France, as of every other great modern state, establishes one central truth, that political unity, and the consequent supremacy of law over all quarrel, can alone supersede the jurisdiction of force,[2] and that all Europe has been steadily extending the areas of fellow-citizenship and patriotism, and steadily enclosing international feud and the war of independent sovereigns and societies within legal barriers, ever since the anarchy and independence (as it is called) of savage life took shelter under the feudal system.

In that primitive settlement and organization, in fixed localities and homes, of wandering barbarians, we discover the germ and archetype of the state and the nucleus of the modern nation, that is to say, of a society which has fused ancient differences of descent and blood, and is united by a larger and nobler tie than that of the family or tribe. Conquerors and conquered, companions in arms, often of different origins, settled upon the same spot, formed one defensive compact, fixed and fortified their site, choosing where it was possible such frontiers as had natural advantages for defence and war, and which, in this sense, nature indicated and ordained. Every hill and stream afforded at once a landmark and a natural fortification. Within these narrow and precarious boundaries industry and society might take root at last; for, although there was war—incessant war—without, there was peace within. There was war without, not (as M. Guizot observes) because of the brutality of feudal manners, but on account of the absence of any central authority to make binding general rules, enforce their observance, and settle disputed rights. There is not always in war anything necessarily and essentially barbarous. It is often the only final process by which independent powers can conclude angry differences about subjects to which they attach vital importance. It does not of necessity arise from wilful or conscious injustice on either side; when

the interest of France were but to conserve its present greatness, so feared by its neighbours, and so glorious in the world; but, besides that the motions and desires of human minds are endless, it may be necessary for France to have some war or other in pursuit abroad which may amuse the nation, and keep them from reflecting on their condition at home, hard and uneasy to all but such as are in pay from the Court. . . . Besides the personal dispositions of the king, active and aspiring, and many circumstances in the Government, the continual increase of their forces in time of peace, and their fresh invasion of Lorraine, are enough to persuade most men that the design of the crown is a war, whenever they can open it with a prospect of succeeding to purpose."—*Survey of the Constitutions, &c.* in 1671.

[1] Tacit. Hist. lib. iv. cap. 73.

[2] In societate *aut lex, aut vis* valet. Bacon, De Fontibus Juris, Aphorismus I.

it does, it implies spirited resistance to injustice on the other side, which civilized men are the most apt to make. The feudal wars were in this respect quite analogous to those of modern states, which, by reason of their independence, have often no means of legislating conclusively for Europe and other parts of the world except by arms, or "armed opinions."

But interdependence and peace, not independence and war, are the ultimate destiny of mankind. And thus we find throughout the middle ages a perpetual consolidation of petty sovereignties and republics, produced by that tendency of human society to unity, which, beginning with the composition of innumerable fiefs in the ninth century, has issued in a few great states and nations in the nineteenth. The poor freeman exchanged his liberty for the protection of the neighbouring lord; the lord became the vassal of the greater count or duke, compelled in his turn to acknowledge the supremacy of some more powerful suzerain; until monarchy rose upon the ruins of their common independence;[1] and although it rose for the most part cruelly, oppressively, and treacherously, men hailed its appearance because they could fly from petty tyrants to the throne, and only an army capable of invading a great state could annoy a poor man's dwelling.

The decline of feudalism not only proves the essentially transitory character of political divisions and boundaries, and the constant tendency of those forces, which impel the movements of European society, to sweep larger circles of civil union, but also throws a light on the chief cause of the essentially military structure of modern civilization. Petty independent states make war because of their independence, and petty wars because their powers are petty. Great states, too, make war because of their independence, and their wars are great in proportion to their own magnitude. And withal, "they live," as Hobbes has said, "in the conditions of "perpetual war, with their frontiers "armed, and cannon planted against "their neighbours round about." When Richelieu destroyed the fortifications of the feudal engineers, Vauban fortified the frontiers of the kingdom. Powerful countries have powerful adversaries, but they close in a common patriotism a thousand local enmities.

We have seen that this was so in France; so it was in Spain. "For "several hundred years after the Sara- "cenic invasion at the beginning of the "eighth century, Spain was broken up "into a number of small but independent "states, divided in their interests, and "often in deadly hostility with one "another. It was inhabited by races "the most dissimilar in their origin, "religion, and government. . . . . By "the middle of the fifteenth century, "the number of states into which "the country had been divided, was "reduced to four, Castile, Arragon, "Navarre, and the Moorish kingdom of "Granada. At the close of that century "these various races were blended into "one great nation under one common "rule. The war of Granada subjected "all the sections of the country to one "common action, under the influence of "common motives of the most exciting "kind; while it brought them in con- "flict with a race, the extreme repug- "nance of whose institutions and cha- "racter to their own served greatly to "nourish the sentiment of nationality. "In this way the spark of patriotism "was kindled throughout the whole "nation, and the most distant provinces "of the Peninsula were knit together "by a bond of union which has remained "indissoluble. The petty states which "had before swarmed over the country,

1 "The tendency to centralization, towards the formation of a power superior to local powers, was rapid. Long before general royalty—French royalty—appeared, upon all parts of the territory there were formed under the names of *duchy*, *county*, *viscounty*, &c., many petty royalties invested with central government, and under the rule of which the rights of the possessors of fiefs, that is to say, local sovereignties, gradually disappeared. Such were the natural and necessary results of the vices of the feudal system, and especially of the excessive predominance of individual independence."—Guizot, *Civilization in France.*

"neutralising each other's operations, "and preventing any effective movement "abroad, were now amalgamated into "one whole. Sectional jealousies and "antipathies, indeed, were too sturdily "rooted to be wholly extinguished, but "they gradually subsided under the "influence of a common government, "and community of interests. A more "enlarged sentiment was infused into "the people, who, in their foreign rela- "tions at least, assumed the attitude "of one great nation. The names "of Castilian and Arragonese were "merged in the comprehensive one of "Spaniard."[1]

In like manner the comprehensive name of Englishman denotes a fusion of races which once hated each other with a hatred passing that of the Breton or Provençal for the Frenchman; and the United Kingdom has grown great by the fall of as many independent princes as now divide and harass Germany. The Saxon heptarchy, itself originally far more subdivided, was first compressed into an English monarchy; Wales, Ireland, and Scotland were then included. And this consolidated insular state became the nucleus of a maritime empire, whose outposts in Europe are Heligoland, Gibraltar,[2] Malta, and those floating fortifications demanded by commerce at an epoch when art has effaced the boundaries of nature, and placed in immediate juxtaposition all the conflicting traditions and interests of the old and new worlds; when in fact civilization itself is militant, as well as conscious that it must perish, if ever it meets with superior force on the side of barbarism. The British isles, in Virgil's days "divided from the whole world," are, in our days, closely united to a larger world than the Roman poet knew.

For three centuries the breadth of the Rhine sufficed to protect the Roman province of Gaul from invasion by the Franks, and was accordingly regarded as the natural boundary of the Empire in that direction. Now the English Channel is not a sufficient boundary, and we are side by side with those same Franks, who have fought their way from the Rhine to the Atlantic, seizing as they came some considerable Gallo-Roman possessions of the English Crown.

Our insular history ceased when our American and Asiatic history began; and we are called on to defend our trade and citizens not only by the British shores, but along the St. Lawrence, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean. These are become the natural boundaries of our Empire. But the boundaries of empires are inconstant things; the earth acknowledges the permanent dominion only of powerful and united nations. The laws of nature have decreed that the strong must increase and the feeble decrease, and have set a bounty on the firm conjunction of numerous patriotic hearts.

Where now are the boundaries of Poland, whose internal divisions scattered a dominion which, stretching from the Baltic to the Euxine, and from the Danube to the Dnieper, threatened to defeat the destinies of Brandenburg and Moscow?

Russian patriots and statesmen have reason to rejoice that the cruel yoke of the Tartars rescued their country from being lost in Poland, by creating a national unity paramount over the local differences of many petty principalities.[2] That mighty empire—which has crossed the Urals and broken down the middle wall of partition between Europe and Asia; which has conquered the most stubborn barriers of race and distance; swallowed up Finland, Poland, Siberia,

[1] Prescott's Life and Times of Ferdinand and Isabella.

[2] The title of Great Britain to Gibraltar is infinitely better than that under which France garrisons Strasburg. Strasburg was treacherously seized, as well as several other towns, by Louis XIV. in time of peace, without the least pretence of justifiable hostilities. Gibraltar was taken by the British in lawful war, and its ownership is confirmed to them not only by the Treaty of Utrecht, but by a possession of nearly the same length as that during which it was previously held by the Spaniards, after having captured it from the Moors. The Spaniards, a very modern nation, have not a better right to their dominion over the greater part of the peninsula.

[2] La Verité sur la Russie, par le Prince Dolgoroukow.

Circassia, and great part of Tartary, and which now threatens at once China and Turkey—first emerged from the union of many feeble independent tribes, which a thousand years ago were spread over the plains of the Volga, and from the gradual subjection to a common government of numerous chiefs, once the equals of the dukes of Moscow.

In the history of the Netherlands our theory finds another melancholy confirmation. Had the Germans and Celts of Holland and Belgium been capable of spontaneous combination, or been consolidated by a line of politic princes, they would not at this moment be regarded as a sort of natural prey by that mixture of German and Celt, the Frenchman. A division of races, begun by nature, but which nature forbids to last, has made Belgium the battle-field of Europe, and exposed Holland to the peril of ultimate submersion beneath a mightier and more indefatigable power than the ocean. Yet there might have been reared on the opposite shore of the North Sea a polity as grand as that which in these islands has arisen from the union of elements more opposed than any that have divided the Netherlands into two small and precarious kingdoms. In his "History of the Dutch Republic," Mr. Motley has well observed—

"Had so many valuable and contrasted characteristics been early fused into a whole, it would be difficult to show a race more richly endowed by nature for dominion and progress than the Belgo-Germanic people. The prominent characteristics, by which the two great races of the land were distinguished, time has rather hardened than effaced. In their contrast and separation lies the key to much of their history. Had Providence permitted a fusion of the two races, it is possible, from their position, and from the geographical and historical link which they would have afforded to the dominant tribes of people, that a world-empire might have been the result, different in many respects from any which has yet arisen."

King Leopold said lately to his people, "Let us never forget the motto which our country has chosen for its own, 'It is union that constitutes strength;'" and well would it have been if their proper fellow-countrymen, the Dutch, could have adopted and acted on such a motto long ago. But the tide in the affairs of men must be taken at the flood. The narrow sympathies and selfish arrogance of the Dutch have bound them to their native shallows.

Yet some gleam of hope is reflected northwards on Belgium and Holland from the prospects of two other countries by the side of France. It seems to be the destiny of the French to promote the unity of nations both when they fail and when they prosper in their designs on neighbouring states; in one case by identifying with a marvellous faculty the feelings and interests of their new compatriots with their own, and in the other by compelling the communities, whose independence they threaten, to close their differences in the presence of a common danger. Austria, too, seems doomed to forward those amalgamations of mankind which are most opposed to her cherished policy. Thus, although the divisions of Germany and the feuds of Italy are as ancient as the breach between Holland and Belgium, their termination in a broad and generous patriotism is at hand; adding fresh proof that it will not be the fate of Europe to be for ever subdivided by barbarian origin or situation, and that old maps and canons of descent do not fix irrevocably the terms of nationality. Prussia, the hope of Germany, has no frontiers in nature; and her capital is built on a river which once ran between natural enemies—between pitiless Dutchmen and obstinate Wends.[1] And Piedmont has crept from a transalpine seignory into an Italian kingdom.

There never was a great state or nation which did not combine in one country and people a diversity of territories and races. Affinities of blood may produce congenial manners in contiguous communities, may touch the imagination,

[1] Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great.

and arouse the sympathies of the human heart, and so facilitate the formation of larger and more coherent unions than our ancestors in Europe were able to contrive. Latin, Teutonic, Slavonic, or Scandinavian genealogies may help to conjoin, but they cannot keep for ever apart the people of Christendom. They have failed to put asunder the Frank, the Roman, the Goth, and the Breton in France, and the Dane, the Saxon, the Norman, and the Celt in the British islands. The truth at the bottom of current theories of "the nationalities" is simply, that there is a tendency of the people of the continent to assemble in great solid masses round a hidden centre. The dissolution of imperfect political formations is but the antecedent of recomposition into more consistent unities. Thus Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, and Guienne parted from England (with which close association was then impossible) to combine inseparably with a nearer neighbour.

Through all the repartitions which Europe has undergone since the fall of the empire of the Romans (which fell because it was unable to unite the men of the north with the men of the south), the operation of one centripetal law is visible in a perpetual effort towards the establishment of wider and firmer bases of civil society, and the composition of fewer and greater states and nations. Everywhere we now find names which are the genuine historical vestiges of the earlier groupings of mankind under petty independent or unconnected governments. Many English counties once were separate kingdoms. The eighty-six departments of France are, as it were, the hatchments of so many departed feudal sovereignties. Germany, which once counted its princes and republics by hundreds, now counts them by tens, and may soon count them by twos. And, in Italy, the same generation, which has tolerated ten nominally independent states, seems no longer able to tolerate more than one. Nationality has so widened its borders that what once was patriotism and fidelity, is now disloyalty and treason; what was the language of a separate people is faintly heard in a provincial accent; and that which was the general law of a kingdom is with difficulty detected by an antiquary in the usages of a few quaint and secluded peasants. Europe has already almost concentrated itself into a heptarchy or octarchy, or into fewer independent states than there were a few years ago in Italy alone. But if, in place of—for example say—seven hundred states, there be only seven, it follows that only the difference of seven instead of seven hundred nations or governments can lead to war, and that all smaller feuds are brought under the cognisance of an impartial judge.

Let us not, however, mistake the consequence. The substitution of civil union for the hostilities incident to a state of natural isolation, has neither extinguished warfare, nor has it been for the most part peacefully accomplished. Sword in hand the sovereigns of Europe have extended their dominions, and cut off the belligerent right of independence from their conquered neighbours. And when the supremacy of law has thus been established over wider areas, ousting therein the jurisdiction of force and the original trial by battle, the magnitude of external war bears proportion to the dimensions of the aggrandized states. Hitherto civilization has led, not so much to the extinction of hostilities, as to their disappearance on a small scale, and resumption on a vast one. When the battles of the Saxon heptarchy were finished, England began her battles with Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, followed by her greater struggle with France. Now a duel between two great states calls all the others into the field. And it may be that Asia will one day rise in arms against the intrusion of western civilization, and that a war of hemispheres may precede the submission by mankind of all their differences to legal arbitration.

In societate civili aut lex aut vis valet. The existence of law in civilized society is based upon experience that the natural state of independent human beings

is mistrust, violence, and warfare; that they covet the same objects, are not, nor can be just to each other in their competition; and that they are prone to employ the tyranny of force to obtain submission to their partial wills. It is singular that the very politicians who deride the necessity of precautions against foreign aggression, are peculiarly apprehensive of an abuse of the power of the sword by their own government. They admit readily that life and property require protection against the licence of their countrymen; they appear doubtful of the sufficiency of the rigid checks with which the British constitution surrounds the prerogative of their own sovereign; and yet they affirm that we have nothing to apprehend in the most defenceless condition from foreign armies and potentates, over whose movements we have no control of law. They think their fellow-citizens partial, prejudiced, and liable to be swayed by passions and caprice; sometimes even dishonest, and often overbearing. They are urgent against allowing those in high places at home to enforce their own pretensions; yet they ask us to trust implicitly to the fairness and goodwill of people who have, comparatively, few interests and associations in common with us, and some ancient grudges against us. If the chief of another state is capable of shedding the blood of his own subjects for his personal aggrandizement—if he taxes, confiscates, banishes, and imprisons at his arbitrary pleasure in his native territory—if he suffers no voice to be raised against his despotic will among those who have given him all his greatness, is it possible that our wealth, our liberties, our defiant press should never tempt aggression? If it be his manifest policy that all the splendid genius of his nation should be concealed, and only one head figure above the crowd in the eyes of Europe, can he look without jealousy at the celebrity and power of numerous foreigners who thwart his projects, and wound his ambition? It is not supposed that we ourselves are just in all our international dealings; that we have done no wrong in Europe, America, or Asia; that we have never invaded a weaker power, and that the most defenceless people are safe from our dictation; and yet we are told that so far as other nations are concerned, the age of conquest and warfare is gone by. Are Venice, Constantinople, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Pekin, not prizes which civilized states are eager to grasp, and for which they are likely to contend? "What would men have?" says Lord Bacon. "Do they think that those they "employ and deal with are saints? Do "they not think they will have their own "ends, and be truer to themselves than "to *them*?"[1] The course which civilization has pursued is, in truth, so far from having divested society of a military garb, that it has animated the most forward communities with an ambition of aggrandizement, such as the ancient Romans scarcely knew; that passions and principles, new in the world's history, are in tumultuous conflict in the bosom of nations; that the boasted annihilation of distance has brought the armies of Europe so close, that it is but a word, and then a blow; and that we can only hope to avoid war by casting the sharpest sword into the scale of peace.

Is this condition, then, the perpetual destiny of Europe? Shall the sword devour for ever? History, rightly understood, seems to answer, not. For why should the progress of human confederation, and of the rule of law, cease so soon as seven or eight states shall have been compounded of more than as many hundred? There is not, as we have some reason to know, anything sacred or eternal in the numerical proportions of a heptarchy or an octarchy,—nor anything to arrest the action of those natural forces which have extended civic union already from the hamlet to the vast Empire. Φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῶον ἄνθρωπος. By his whole nature, by his worst and most selfish passions as well as by his best affections, by his weakness as well as by his strength, man is driven into

[1] Essay on Suspicion.

political association with his fellows. Hunger, ambition, avarice, and fear, as well as public spirit, generosity, and genius, have been the architects of civilized society; and war, alike by its conquests, its enthusiasms, and its terrors, has been the greatest peacemaker among mankind. There is, then, in the aggravated perils of Europe, no ground for alarm about its final destinies. Law is not the child of natural justice in men. It is compulsory justice. Violence, inequity, quarrel, and the general danger are its parents; as pain and disease have called into existence the physician's art. The more frequent the occasions of international dispute, and the more awful their consequence, the more speedily does legal arbitration naturally, necessarily arise. Already we may discern in the womb of time an infant European senate, and the rudiments of European law. And as the plot thickens, as nations come closer together in order of battle, as they confederate for conquest and defence, European unity gains ground. The fear of France unites Germany; the hatred of Austria consolidates Italy; and the question of the East, even if it must be answered by the sword, promotes the final settlement of the great question of the West—the frame of the future polity of Europe.

Already is Europe more obviously and essentially one country, one state, than France was a few hundred years ago, and more is done for the growth of nations in a generation now than in a century then. "The inhabitants of "Provence," says M. Guizot, "of Lan- "guedoc, Aquitaine, Normandy, Maine, "&c., had, it is true, special names, laws, "destinies of their own; they were, "under the various appellations of "Angevins, Manceaux, Normands, Pro- "vinçaux, &c., so many nations, so "many states, distinct from each other, "often at war with each other. Yet "above all these various territories, "above all these petty nations, there "hovered a sole and single name, a "general idea, the idea of a nation called "the French, of a common country "called France." It may in like manner be said of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, &c., that above all these various territories, above all these nations, distinct from each other, often at war with each other, there hovers a sole and single name, a general idea, the idea of a nation called the Europeans, of a common country called Europe.

The people of that great country are even now unconsciously debating about its future institutions. And it is for us, above all Europeans, to provide that Europe shall finally be something nobler than a great shop, something less miserable than a great prison. Nor is there anything more certain than that the citizens of the future Europe will owe the measure of liberty they may enjoy, and the degree of public spirit and generosity with which they may be endowed, mainly to the exertions and example of the citizens of Great Britain in the present generation.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF SHELLEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Celebrated for many a transaction belonging to the history of Italy, the fifty miles of Italian coast which lie between Leghorn in Tuscany and Spezia in the Sardinian states possess also, in virtue of certain events of which they were the scene in the summer of 1822, a peculiar interest in connexion with British poetry. Byron and Shelley were then both living there. Voluntary exiles, for similar reasons, from their native land, and already personally known to each other, they had been residing separately for several years in different parts of Italy; during the few immediately preceding months they had been living in the same town of Pisa, seeing each other daily, and

becoming better acquainted with each other; and now again they had just parted—Byron to take up his summer-quarters at Leghorn, and Shelley his at a lonely spot near Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezia. The two poets were thus, for the time, separated by the whole distance of the fifty intervening miles. A circumstance which made their separation rather unfortunate at the moment was that a third English poet—Mr. Leigh Hunt—was then on his way to Italy to join them. While Byron and Shelley were still together at Pisa, it had been arranged that Mr. Hunt should come out to them, and that the three should start a political and literary periodical which Byron had projected, and which, published at Pisa, should electrify Europe. Now that Byron and Shelley had separated, the arrangement had to be modified. Mr. Hunt was to join Lord Byron at Leghorn; they two were to be the active partners in the periodical; and Shelley was but to visit them now and then, and help them as much as he could from his retreat at Lerici. Nor did the fifty miles of distance matter very much. Both Byron and Shelley were passionately fond of the sea; and yachting in that lovely bit of the Mediterranean was one of the pleasures that made them prefer Italy to England. Byron had just bought a beautiful craft, built like a man-of-war brig, to lie in Leghorn harbour, and be ready at a moment's notice to carry him and his friends Roberts and Trelawny wherever they chose; and Shelley, according to his more modest tastes and means, had procured a small open pleasure-boat, to lie on the beach under the hill which rose behind his solitary house, and to carry himself, Mrs. Shelley, and any friend that might chance to visit them, along the Bay of Spezia, or even farther southward, at a stretch, as far as Leghorn. With such means of communication, there was little fear but that Byron, Hunt, and Shelley would be often together! Byron's dangerous-looking craft, the *Bolivar*, showing her brazen teeth through her miniature port-holes, would often be cruising northwards in the direction of Spezia, and Shelley's white-sailed boat would be seen coyly tacking to meet her; and, in the course of a month or two, the Italian preventive-men along the shore would know both well as the vessels of the English poet-lord and his mysterious fellow-countryman! Alas! and, to this day, if we consider only what was historically possible, these two vessels or their successors might still have been cruising familiarly, each with its owner aboard, on the same tract of sea! Leigh Hunt, the oldest of the three poets, was alive among us but a few months ago, at the age of seventy-five; had Byron lived, he would now have been seventy-two; Shelley, had he lived, would have been sixty-eight. In the summer of which we speak Leigh Hunt was in his thirty-ninth year, Byron in his thirty-fifth, Shelley in his thirtieth.

Looking at Shelley, as we can fancy him standing on the beach at Lerici, what do we see? A man still young, rather tall, but bent a little at the shoulders from weakness—with a very small head, and hair naturally dark-brown and curling, but now prematurely tinged with grey; the face also singularly small, with a pale or pinkish-pale complexion, large spiritual-looking eyes, very delicate features, and an expression altogether graceful, etherial, and feminine. Could we hear him speak, the impression would be completed by his voice. This is described as having been very high and shrill, so that some one who heard it unexpectedly in a mixed company, compared it to the scream of a peacock. On the whole, seen or heard even for the first time, he was a man to excite a feeling of interest, and a curiosity as to his previous history.

Born the heir to an English baronetcy, and to more than the usual wealth and consideration attending that rank, Shelley's whole life had been a war against custom. At Eton the sensitive boy, almost girlish in his look and demeanour, had nerved himself, with meek obstinacy, though with secret

tears, against every part of the established system—not only against the tyranny of his fellows, but also against the teaching of the masters. It had been the same when he went to Oxford. He was then a Greek scholar, a writer of verses, an insatiable student of the metaphysics of Berkeley and Hume, an incessant reasoner with any one that would reason with him on points of philosophy or politics, and in every such argument an avowed Revolutionist, and at least a hypothetical Atheist. In the rooms of his college, or along the streets, his shrill voice might be heard attacking Christianity, Religion, the very idea of a God. He was frantically earnest on this subject, as if, by compelling discussion of it, he was digging at the root of all evil. At length, tired of merely talking with his acquaintances, he sent a printed statement of his opinions to the University authorities, challenging them to an argument with him as to the necessity or utility of any religious belief. The act was utterly ghastly, and the reply of the authorities was his instant expulsion from the University. His family were shocked, and could not tell what to make of such a youth; and, at the age of seventeen, he removed to London to live as his own master. There he printed and privately distributed a number of copies of his *Queen Mab*, expanding and illustrating the poetical Atheism of the text in appended prose notes. He introduced himself by letter to men and women of genius, trying to enlist them in the great war which he had begun, and into which he thought the whole intellectual world must follow, against Statecraft and Priestcraft. He read with avidity Godwin's "Political Justice"—in the doctrines of which book he found a new social gospel; and he resolved from that hour to square all his actions by what he considered strict justice, without reference to the opinions of others. At this time he had, by arrangement with his family, about 200*l.* a year; which income he was able to increase, by borrowing on his expectations, or in other ways. His own manner of living was extremely temperate; indeed, for several years he was a vegetarian in diet and drank only water. He had thus money to spend on objects that moved his charity. He was continually in quest of such objects. Every social anomaly, almost every social inequality, affected him intensely. If he saw a shivering beggar in the street asking alms beside a carriage, his longing was nothing less than to add the beggar and the carriage together on the spot and divide the sum by two. The sole use of his own money seemed to him to be to mitigate, as far as he could, these social inequalities. He did the most extraordinary and the most generous things. To give away twenty or thirty pounds where he fancied it would relieve distress, was nothing to him. He involved himself in debt and serious inconvenience by repetitions of such acts of benevolence. Nor was it only with money that he was generous. His society, his sympathy, beyond the range of the intellectual occupations in which he delighted, were given, by preference, to the outcast and the wretched. It was in the same spirit of contempt for usage that, when, in his twentieth year, his affections were engaged, he married the object of them—the daughter of a retired tradesman. After three years of married life, spent in different places, and latterly not happily, he and his wife had separated by mutual consent, she returning with her two children to her father's house. Shelley then formed the new connexion which ended in his second marriage, and went abroad to travel. On his return he resided for eighteen months in London—his fortune increased about this time, by his grandfather's death, to 1000*l.* a year; which continued to be his income as long as he lived. This was the time too of his becoming acquainted with Leigh Hunt, and, through him, with Keats. One of his first acts on becoming acquainted with Leigh Hunt was to offer him 100*l.*; and Mr. Hunt himself has recorded that this was but the beginning of a series of kindnesses almost unprecedented in the annals of friendship. On one occasion of exigency he gave

Hunt 1400*l.* It was while Shelley was residing in London in 1815 that *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* was composed. Early in 1816, he and his companion again went abroad. They resided for about a year and a half in Switzerland and in Italy. It was in Switzerland that they had first become acquainted with Lord Byron, who was then living there. On their return to England they went to Bath, and here it was that Shelley received the terrible news of the suicide of his wife. To the horror of the event itself was added the public scandal which followed when the relatives of the unhappy woman instituted a suit in Chancery to prevent Shelley from taking back his children. They grounded their suit on the fact that Shelley was an avowed Atheist. On this as in itself a sufficiently legal plea, Lord Chancellor Eldon gave judgment in their favour. As far as the newspapers could carry the report of the trial, the name and the antecedents of "the Atheist Shelley" had thus been blazoned over Britain. When the judgment was given, Shelley was residing with his second wife—Mary Woolstoncraft Godwin—at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. Here he had organised a regular system of charity. He had pensioners among the agricultural labourers and the poor silk-weavers all round; he even studied medicine, and walked the hospitals in London, that he might be of use to the sick. But neither in Great Marlow, nor anywhere else in England, could the philanthropy of a man who bore the brand of Atheist be trusted or tolerated. His very pensioners shrank from him, and took his money suspiciously. Strongly sensitive to such distrust, and fearing also future interferences of the Law of England with his liberty, he had resolved, if even at the sacrifice of all his rights of inheritance to the family property, to leave England for ever. In the spring of 1818 he had carried out the resolution by going to Italy. Before leaving England, he had written his "Revolt of Islam" and many other pieces of verse and prose which now appear in his collected works; but the four years that had elapsed since his arrival in Italy had been the period of what are now esteemed his finest productions. During these four years—residing at Venice, at Rome, at Naples, at Florence, and finally, as we have seen, at Pisa—he had written his "Prometheus Unbound," his "Cenci," his "Hellas," his "Julian and Maddalo," his "Epipsychidion," his "Witch of Atlas," his "Ode to Naples," and his "Adonais," besides his translations in prose and verse from Plato, Calderon, the Homeric poets and Goëthe. During the same period, also, he had begun to take a more direct interest than before in the current politics of Britain and of Europe, working down his general doctrines respecting man and society into strong Radical lyrics and satires on the Liverpool and Castlereagh administration, calculated to do rough service at home; and throwing much of his energy simultaneously into what we now call the cause of the oppressed nationalities. He had, indeed, a passion for being practical, and had recently spent a great deal of money on an attempt, which did not succeed, to establish a steamboat between Leghorn and Marseilles.

Such, from his birth, had been the twenty-nine years of wandering, of wild clamour and agony, of fitful ecstacy of mind and heart, that had brought the poet, a kind of intellectual outcast, to his Salvator-Rosa solitude under the pine-hills of Spezia, sloping to the sea. Part of all this past life of error and suffering (for time is merciful) had, doubtless, been left behind, melted and softened in the thin air of recollection; but part remained incorporate in the very being of the sufferer, not to be dissolved away even by the Italian sun, or soothed by the softness of the bluest heaven.

What proportion of the past had faded, and what remained, it might be difficult to say. Among the things that had faded, one might say with some certainty, was the early crudity of his exulting Atheism. Even at first, had not Shelley himself assumed the name

of Atheist, and employed it as a ghastly signature, and shrieked it wherever he went, and seemed sometimes to riot in the very horror it produced, it may be doubted whether, from any study of his poems, the name would ever have been attached to him. He would have been named, much more probably, a Pantheist, a Platonist, or the like. A recognition of the supernatural, of at least a spirit of intellectual beauty as pervading all visible things, of human life as but an evanescent incarnation and short local battle of principles that have their origin behind time and beyond the stars, seems the one characteristic of Shelley's poetry from the first, which if we do not attend to, it has no logical coherence. In all our literature it would be difficult to find a soul that was less the soul of a Secularist. Only remember, in contrast with him, Bunyan's typical Atheist in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Christian and Hopeful are there toiling along on their road across a great plain, when they perceive afar off one coming softly and all alone meeting them, with his back towards that part of the horizon behind which was the Zion to which they were bound. This is "Atheist," who, when he comes up to them, announces to them, with a leering positiveness, that it is all a mistake—that there is no God and no Zion, and that they may as well go back with him, and snap their thumbs at being rid once for all of that troublesome delusion. Not so, certainly, at any time with Shelley! If he denies Zion and Christianity, and assails Christian and Hopeful for believing in them, it is as one walking, with mad eagerness, while he does so, in the same direction with them, scanning as intently the distant sky, and blaspheming sideways in their ears what he does not see, not because his eyes have ceased one moment to look for it, but out of a wild sorrow that it is not to be seen. A gleam, and one fancies he would falter in the middle of his talk, he would start and shade his eyes to gaze, he would fall to the ground weeping! Now, although there is no evidence that the gleam ever came, though he still in his later years, as in his earlier, kept talking sideways at Christian and Hopeful in language which made them shudder, yet not only did he not cease to hurry on with them, but the very language of his sarcasm underwent a modification. Mr. Browning has stated it as his belief that, had Shelley lived, he would have ranged himself finally with the Christians. I do not feel that we are entitled to say so much as this; for his latest letters show, I think, that much of what had been accounted, in this respect, the darkest peculiarity of his life, still remained with him.

Of what else remained, that which was perhaps most obvious to those about him was the shattered state of his nerves. Always of weak health, nothing but his temperate habits could have kept him alive so long; and now he was often racked by a pulmonary pain, which seemed to augur that, in any case, he had not many years to live. But, beyond this, the morbid nervous excitement induced by such a life as his had been had begun to manifest itself in that abnormal action of the senses which makes men subject to visions, apparitions, and the terrors of waking dream. Various instances of such hallucinations, or nervous paroxysms, are recorded by his biographers. Thus, while he was staying at Great Marlow, he alarmed his friends and the neighbourhood by a story of a fight he had had with a burglar who had tried to murder him in the night; for which story, it is believed by some, there was no foundation in fact. So also, as some believe, with the story which he told of an Englishman coming up to him at the Post-office at Pisa, when he was inquiring for his letters, and knocking him down with an oath, as "that Atheist Shelley." But the most extraordinary instance is that recorded in the diary of Captain Williams as having happened at Lerici itself, during the very days of his last residence there. "Monday, "May 6th," writes Captain Williams, "after tea, walking with Shelley on the "terrace, and observing the effect of "moonshine on the waters, he com-

"plained of being unusually nervous; "and, stopping short, he grasped me "violently by the arm, and stared "stedfastly on the white surf that broke "upon the beach under our feet. Ob- "serving him sensibly affected, I de- "manded of him if he were in pain. "But he only answered by saying, "'There it is again—there!' He re- "covered after some time, and declared "that he saw, as plainly as he then saw "me, a naked child rise from the sea "and clap its hands as in joy, smiling "at him." This was on the 6th of May, 1822. Two months afterwards the omen was fulfilled.

Towards the end of June the news came that Leigh Hunt had arrived in Genoa, and was on his way to Leghorn. Shelley and Williams, who had been busy with their new boat, resolved to set out in her to welcome Hunt. The weather had been overpoweringly hot, and the sea swollen and lowering; but on the 1st of July, a fine breeze sprang up, and they weighed for Leghorn. They performed the voyage in seven hours and a half; anchored that night in Leghorn harbour beside the *Bolivar*, aboard of which they slept; and next day, and for five days more, there were greetings of Hunt and his family, journeys with them and Byron to Pisa and other places, and much talk about the prospects of the new periodical. Unluckily, on account of some fray in Byron's house, which had brought an Italian servant of his within the grip of the Tuscan police, his Lordship had taken a sudden determination to leave Tuscany; and Shelley's chief care was to get such arrangements made as would prevent Hunt from being inconvenienced by this change of plan. He did all he could to secure this; and on the 8th of July, taking leave of Hunt, Byron, and others, he and Williams set out on their return to Lerici. An English sailor lad, named Charles Vivian, accompanied them in the boat. There were some fears for the weather, which for some days had been calm and sultry, but was now changed; but Shelley could not be persuaded to remain. The boat had not gone many miles, when one of the terrible squalls that occur in that part of the Mediterranean came on, and the friends left at Leghorn became anxious. Captain Roberts, who had been watching the boat on her homeward track with a glass, from Leghorn lighthouse, saw her last, when the storm came on, off Via Reggio, at some distance from the shore, hugging the wind with a press of canvas. The storm then spread rapidly like a dark mist, and blotted out that part of the horizon, enveloping the distant little boat and several larger vessels that were also out. When the storm passed onwards from that quarter, Captain Roberts looked again, and saw every vessel except the little one, which had vanished. Within that storm had been the apparition of the naked babe! For days and days there was great anxiety among the friends on shore. At length the sea itself told all that ever was to be known of the mystery, by washing ashore the three bodies—that of Shelley, that of Williams, and that of the boy Vivian —on different parts of the coast. The body of Shelley was burnt on a pyre of wood heaped with wine, salt, frankincence, and perfumes, near the spot where it had been cast ashore—Byron, Hunt, Trelawny and others assisting at the ceremony. His collected ashes were conveyed to Rome and there buried.

Whatever rank one may be disposed to assign, all in all, to Shelley among English Poets, no reader can deny that his genius was of the poetical order—that he possessed in a singular degree the faculty of ideality, of pure intellectual imagination. His larger poems are well and even carefully conceived as wholes, according to the peculiar kind or constructive art of which they are specimens. The language is logically precise, easy, graceful, and luxuriant; the versification is natural, various, and musical; and there are individual passages of acute and even comprehensive philosophical meaning, of powerful and delicate description, of weirdly and exquisite phantasy, and of tender and concentrated feeling. In his descriptions

and visual fancies one notices, among other things, a wonderfully fine sense of colour. Thus Asia, in the "Prometheus Unbound," expecting, in a vale of the Indian Caucasus, the arrival of her sister Oceanid, Panthea :—

"This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine.
Too long denied, too long delaying, come!
The point of one white star is quivering still,
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains. Through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it; now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in the thin air:
'Tis lost; and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?"

Perhaps one of the finest continuous passages in all the larger poems, is the concluding portion of the same drama, where, partly in choruses of unseen spirits, and partly in dialogue between Prometheus and the Oceanids in a forest near his cave, the glorious state of the emancipated world of the Promethean era, when Jove is dethroned, and Love and Justice reign, is set forth in mystic allegory. The following speech of Panthea may serve as a specimen of the part that is in dialogue. The new or Promethean earth is figured by the vision of a vast solid sphere, as of crystal, filled with multitudinous shapes and colours, yet all miraculously inter-transpicuous, which is seen rushing, as in a whirlwind of harmony, through an opening of the forest; grinding, as it wheels, a brook that flows beneath into an azure mist of light, and whirling grass, trees, and flowers into a kneaded mass of aerial emerald. Within this strange orb the Spirit of the Earth is seen asleep, like a wearièd child, pillowed on its alabaster arms, which are laid over its folded wings. Its lips are seen moving as in a smiling dream; and from a star upon its forehead there shoot swords and beams of fire, which whirl as the orb whirls, and transpierce its otherwise opaque bulk with radiant lightnings. In the light of these incessant shafts all the secrets of the earth's interior, from the circumference to the core, are revealed in continuous translucence :—

"Infinite mines of adamant and gold,
Valueless glories, unimagined gems,
And caverns on crystalline columns poised,
With vegetable silver overspread;
Wells of unfathomed fire, and water-springs
Whence the great sea, even as a child, is fed,
Whose vapours clothe earth's monarch mountain-tops
With kingly ermine-snow. The beams flash on
And make appear the melancholy ruins
Of cancelled cycles—anchors, beaks of ships,
Planks turned to marble, quivers, helms, and spears,
And gorgon-headed targes, and the wheels
Of scythèd chariots, and the emblazonry
Of trophies, standards, and armorial beasts—
Round which death laughed; sepulchred emblems
Of dead destruction, ruin within ruin!
The wrecks beside of many a city vast
Whose population which the earth grew over
Was mortal, but not human: see, they lie,
Their monstrous works and uncouth skeletons,
Their statues, homes and fanes—prodigious shapes
Huddled in grey annihilation, split,
Jammed in the hard black deep; and over these,
The anatomies of unknown wingèd things,
And fishes which were isles of living scale,
And serpents, bony chains, twisted around
The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
To which the tortuous strength of their last pangs
Had crushed the iron crags; and over these
The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
Were monarch-beasts, and on the slimy shores
And weed-overgrown continents of earth
Increased and multiplied like summer-worms
On an abandoned corpse, till the blue globe
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak, and they
Yelled, gasped, and were abolished; or some God
Whose throne was in a comet passed and cried
'Be not,' and, like my words, they were no more."

Passages in a different vein might be quoted—as these lines of apophthegm in the "Cenci :"—

"In the great war between the young and old
I, who have white hairs and a tottering body,
Will keep at least blameless neutrality."

or this fine image :—

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

In some of the rougher political poems —as in the burlesque of "Œdipus Tyrannus," and in "Peter Bell the Third" —there is even a kind of fierce popular wit, appealing to the coarsest understanding, and intended to do so. Nor is it necessary to refer to those shorter lyrical pieces, "The Sensitive Plant," "The Cloud," the "Ode to the Skylark," &c., which are known even to those who know nothing else of Shelley, and read again and again for their melody—

"Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew."

In others of these lyrical pieces what intensity of pathos! Who that has ever heard Beatrice's wild song in the "Cenci" sung as it should be, can forget its plaintive horror?—

"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
Farewell! Heigh ho!
What is this whispers low?
There's a snake in thy smile, my dear;
And bitter poison within thy tear."

After all, however, less than almost any other poet, is Shelley to be adequately represented in detached passages. His poetry is like an intellectual ether, that must be breathed and lived in for some time together ere its influence can be appreciated. To minds of sufficient culture, who have in this way become acquainted with Shelley's poetry, (and only minds of considerable culture are likely ever to read much of it,) it has always presented itself as something very peculiar in quality—totally different, for example, from the poetry of Milton, or of Wordsworth, or of Byron, or of any other preceding poet. To this, at least, Shelley's poetry can lay claim—that, whether great or not, whether useful or hurtful in its influence, it is very peculiar.

Retaining for the nonce a distinction, somewhat pedantic in form, and greatly laughed at of late by the lovers of plain English, but which need not be given up, for all that, till the lovers of plain English have provided an exact equivalent, (which they don't seem in any hurry to do,) one cannot do better than repeat the observation, often made already, that Shelley belongs to the order of the so-called "subjective" poets, as differing from those called the "objective." The terms do express a real meaning. There are some poets—as, for example, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Scott—whose poetry consists, in the main, of combinations, more or less complex, of scenery, incident, and character, each fashioned by a kind of wondrous craft out of materials furnished to the imagination by sense, memory, reading, and reflection; and each, as soon as it is fashioned, detached altogether, or nearly so, from the personality of the writer, and sent to float away as a separate creation down the stream of time. In the case of these so-called "objective" poets, it is a problem of the highest difficulty to ascertain their personal character from their works. Out of one set of materials Shakespeare fashions a "Hamlet;" then he sets about a "Macbeth;" then he betakes himself to a "Henry the Fourth," or a "Midsummer Night's Dream;" but whether Shakespeare himself is most in one or in another of these creations, is a matter not to be lightly determined on mere internal evidence. We see those creations separately and successively issuing from Shakespeare's mind, and we know that they were fashioned there by a subtle craft operating upon materials that had been brought into that mind from the surrounding world; but what kind of chamber that mind was—of what glooms, griefs, or distractions it may have been the scene while the labour of creation was going on in it—the works themselves do not accurately inform us. For fifty years the world is amazed and delighted with gorgeous phantasies of colour, representing, as they were never represented before in painting, the phases of universal nature; and, when these phantasies are traced to their source, they are found to be from

the hand of a taciturn and slovenly old man, named Turner, shambling about in his slippers in a dusty cobwebby house in London, and reputed by those who know no better to be very gruff and very avaricious, and to have apparently no other usual human taste than a fondness for port wine. Of course, even in such cases, independent knowledge of the man may enable us to discern him in his works. There *are*, moreover, for critics profound enough in their investigations, subtle laws connecting the imagination with the personality and the life. But any such ultimate connexion discovered or discoverable between the personal character of the "objective" poet and the nature of his creations, is a far different thing from the obvious relation subsisting between the character of the "subjective" poet and *his* phantasies. Here we are never at a loss. The poetry of the "subjective" poet is nothing else than an effluence from his personality through the medium of his imagination. He has certain fixed ideas, certain permanent moods of mind, certain notions as to what ought to be and what ought not to be; and these ideas, moods, or notions, he works forth into all that he fancies. He preaches while he sings; what he imagines is a revelation of what he wishes. He does not live in a house of stone (to use a figure which I think is Mr. Browning's), communicating only by certain chinks and embrasures with the world without, and in which the possessor, while commanding a prospect all round, may keep himself and his own movements concealed. He lives in a house of glass, expressing his feelings as to what he sees in gestures visible to all about him, and employing the poetic art only as a means of flashing his own image and its successive gesticulations to a greater and greater distance. Here too the means of the poetic art correspond with the intention. The "subjective" poet, the poet of fixed ideas — dealing, as his tendency is, not with things as they are in their infinite real complexity, but with the supposed principles of things, the springs or seeds of being,—such a poet may frame his pictures out of the stuff of real life, if he chooses, just as the "objective" poet does; but even then, owing to the invariable meaning which he infuses into them, they will be in one strain, and more or less repetitions of each other. In Byron's poetry, for example, under very various forms, we have still a reproduction of the Byronic type of character. On the whole, however, it will be the tendency of the "subjective" poet of the most determined type not to take his scenery and circumstance from the real or historical world at all—not to hamper himself with the actual relations of time, place, and historical probability—but, as he concerns himself morally with Man in his primal elements, so to deal also with material nature as simplified into its masses and generalizations. In other words, he will lay his scene anywhere in vague time or space; he will make his persons gigantic, mythical, and featureless, and will unfetter the mode of their actions from the ordinary terrestrial laws; and the objects amid which they move he will depict as visual allegories. Hence that well-known deficiency of human interest which often prevents poetry of this kind from being widely popular. Most men like to have their footing on a solid flooring of fact and of history, and do not take nearly so much pleasure in a world of a few elemental ingredients and relations, fashioned to illustrate the action of a few supposed springs of being, as they do in representations of the living and moving complexity of our own well-wrinkled planet.

The distinction we have been expounding is, of course, not absolute. It would be difficult to name a poet belonging so purely to one of the orders as to have nothing in him of the other. On the whole, however, Shelley is eminently a "subjective" poet. In his "Cenci," his "Julian and Maddalo," and one or two other poems, he does make it his aim to represent historical occurrences, and scenes and feelings as they are found in actual life. But, in the main,

he was a poet of fixed ideas—a poet dealing incessantly with the seeds and springs of being, and illustrating his notions of these in imaginations of an arbitrary and mythological character. His Poetry is, in fact, a kind of air-hung Mythology, shadowing forth the essential principles of a creed which might be called Shelleyism. What this creed was we have already partly seen in our sketch of his life; but a word or two more may be added.

At one time Shelley had, as he tells us himself, been a Materialist in philosophy. That is to say, he regarded the universe as consisting of an original basis or consolidation of matter of the kind called Inorganic, upon which there had been reared, or out of which there had somehow grown, a quantity of other and more highly developed matter of the kind called Organic, ascending in a hierarchy of forms, with man at the apex. According to this philosophy, in thinking of the universe, one is bound to think of matter and of nothing else—matter lying dead and obdurate, or matter pervaded by electricities, nerve-forces, and what not, so as to be locomotive, sensitive, active, and reflective. But this philosophy Shelley had soon and very decidedly abandoned; and, instead of it, he had taken up what is called the system of Idealism. According to this philosophy—which he had got at through Hume and Berkeley, and partly through Plato,—not Matter, but Thought, is the fundamental reality of the universe. Everything is thought; nothing exists but in and through thought. What we call external objects, what we call matter itself, is but thought of a certain quantity and variety, distinguished from thought recognised as such by certain accidents of force, frequency, and the like. Thoughts in certain successions, and in certain degrees of intensity,—that is all we know anything of. The universe is but a certain coagulation, so to speak, or huge bubble-mountain of thoughts—the harder and more coagulated parts of the mass, crushed by the gravity of the others, constituting what we call matter, and forming a permanent basis for all; and the rest ascending in successive stages of tenuity till they end in the ether of once-imagined whimsies. But, this being the case, it follows that the universe may be continually added to and disturbed in its fabric. Thoughts being things, and the mind having the power of pouring forth a constant succession of new thoughts, these really rush into the fabric of the past accumulation, and, in adjusting themselves and finding their places, disturb its porosity, and keep it continually agitated. Above all, the poet, whose very business it is to send forth new imaginations of a great and impressive character, is thus always agitating, disturbing, and remodelling creation. This is a doctrine which Shelley is perpetually repeating in his prose-writings. "Imagination," he says, "or "mind employed prophetically in imag-"ing forth its objects, is the faculty of "human nature on which every grada-"tion of its progress—nay, every, the "minutest, change—depends." According to Shelley, all the thoughts of all minds are adding to and altering the universe; but it is the business of the poet, by certain splendid precalculated imaginations, either softly to disintegrate the mass of previously accumulated existence, so that it shall fall into new arrangements, or sometimes to convulse, crack, and rend this mass by the blast of a wholesome explosion through what was previously a chaos. The Poet would thus be pre-eminently the Reformer.

So far we have but the theoretical side of Shelley's system. The difficulty is to see how, when he had risen theoretically to the extreme of his Idealism, he turned in mid-air, and came back on the world in a scheme of practical reason. Admit the universe to be a coagulation of old thoughts, modifiable by new ones, what *kinds* of new thoughts will make the right and desirable modification? What is the principle, what the rule, what the right and wrong, in thought? The poet, as the reformer-in-chief for the human race,

has to employ himself in splendid precalculated imaginations, which, rushing forth from him, shall softly arrange things in new harmonies, or violently split their way with revolutionary force! Well, wherein consists the splendour to be desired in these imaginations, and on what principles are they to be precalculated? Here, as is often the case with philosophers, there is a gap in which we cannot see the links connecting Shelley's theoretical or ascending with his practical or descending reason. But he *has* a practical system, and a very definite one. Unlike Hume, he ascends to the extreme of Idealism, not to end in indifference or scepticism, but to descend again all the more vehemently upon the world of man and life, armed with a faith. He speaks, indeed, of Deity, and other such ideas, as being only "the modes in which thoughts are "combined;" but it is evident, whatever he calls them, that it is only the presence or the absence of certain ideas of this class that constitutes, in his view, the difference between the right and the wrong, between the splendid and the mean, in thought. Thoughts combined *so* are eternally noble and good; thoughts combined *otherwise* are eternally ignoble and bad—no man ever cherished a belief of this kind more passionately than Shelley. No man, therefore, had more of the essence of an absolute ethical faith, of a faith not fabricated out of experience, but structurally derived from an authority in the invisible. Theoretically an idealist, he was morally a fanatic. "I have confidence in my "moral sense alone, for that is a kind "of originality," is one of his own significant sayings. His whole life is an illustration. His brief existence in the world was one continued shriek about love and justice. He had "a passion," he says, "for reforming the world." Nor was it a superficial reform that he contemplated. From first to last, as he thought, human society had been an aggregate of wrong and corruption. Kings, priests, and governments had filled the earth with misery. Bound by sophisms and slavish fears, men and women were living defrauded of their natural rights, and out of their natural relations.

> "Kings, priests, and statesmen blast the human flower
> Even in its tender bud; their influence darts,
> Like subtle poison, through the bloodless veins
> Of desolate society."

But this state of things is not to last for ever! There will one day be a reign of truth and love, of justice and social equality!

> "Spirit of nature! thou
> Life of interminable multitudes,
> Soul of those mighty spheres
> Whose changeless paths through Heaven's deep silence lie,
> Soul of that smallest being
> The dwelling of whose life
> Is one faint April sun-gleam—
> Man, like these passive things,
> Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth:
> Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
> Which Time is fast maturing,
> Will swiftly, surely, come;
> And the unbounded frame which thou pervadest
> Will be without a flaw
> Marring its perfect symmetry."

This is Shelley's fixed faith, the burthen of all his poetry. It was his own aim as a poet to send forth sounds that might shake the reign of "Anarch Custom," and hasten the blessed era in whose coming he believed. Nor was it only on the great scale that he desired to be a prophet of love and justice. He was to carry out his principle to its minutest applications, promoting every movement for the mitigation of social or individual suffering, and so constituting himself, as well in literature as in action, what nature, in framing him so delicately, had fitted him to be—

> "A nerve o'er which might creep
> The else unfelt oppressions of this earth."

And here we recur to a question already opened. Whatever Shelley's formal affirmations respecting the doctrines of Deity and Immortality might be, it is clear that the fanatical intensity of his ethical creed implied a habit of viewing the world from a point out of itself, and by the rule of ideas not belonging to it.

Had his principle been "to apprehend "no farther than this world," why such spasm, why such wailing, such rage against universal wrong, such frantic longing to refashion human nature from its very roots? On such a principle, it is true, a man might be so far a reformer. He might seek to correct the earth by itself, the part by the knowledge of the whole, social evils in Asia by the experience of Europe. But for a man to start up and proclaim the whole past movement of humanity to have been wrong, and to propose to arrest it, and shift its very wheels, is a different matter. This was Shelley's proposition. He did not propose only that the world should be corrected by itself, the part by the whole, but that it should be corrected by a rule eternal and immutable, which he sometimes called love or justice, and sometimes the spirit of universal nature. There *was* a Heart beating somewhere, to whose pulsations the earth as a whole was rebel, but which would yet subdue the earth to unison with it; and, meanwhile, the agents of good and the harbingers of the final harmony were to be those imaginations of man that, by relating themselves to this Heart, were to be prematurely in unison with it, and at war with the earth and its customs. Nothing short of this belief, however he phrased it, was the principle of Shelley's practical philosophy. Seeing that it was so, might not we say that, like his own Prometheus, he had tipped his reed with stolen fire?

Argument and metaphysics apart, there is, at least, no way in which the *fancy* may more easily apprehend the peculiarity of Shelley's genius than by thinking of him as one who surveyed the world not from a point within it or on it, but from a point in distant space; or, better still, perhaps, as not a native of the earth at all, but some fluttering spirit of a lighter sphere, that had dropped on it by chance, unable to be in happy relation to it as a whole, though keenly sensitive to some of its beauties. Were our science of pedigree yet worth anything, it might save us the necessity of any such figure. Remembering that the year of Shelley's birth was that of the utmost agony of the French Revolution, when convulsion was shaking all things established, and new social principles were everywhere abroad, we might then have a glimmering of how it happened that the genius of the time took a whim to appear even in Sussex, and bespeak as one of its incarnations the child of a commonplace English baronet, who never bargained for such an honour. But, unable to make anything to the purpose of such a scientific fancy, we may resort to the other. Shelley's personal friends used to resort to it. "I used to tell him," says Leigh Hunt, "that he had come from the planet "Mercury." One may vary the form of the fancy; and, though the small pale planet Mercury, the sickly darling of the sun, seems such an orb as Shelley might have come from, had he come from any, it might be fitter to fancy that he had come from none, but, till he touched our earth, had been winging about in unsubstantial ether. When Milton's rebel host left the celestial realms, angels flocking on angels and the great Archangel leading, might we not suppose that some small seraph, who had joined the rebellion, lagged behind the rest in his flight, became detached from them by regret or weakness, and, unable to overtake them, was left to flutter disconsolate and alone amid the starry spaces? Excluded from Heaven, but not borne down with the rest into Pandemonium, if this creature did at last come near our orb in his wanderings, might it not become his refuge; and then, might we not suppose that, though retaining the principle of rebellion—so that, when the Highest was named, he would shriek against the name—yet his recollections of his original would be purer, and his nature less impaired than if, instead of transparent space, populous Pandemonium had been his intermediate home?

Whatever form we give to the fancy, the characteristics of Shelley's poetry are such as to accord with it. Intense

as is his ethical spirit, his desire to act upon man and society, his imagination cannot work with things as he finds them, with the actual stuff of historical life. His mode of thinking is not according to the terrestrial conditions of time, place, cause and effect, variety of race, climate, and costume. His persons are shapes, winged forms, modernized versions of Grecian mythology, or mortals highly allegorized; and their movements are vague, swift, and independent of ordinary physical laws. In the "Revolt of Islam," for example, the story is that of two lovers who career through the plains and cities of an imaginary kingdom on a Tartar horse, or skim over leagues of ocean in a boat whose prow is of moonstone. But for the "Cenci," and one or two other pieces, one would say that Shelley had scarcely any aptitude for the historical. Even in his sensuous imagery the same arbitrariness is apparent. His landscapes, like his persons, are a sort of allegories. His true poetical element, where alone he takes things as he finds them, is the atmosphere. Shelley is pre-eminently the poet of what may be called meteorological circumstance. He is at home among winds, mists, rains, snows, clouds gorgeously coloured, glories of sunrise, nights of moonshine, lightnings, streamers, and falling stars; and what of vegetation and geology he brings in, is but as so much that might be seen by an aerial creature in its ascents and descents. His poetry is full of direct and all but conscious suggestions of this. Need we cite, as one, his "Ode to the Skylark," that "scorner of the ground," whose skill he covets for the poet? Then there is his lyric of the "Cloud:"—

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
For the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As the dances about the sun;
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder."

Again in his "Invocation to the West Wind," in which, expressly imploring it to be *his* spirit, he dedicates himself, as it were, to the meteorological for ever:—

"O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

* * * * *

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is!
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou *me*, impetuous me!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

THE REVELATION.

"This is the mystery
Of this wonderful history,
And the way to find it out."

SOUTHEY.

He was wont to creep and stumble, with a slow, uncertain pace,
And a supplicating doubt o'er all his hard unbending face;
And our mirth would make him scornful, and our pity made him wince,
When the fitful moody dream was on, perverting the good sense.

He was sharp too with his reasons, and his deep, inveterate sneer
Mocked the highest and divinest without reverence or fear;
And our pious saws and customs, he would laugh at them, and call
The old lace that did embroider the hypocrisy of all.

For the world seemed out of joint to him, and rotten to the core,
With Gods and creeds once credited, but credible no more;
And duties high, heroic, that once were bravely done;
But for action, we had babbling only now beneath the sun.

And there was nothing sacred in the universe to him—
No lights of awe and wonder—no temple fitly dim;
Ever scornfully he reasoned, ever battled with his lot,
And he rent, not understanding, the fine sanctities of thought.

But the blind old man is altered to a cheerful hopefulness,
And now serenest thought and joy are mantling in his face;
At one with his own spirit, at one with all his kind,
At one with God's great universe—he sees though he is blind.

And it's all that sweet child's doing; see them at the lattice there,
How his fingers steal amid the long brown clusters of her hair;
And she looks up with her thoughtful eyes of lustrous loving blue,
And tells him of the rosebuds that are peeping into view.

They say he found her one night, humming o'er a quiet tune,
As he walked in mournful sadness beneath the tranquil moon,
Yet sporting in his sorrow, mourning with a scornful mirth,
Like a blind old Samson grappling with the pillars of the earth.

And she came upon him gently, as an angel from the Lord,
And she led him with a loving hand, and with a pious word;
And she fringed the dark clouds of his soul with lights of heaven's own grace,
And she breathed into his life a breath of tranquil hopefulness.

And he's no more sharp with reasons; thought sits calmly on his brow,
And the dew upon his thoughts is not changed to hoar-frost now;
And he plays such rare sweet music with a natural pathos low;
There is no sorrow in it, yet 'twill make your tears to flow.

For he's full of all bird-singing, and the cheery ring of bells,
The rain that drizzles on the leaves, the dripping sound of wells,
And the bearded barley's rustling, and the sound of winds and brooks,
That in the quiet midnight floats about the woodland nooks,

And the old ocean-murmurs, and all the hum of bees,
And varied modulations of the many-sounding trees.
These tune his heart to melodies, that lighten all its load;
Yet their gladness hath a sadness, though it speak to him of God.

And he knows all shapes of flowers: the heath, the fox-glove with its bells,
The palmy fern's green elegance, fanned in soft woodland smells;
The milkwort on the mossy turf his nice-touch fingers trace,
And the eye-bright, though he sees it not, he finds it in its place.

And it's all that sweet child's doing: as they saunter by the brook,
If they be not singing by the way, she reads the blessed book;
Reads the story of the sorrow of the man that loved us all,
Till the eyes that cannot see her let the tears in gladness fall.

O, a blessed work is thine, fair child; and even so we find,
When we, bedridden with sick thoughts, are wandering in our mind
From the simple truth of nature, how blissful is the calm,
When Faith holds up the aching head, and presses with her palm.

That's the key-note of existence; the right tone is caught at length;
Cometh Faith upon the soul, and we go on in love and strength;
We go on, with surest footstep, by the dizziest brinks of thought,
And in its deep abysses see the God whom we had sought.

We were sometime dark and dreary; we were sometime wroth and proud;
Warring with our fate defiant; scornful of the vacant crowd;
Thoughtful of the seeming discords, and the impotence of will;
And questioning the Universe for meanings hard and ill.

Cometh Faith upon the spirit, and the spirit is serene,
Seeing beauty in the duty, and God where these are seen,—
God in every path of duty, beaming gracious from above,
And clothing every sorrow with the garment of His love.

And the dark cloud is uplifted, and the mists of doubt grow thin,
Leaving drops of dew behind them, as the light comes breaking in;
And the surges of the passion into quiet slumbers fall,
And the discords do but hint a grander harmony through all.

For around the man of sorrows all the sorrows of our lot
Find their law and light in Him, whose life is our divinest thought;
And the Infinite, the Dreaded, draws nigh to thee and me
In that sacrament of sorrow—we are blind and yet we see.

For if the way of man here is a way of grief and loss,
Even so the way of Godhead was upon the bitter cross,—
Upon the bitter cross, and along a tearful story,
Till the wreath of thorns became the crown of heaven's imperial glory.

So the sorrow and the sacrifice, whereat we do repine,
Are but symbols of the kinship 'twixt the human and divine—
But the law of highest being and of highest honour given;
For the wreath of cruel thorns is now the empire crown of heaven.

Rest thee on that faith divine, and all the history of man
Round its thread will crystallize in order of a glorious plan;
For the grief is still divinest, and our strains of deepest gladness
Show their kindred by their trembling ever on the verge of sadness.

Rest thee on that holy faith, and all the misty mountain tops,
Where thy thoughts were cold and cloudy, shall beam forth with radiant hopes
And the harmony of all things, never uttered into ears,
Shall be felt in deep heart-heavings, like the music of the spheres.

'Tis the shallow stream that babbles—'tis in shallows of the sea
Where its ineffectual labours for a mighty utterance be;
All the spoken truth is ripple,—surge upon the shore of Death;
There is but a silent swell amid the depths of love and faith.

But be still, and hear the Godhead how His solemn footsteps fall
In the story of the sorrow of the Man who loved us all;
Be still, and let Him lead thee along the brink of awe,
Where the mystery of sorrow solves the mystery of Law.

And the mournfulness and scornfulness will haply melt away,
They were frost-work on your windows, and they dimm'd the light of day;
And you took their phantom pictures for the scenery of earth,
And never saw in truth the world that made your mournful mirth.

Only let the Heaven-child, Jesus, lead thee meekly on the path
Through thy sorrows, strewn with blossoms, like a kindly after-math,
And for reasons sharp and bitter quiet thoughts will rise in thee,
As when light, instead of lightning, gleams upon the earth and sea.

And the world will murmur sweetly many songs into thine ear,
From the harvest and the vintage, as their gladness crowns the year;
From the laughter of the children, glancing lightsome as life's foam;
From the sabbath of the weary, and the sanctities of home;

Yea, the sickness and the sorrows, and the mourner's bitter grief,
Will have strains of holy meaning, notes of infinite relief,
Whispering of the love and wisdom that are in a Father's rod;
And their sadness will have gladness speaking thus to thee of God.

And if He give thee waters of sorrow to thy fate,
He will give them songs to murmur, though but half articulate,
Like the brooks that murmur pensive, and you know not what they say,
But the grass and flowers are brightest where they sing along their way.

Thus in thoughtful contemplation of the full-orbed life divine,
Shall the fragmentary reason find the Law that doth combine
All the seeming antinomies of the infinite decree
That has linked the highest being with the highest misery.

Ye that dwell among your reasons, what is that ye call a God
But the lengthening shadow of yourselves that falls upon your road?
The shadow of a Self supreme, that orders all our fate,
Sitting bland in His complaisance 'mid the ruins desolate!

O your subtle logic-bridges, spanning over the abyss
From the finite with its sadness to the Infinite of bliss!
You would find out God by logic, lying far from us, serene,
In a weighty proposition, with a hundred links between!

And you send your thoughts on every side in search of Him forsooth!
Speeding over the broad Universe to find the only truth
That lies at your hand for ever. Get thee eye-salve, man, and pray:
God is walking in the garden, and it is the noon of day.

Roll up these grave-clothes, lay them in a corner of the tomb;
He is risen from dead arguments; what seek ye in their gloom?
Leave the linen robes and spices—foolish hearts are thine and mine
How could love and faith be called upon to bury the divine?

O not thus the way of Faith, not thus the way of holy Love,
Where the Christ of human story and the Christ of heaven above
Blends the duty and the beauty—blends the human and divine,
By the crown of His many sorrows ever glorifying thine.

Tell me no more of your reasons; do not call me to embark
On a voyage to the tropics with an iceberg for an ark,
Swaying grandly o'er the billows, shining brightly in the sun,
But to melt away beneath me ere the voyage be half done.

I heed not of your logic; I am well convinced of God:
'Tis the purpose He is working, and the path that He has trod
Through the mystery of misery—the labyrinth of sin,
That clouds the world around, and overcasts the soul within:

'Tis the story of the ages, like the witches' midnight revel,
Wild, grotesque, and very tragic—worship surely of the devil;
'Tis the struggle of the human, with its impotence and ill,
Reeling blindly through the dark, and working out a mightier will.

And you've not discovered God—and I care not though you did;
That is not the ancient secret from the generations hid;
'Tis the purpose, and the moral, and the harmony of life,
That we ravel in unravelling till exhausted with the strife.

And my heart was all despairing, and my soul was dark and dreary,
And the night was coming fast on me—a lonesome night and eerie—
As bit by bit the wreck went down, and all I clung to most,
Turned to straws and drifting bubbles, and was in the darkness lost.

And my heart grew more despairing, and my soul more dark and dreary,
Till I saw the Godhead bending, faint and meek, and very weary;
Not in blessedness supernal, sitting easy on a throne,
Dealing sorrows unto others, with no sorrow of his own.

And I read in His great sorrows the significance of mine,—
Even the Law of highest Being, proving kin with the divine,
Love travailing in pain with a birth of nobleness,
And dying into Life with sure development of bliss.

Then the discords lost their terror, and the harmonies began
To be heard in sweetest snatches, where a peaceful spirit ran
Through strangest variations of the universal pain,
With the still recurring cadence of the Cross for its refrain—

Snatches of the concord, never fully uttered unto man,
Yet discovering in their pathos, the dim outline of the plan,
Whereby the pain and sorrow, and the evil might be wrought
Into the rarest beauty, and highest unisons of thought.

Heed not, then, the many reasons—the cross lights and the broken,
That are glimmering all around thee with half-meanings but half-spoken;
Turn thee to the man of sorrows—Ecce Homo!—look on God;
He will ease thee of thy sorrows, opening blossoms in the rod.

All the creeds are but an effort feebly to interpret Him,
Like the sunlight—through a prison that breaks into a chamber dim;
Hie thee forth into the daylight; wherefore darken thus thy room,
And then moan that there is only light enough to show the gloom?

Ecce Homo! all ye nations, tribes, and peoples of the earth;
Leave the priests their poor devices, and the scribes their barren dearth;
Here is flesh and blood and feeling—thou shalt eat of Him and live,
And walk with Him in glory whom the Heavens did once receive.

And your path shall be a path of light, your tears a morning shower,
All the germs of nature opening, fragrant, underneath the power
Of the quiet light that claspeth all the world in its embrace,
And makes it beam and prattle up into the Father's face.

Orwell.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LONG WALK IN CHRISTCHURCH MEADOWS.

Do well unto thyself and men will speak good of thee, is a maxim as old as King David's time, and just as true now as it was then. Hardy had found it so since the publication of the class list. Within a few days of that event, it was known that his was a very good first. His College Tutor had made his own inquiries, and repeated on several occasions in a confidential way the statement that, "with the exception of a "want of polish in his Latin and Greek "verses, which we seldom get, except in "the most finished public school men—"Etonians in particular—there has been "no better examination in the schools "for several years." The worthy tutor went on to take glory to the college, and in a lower degree to himself. He called attention, in more than one common room, to the fact that Hardy had never had any private tuition, but had attained his intellectual development solely in the *curriculum* provided by St. Ambrose's College for the training of the youth intrusted to her. "He himself, indeed," he would add, "had always taken much "interest in Hardy, and had, perhaps, "done more for him than would be pos-"sible in every case, but only with "direct reference to, and in supplement "of the college course."

The Principal had taken marked and somewhat pompous notice of him, and had graciously intimated his wish, or, perhaps I should say, his will, (for he would have been much astonished to be told that a wish of his could count for less than a royal mandate to any man who had been one of his servitors,) that Hardy should stand for a fellowship, which had lately fallen vacant. A few weeks before, this excessive affability and condescension of the great man would have wounded Hardy; but, somehow, the sudden rush of sunshine and prosperity, though it had not thrown him off his balance, or changed his estimate of men and things, had pulled a sort of comfortable sheath over his sen-

sitiveness, and given him a second skin, as it were, from which the Principal's shafts bounded off innocuous, instead of piercing and rankling. At first, the idea of standing for a fellowship at St. Ambrose's was not pleasant to him. He felt inclined to open up entirely new ground for himself, and stand at some other college, where he had neither acquaintance nor association. But on second thoughts, he resolved to stick to his old college, moved thereto partly by the lamentations of Tom, when he heard of his friend's meditated emigration, but chiefly by the unwillingness to quit a hard post for an easier one, which besets natures like his to their own discomfort, but, may one hope, to the signal benefit of the world at large. Such men may see clearly enough all the advantages of a move of this kind—may quite appreciate the ease which it would bring them—may be impatient with themselves for not making it at once—but, when it comes to the actual leaving the old post, even though it may be a march out with all the honours of war, drums beating and colours flying, as it would have been in Hardy's case, somehow or another, nine times out of ten, they throw up the chance at the last moment, if not earlier; pick up their old arms—growling perhaps at the price they are paying to keep their own self-respect—and shoulder back into the press to face their old work, muttering, "We are asses; we "don't know what's good for us; but "we must see this job through some-"how, come what may."

So Hardy stayed on at St. Ambrose, waiting for the fellowship examination, and certainly, I am free to confess, not a little enjoying the change in his position and affairs.

He had given up his low dark back rooms to the new servitor, his successor, to whom he had presented all the ricketty furniture, except his two Windsor chairs and Oxford reading table. The intrinsic value of the gift was not great certainly, but was of importance to the poor raw boy, who was taking his place; and it was made with the delicacy of one who knew the situation. Hardy's good offices did not stop here. Having tried the bed himself for upwards of three long years, he knew all the hard places, and was resolved while he stayed up that they should never chafe another occupant as they had him. So he set himself to provide stuffing, and took the lad about with him, and cast a skirt of his newly acquired mantle of respectability over him, and put him in the way of making himself as comfortable as circumstances would allow; never disguising from him all the while that the bed was not to be a bed of roses. In which pursuit, though not yet a fellow, perhaps he was qualifying himself better for a a fellowship than he could have done by any amount of cramming for polish in his versification. Not that the electors of St. Ambrose would be likely to hear of or appreciate this kind of training. Polished versification would no doubt have told more in that quarter. But we who are behind the scenes may disagree with them, and hold that he who is thus acting out, and learning to understand the meaning of the word "fellowship," is the man for our votes.

So Hardy had left his rooms and gone out of College, into lodgings near at hand. The sword, epaulettes, and picture of his father's old ship—his tutelary divinities, as Tom called them—occupied their accustomed place in his new rooms, except that there was a looking glass over the mantle-piece here, by the side of which the sword hung, instead of in the centre, as it had done while he had no such luxury. His Windsor chairs occupied each side of the pleasant window of his sitting room, and already the taste for luxuries with which he had so often accused himself to Tom began to peep out in the shape of one or two fine engravings. Altogether Fortune was smiling on Hardy, and he was making the most of her, like a wise man, having brought her round by proving that he could get on without her, and was not going out of his way to gain her smiles. Several men came at once, even before he had taken his B.A. degree, to read with him, and others applied to know

whether he would take a reading party in the long vacation. In short all things went well with Hardy, and the Oxford world recognized the fact, and tradesmen and college servants became obsequious, and began to bow before him, and recognize him as one of their lords and masters.

It was to Hardy's lodgings that Tom repaired straightway, when he left his cousin by blood, and cousin by courtesy, at the end of the last chapter. For, running over in his mind all his acquaintance, he at once fixed upon Hardy as the man to accompany him in escorting the ladies to the Long Walk. Besides being his own most intimate friend, Hardy was the man whom he would prefer to all others to introduce to ladies now. "A month ago it might have been different," Tom thought; "he was such an old guy in his dress. But he has smartened up, and wears as good a coat as I do, and looks well enough for any body, though he never will be much of a dresser. Then he will be in a Bachelor's gown too, which will look respectable."

"Here you are; that's all right; I'm so glad you're in," he said as he entered the room. "Now I want you to come to the Long Walk with me to-night."

"Very well—will you call for me?"

"Yes, and mind you come in your best get-up, old fellow: we shall have two of the prettiest girls who are up, with us."

"You won't want me then; they will have plenty of escort."

"Not a bit of it. They are deserted by their natural guardian, my old uncle, who has gone out to dinner. Oh, it's all right; they are my cousins, more like sisters, and my uncle knows we are going. In fact it was he who settled that I should take them."

"Yes, but you see I don't know them.'

"That doesn't matter. I can't take them both myself—I must have somebody with me, and I'm so glad to get the chance of introducing you to some of my people. You'll know them all, I hope, before long.'

"Of course I should like it very much, if you are sure it's all right."

Tom was as perfectly sure as usual, and so the matter was arranged. Hardy was very much pleased and gratified at this proof of his friend's confidence; and I am not going to say that he did not shave again, and pay most unwonted attention to his toilet before the hour fixed for Tom's return. The fame of Brown's lionesses had spread through St. Ambrose's already, and Hardy had heard of them as well as other men. There was something so unusual to him in being selected on such an occasion, when the smartest men in the college were wishing and plotting for that which came to him unasked, that he may be pardoned for feeling something a little like vanity, while he adjusted the coat which Tom had recently thought of with such complacency, and looked in the glass to see that his gown hung gracefully. The effect on the whole was so good, that Tom was above measure astonished when he came back, and could not help indulging in some gentle chaff as they walked towards the High-street arm in arm.

The young ladies were quite rested, and sitting dressed and ready for their walk when Tom and Hardy were announced, and entered the room. Miss Winter rose up, surprised and a little embarrassed at the introduction of a total stranger in her father's absence. But she put a good face on the matter, as became a well-bred young woman, though she secretly resolved to lecture Tom in private, as he introduced "My great friend, Mr. Hardy, of our college. My cousins." Mary dropped a pretty little demure courtesy, lifting her eyes for one moment for a glance at Tom, which said as plain as look could speak, "Well, I must say you are making the most of your new-found relationship." He was a little put out for a moment, but then recovered himself, and said apologetically,

"Mr. Hardy is a bachelor, Katie—I mean a Bachelor of Arts, and he knows all the people by sight up here. We couldn't have gone to the

walk without some one to show us the lions."

"Indeed, I'm afraid you give me too much credit," said Hardy. "I know most of our dons by sight certainly, but scarcely any of the visitors."

The awkwardness of Tom's attempted explanation set everything wrong again.

Then came one of those awkward pauses which will occur so very provokingly at the most inopportune times. Miss Winter was seized with one of the uncontrollable fits of shyness, her bondage to which she had so lately been grieving over to Mary; and in self-defence, and without meaning in the least to do so, drew herself up, and looked as proud as you please. Hardy, whose sensitiveness, as we have seen, was as keen as a woman's, felt in a moment the awkwardness of the situation, and became as shy as Miss Winter herself. If the floor would have suddenly opened, and let him through into the dark shop, he would have been thankful; but, as it would not, there he stood, meditating a sudden retreat from the room, and a tremendous onslaught on Tom, as soon as he could catch him alone, for getting him into such a scrape. Tom was provoked with them all, for not at once feeling at ease with one another, and stood twirling his cap by the tassel, and looking fiercely at it, resolved not to break the silence. He had been at all the trouble of bringing about this charming situation, and now nobody seemed to like it, or to know what to say or do. They might get themselves out of it as they could, for anything he cared; he was not going to bother himself any more.

Mary looked in the glass, to see that her bonnet was quite right, and then from one to another of her companions, in a little wonder at their unaccountable behaviour, and a little pique that two young men should be standing there like unpleasant images, and not availing themselves of the privilege of trying, at least, to make themselves agreeable to her. Luckily, however, for the party, the humorous side of the tableau struck her with great force, so that when Tom lifted his misanthropic eyes for a moment, and caught hers, they were so full of fun that he had nothing to do but to allow himself, not without a struggle, to break first into a smile, and then into a laugh. This brought all eyes to bear on him, and the ice, being once broken, dissolved as quickly as it had gathered.

"I really can't see what there is to laugh at, Tom," said Miss Winter, smiling herself, nevertheless, and blushing a little, as she worked or pretended to work at buttoning one of her gloves.

"Can't you, Katie? Well then, isn't it very ridiculous, and enough to make one laugh, that we four should be standing here in a sort of Quaker's meeting, when we ought to be half-way to the Long Walk by this time?"

"Oh, do let us start," said Mary; "I know we shall be missing all the best of the sight."

"Come along, then," said Tom, leading the way down stairs, and Hardy and the ladies followed, and they descended into the High Street, walking all abreast, the two ladies together, with a gentleman on either flank. This formation answered well enough in High Street, the broad pavement of that celebrated thoroughfare being favourable to an advance in line. But when they had wheeled into Oriel Lane the narrow pavement at once threw the line into confusion, and after one or two fruitless attempts to take up the dressing they settled down into the more natural formation of close column of couples, the leading couple consisting of Mary and Tom, and the remaining couple of Miss Winter and Hardy. It was a lovely midsummer evening, and Oxford was looking her best under the genial cloudless sky, so that, what with the usual congratulations on the weather, and explanatory remarks on the buildings as they passed along, Hardy managed to keep up a conversation with his companion without much difficulty. Miss Winter was pleased with his quiet deferential manner, and soon lost her feeling of shyness, and, before Hardy had come to the end of such remarks as it occurred

to him to make, she was taking her fair share in the talk. In describing their day's doings she spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty of Magdalen Chapel, and betrayed a little knowledge of traceries and mouldings, which gave an opening to her companion to travel out of the weather and the names of colleges. Church architecture was just one of the subjects which was sure at that time to take more or less hold on every man at Oxford whose mind was open to the influences of the place. Hardy had read the usual text-books, and kept his eyes open as he walked about the town and neighbourhood. To Miss Winter he seemed so learned on the subject, that she began to doubt his tendencies, and was glad to be reassured by some remarks which fell from him as to the University sermon which she had heard. She was glad to find that her cousin's most intimate friend was not likely to lead him into the errors of Tractarianism.

Meantime the leading couple were getting on satisfactorily in their own way.

"Isn't it good of uncle Robert? he says that he shall feel quite comfortable as long as you and Katie are with me. In fact, I feel quite responsible already, like an old dragon in a story-book watching a treasure."

"Yes, but what does Katie say to being made a treasure of? She has to think a good deal for herself; and I am afraid you are not quite certain of being our sole knight and guardian because uncle Robert wants to get rid of us. Poor old uncle!"

"But you wouldn't object, then?"

"Oh dear, no—at least, not unless you take to looking as cross as you did just now in our lodgings. Of course, I'm all for dragons who are mad about dancing, and never think of leaving a ball-room till the band packs up and the old man shuffles in to put out the lights."

"Then I shall be a model dragon," said Tom. Twenty-four hours earlier he had declared that nothing should induce him to go to the balls; but his views on the subject had been greatly modified, and he had been worrying all his acquaintance, not unsuccessfully, for the necessary tickets, ever since his talk with his cousins on the preceding evening.

The scene became more and more gay and lively as they passed out of Christchurch towards the Long Walk. The town turned out to take its share in the show; and citizens of all ranks, the poorer ones accompanied by children of all ages, trooped along cheek by jowl with members of the University of all degrees and their visitors, somewhat indeed to the disgust of certain of these latter, many of whom declared that the whole thing was spoilt by the miscellaneousness of the crowd, and that "those sort of people" ought not to be allowed to come to the Long Walk on Show Sunday. However, "those sort of people" abounded nevertheless, and seemed to enjoy very much, in sober fashion, the solemn march up and down beneath the grand avenue of elms, in the midst of their betters.

The University was there in strength, from the Vice-Chancellor downwards. Somehow or another, though it might seem an unreasonable thing at first sight for grave and reverend persons to do, yet most of the gravest of them found some reason for taking a turn in the Long Walk. As for the undergraduates, they turned out almost to a man, and none of them more certainly than the young gentlemen, elaborately dressed, who had sneered at the whole ceremony as snobbish an hour or two before.

As for our hero, he sailed into the meadows thoroughly satisfied for the moment with himself and his convoy. He had every reason to be so, for though there were many gayer and more fashionably dressed ladies present than his cousin, and cousin by courtesy, there were none there whose faces, figures and dresses carried more unmistakeably the marks of that thorough quiet high breeding, that refinement which is no mere surface polish, and that fearless unconsciousness which looks out from

pure hearts, which are still, thank God, to be found in so many homes of the English gentry.

The Long Walk was filling rapidly, and at every half-dozen paces Tom was greeted by some of his friends or acquaintance, and exchanged a word or two with them. But he allowed them one after another to pass by without effecting any introduction.

"You seem to have a great many acquaintances," said his companion, upon whom none of these salutations were lost.

"Yes, of course; one gets to know a great many men up here."

"It must be very pleasant. But does it not interfere a great deal with your reading?"

"No; because one meets them at lectures, and in Hall and Chapel. Besides," he added in a sudden fit of honesty, "it is my first year. One doesn't read much in one's first year. It is a much harder thing than people think to take to reading, except just before an examination."

"But your great friend who is walking with Katie—what did you say his name is?"

"Hardy."

"Well, he is a great scholar, didn't you say?"

"Yes, he has just taken a first class. He is the best man of his year."

"How proud you must be of him! I suppose now he is a great reader?"

"Yes, he is great at everything. He is nearly the best oar in our boat. By the way, you will come to the procession of boats to-morrow night? We are the head boat on the river."

"Oh, I hope so. Is it a pretty sight? Let us ask Katie about it."

"It is the finest sight in the world," said Tom, who had never seen it; "twenty-four eight oars, with their flags flying, and all the crews in uniform. You see the barges over there, moored along the side of the river. You will sit on one of them as we pass."

"Yes, I think I do," said Mary, looking across the meadow in the direction in which he pointed; "you mean those great gilded things. But I don't see the river."

"Shall we walk round there? It won't take us ten minutes."

"But we must not leave the walk and all the people. It is so amusing here."

"Then you will wear our colours at the procession to-morrow?"

"Yes, if Katie doesn't mind. At least if they are pretty. What are your colours?"

"Blue and white. I will get you some ribbons to-morrow morning."

"Very well, and I will make them up into rosettes."

"Why, do you know them?" asked Tom, as she bowed to two gentlemen in masters' caps and gowns, whom they met in the crowd.

"Yes; at least we met them last night."

"But do you know who they are?"

"Oh yes; they were introduced to us, and I talked a great deal to them. And Katie scolded me for it when we got home. No; I won't say scolded me, but looked very grave over it."

"They are two of the leaders of the Tractarians."

"Yes. That was the fun of it. Katie was so pleased and interested with them at first; much more than I was. But when she found out who they were she fairly ran away, and I stayed and talked on. I don't think they said anything very dangerous. Perhaps one of them wrote No. 90. Do you know?"

"I dare say. But I don't know much about it. However, they must have a bad time of it, I should think, up here with the old dons."

"But don't you think one likes people who are persecuted? I declare I would listen to them for an hour, though I didn't understand a word, just to show them that I wasn't afraid of them, and sympathised with them. How can people be so ill-natured? I'm sure they only write what they believe, and think will do good."

"That's just what most of us feel," said Tom; "we hate to see them put down because they don't agree with the

swells up here. You'll see how they will be cheered in the theatre."

"Then they are not unpopular and persecuted after all?"

"Oh yes, by the dons. And that's why we all like them. From fellow-feeling you see, because the dons bully them and us equally."

"But I thought they were dons too?"

"Well, so they are, but not regular dons, you know, like the Proctors, and Deans, and that sort."

His companion did not understand this delicate distinction, but was too much interested in watching the crowd to inquire further.

Presently they met two of the heads of houses walking with several strangers. Every one was noticing them as they passed, and of course Tom was questioned as to who they were. Not being prepared with an answer he appealed to Hardy, who was just behind them talking to Miss Winter. They were some of the celebrities on whom honorary degrees were to be conferred, Hardy said; a famous American author, a foreign ambassador, a well-known Indian soldier, and others. Then came some more M.A.'s, one of whom this time bowed to Miss Winter.

"Who was that, Katie?"

"One of the gentlemen we met last night. I did not catch his name, but he was very agreeable."

"Oh, I remember. You were talking to him for a long time after you ran away from me. I was very curious to know what you were saying, you seemed so interested."

"Well, you seem to have made the most of your time last night," said Tom; "I should have thought, Katie, you would hardly have approved of him either."

"But who is he?"

"Why, the most dangerous man in Oxford. What do they call him—a Germanizer and a rationalist, is'nt it, Hardy?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Hardy.

"Oh, think of that! There, Katie; you had much better have stayed by me after all. A Germanizer, didn't you say? What a hard word. It must be much worse than Tractarian. Isn't it now?"

"Mary dear, pray take care; every body will hear you," said Miss Winter.

"I wish I thought that every body would listen to me," replied Miss Mary. "But I really will be very quiet, Katie,—only I must know which is the worst, my Tractarians or your Germanizer?"

"Oh, the Germanizer of course," said Tom.

"But why?" said Hardy, who could do no less than break a lance for his companion. Moreover he happened to have strong convictions on these subjects.

"Why? Because one knows the worst of where the Tractarians are going. They may go to Rome and there's an end of it. But the Germanizers are going into the abysses, or no one knows where."

"There, Katie, you hear, I hope," interrupted Miss Mary, coming to her companion's rescue before Hardy could bring his artillery to bear, "but what a terrible place Oxford must be. I declare it seems quite full of people whom it is unsafe to talk with."

"I wish it were, if they were all like Miss Winter's friend," said Hardy. And then the crowd thickened, and they dropped behind again. Tom was getting to think more of his companion and less of himself every minute, when he was suddenly confronted in the walk by Benjamin, the Jew money-lender, smoking a cigar and dressed in a gaudy figured satin waistcoat and water fall of the same material, and resplendent with jewellery. He had business to attend to in Oxford at this time of the year. Nothing escaped the eyes of Tom's companion.

"Who was that?" she said; "what a dreadful looking man! Surely he bowed as if he knew you?"

"I dare say. He is impudent enough for anything," said Tom.

"But who is he?"

"Oh, a rascally fellow who sells bad cigars and worse wine."

Tom's equanimity was much shaken

by the apparition of the Jew. The remembrance of the bill scene at the public house in the Corn-market, and the unsatisfactory prospect in that matter, with Blake plucked and Drysdale no longer a member of the University and utterly careless as to his liabilities, came across him, and made him silent and absent.

He answered at hazard to his companion's remarks for the next minute or two, until, after some particularly inappropriate reply, she turned her head and looked at him for a moment with steady wide open eyes, which brought him to himself, or rather drove him into himself, in no time.

"I really beg your pardon," he said; "I was very rude, I fear. It is so strange to me to be walking here with ladies. What were you saying?"

"Nothing of any consequence — I really forget. But is it a very strange thing for you to walk with ladies here?"

"Strange! I should think it was! I have never seen a lady that I knew up here, till you came."

"Indeed! but there must be plenty of ladies living in Oxford?"

"I don't believe there are. At least, we never see them."

"Then you ought to be on your best behaviour when we do come. I shall expect you now to listen to everything I say, and to answer my silliest questions."

"Oh, you ought not to be so hard on us."

"You mean that you are not used to answering silly questions? How wise you must all grow, living up here together."

"Perhaps. But the wisdom doesn't come down to the first-year men; and so—"

"Well, why do you stop?"

"Because I was going to say something you might not like."

"Then I insist on hearing it. Now, I shall not let you off. You were saying that wisdom does not come so low as first-year men; and so—what?"

"And so—and so, they are not wise."

"Yes, of course; but that was not what you were going to say; and so—"

"And so they are generally agreeable, for wise people are always dull; and so—ladies ought to avoid the dons."

"And not avoid first-year men?"

"Exactly so."

"Because they are foolish, and therefore fit company for ladies. Now, really—"

"No, no; because they are foolish, and, therefore, they ought to be made wise; and ladies are wiser than dons."

"And therefore, duller, for all wise people, you said, were dull."

"Not all wise people; only people who are wise by cramming,—as dons; but ladies are wise by inspiration."

"And first-year men, are they foolish by inspiration and agreeable by cramming, or agreeable by inspiration and foolish by cramming?"

"They are agreeable by inspiration in the society of ladies."

"Then they can never be agreeable, for you say they never see ladies."

"Not with the bodily eye, but with the eye of fancy."

"Then their agreeableness must be all fancy."

"But it is better to be agreeable in fancy than dull in reality."

"That depends upon whose fancy it is. To be agreeable in your own fancy is compatible with being as dull in reality as—"

"How you play with words; I see you won't leave me a shred either of fancy or agreeableness to stand on."

"Then I shall do you good service. I shall destroy your illusions; you cannot stand on illusions."

"But remember what my illusions were,—fancy and agreeableness."

"But your agreeableness stood on fancy, and your fancy on nothing. You had better settle down at once on the solid basis of dulness, like the dons."

"Then I am to found myself on fact, and try to be dull? What a conclusion! But perhaps dulness is no more a fact than fancy;—what is dulness?"

"Oh, I do not undertake to define; you are the best judge."

"How severe you are! Now, see how generous I am. Dulness in society is the absence of ladies."

"Alas, poor Oxford! Who is that in the velvet sleeves? Why do you touch your cap?"

"That is the proctor. He is our Cerberus; he has to keep all undergraduates in good order."

"What a task! He ought to have three heads."

"He has only one head, but it is a very long one. And he has a tail like any Basha, composed of pro-proctors, marshals, and bull-dogs, and I don't know what all. But to go back to what we were saying—"

"No, don't let us go back. I'm tired of it; besides, you were just beginning about dulness. How can you expect me to listen now?"

"Oh, but do listen, just for two minutes. Will you be serious? I do want to know what you really think when you hear the case."

"Well, I will try,—for two minutes, mind."

Upon gaining which permission Tom went off into an interesting discourse on the unnaturalness of men's lives at Oxford, which it is by no means necessary to inflict on my readers. As he was waxing eloquent and sentimental, he chanced to look from his companion's face for a moment in search of a simile, when his eyes alighted on that virtuous member of society, Dick, the factotum of the Choughs, who was taking his turn in the long walk with his betters. Dick's face was twisted into an uncomfortable grin; his eyes were fixed on Tom and his companion; and he made a sort of half motion towards touching his hat, but couldn't quite carry it through, and so passed by.

"Ah! ain't he a going of it again," he muttered to himself; "jest like 'em all."

Tom didn't hear the words, but the look had been quite enough for him, and he broke off short in his speech, and turned his head away, and, after two or three flounderings which Mary seemed not to notice, stopped short, and let Miss Winter and Hardy join them.

"It's getting dark," he said, as they came up; "the walk is thinning; ought we not to be going? Remember, I am in charge."

"Yes, I think it is time."

At this moment the great Christ Church bell,—Tom, by name,—began to toll.

"Surely that can't be Tom?" Miss Winter said, who had heard the one hundred and one strokes on former occasions.

"Indeed it is, though."

"But how very light it is."

"It is almost the longest day in the year, and there hasn't been a cloud all day."

They started to walk home all together, and Tom gradually recovered himself, but left the labouring oar to Hardy, who did his work very well, and persuaded the ladies to go on and see the Ratcliffe by moonlight—the only time to see it, as he said, because of the shadows—and just to look in at the old quadrangle of St. Ambrose.

It was almost ten o'clock when they stopped at the lodgings in High Street. While they were waiting for the door to be opened, Hardy said—

"I really must apologize, Miss Winter, to you, for my intrusion to-night. I hope your father will allow me to call on him."

"Oh yes! pray do; he will be so glad to see any friend of my cousin's."

"And if I can be of any use to him; or to you, or your sister"—

"My sister! Oh, you mean Mary? She is not my sister."

"I beg your pardon. But I hope you will let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

"Indeed we will. Now, Mary, papa will be worrying about us." And so the young ladies said their adieus, and disappeared.

"Surely you told me they were sisters," said Hardy, as the two walked away towards College.

"No, did I? I don't remember."

"But they are your cousins?"

"Yes; at least Katie is. Don't you like her?"

"Of course; one can't help liking her. But she says you have not met for two years or more."

"No more we have."

"Then I suppose you have seen more of her companion lately?"

"Well, if you must know, I never saw her before yesterday."

"You don't mean to say that you took me in there to-night when you had never seen one of the young ladies before, and the other not for two years! Well, upon my word, Brown—"

"Now don't blow me up, old fellow, to-night—please don't. There, I give in. Don't hit a fellow when he's down. I'm so low." Tom spoke in such a deprecating tone, that Hardy's wrath passed away.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "You seemed to be full of talk. I was envying your fluency, I know, often."

"Talk; yes, so I was. But didn't you see Dick in the walk? You have never heard anything more?"

"No; but no news is good news."

"Heigho! I'm awfully down. I want to talk to you. Let me come up."

"Come along then." And so they disappeared into Hardy's lodgings.

The two young ladies, meanwhile, soothed old Mr. Winter, who had eaten and drunk more than was good for him, and was naturally put out thereby. They soon managed to persuade him to retire, and then followed themselves—first to Mary's room, where that young lady burst out at once, "What a charming place it is! Oh! didn't you enjoy your evening, Katie?"

"Yes; but I felt a little awkward without any chaperone. You seemed to get on very well with my cousin. You scarcely spoke to us in the Long Walk till just before we came away. What were you talking about?"

Mary burst into a gay laugh. "All sorts of nonsense," she said. "I don't think I ever talked so much nonsense in my life. I hope he isn't shocked. I don't think he is. But I said anything that came into my head. I couldn't help it. You don't think it wrong?"

"Wrong, dear? No, I'm sure you could say nothing wrong."

"I'm not so sure of that. But, Katie dear, I know there is something on his mind."

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh! because he stopped short twice, and became quite absent, and seemed not to hear anything I said."

"How odd! I never knew him do so. Did you see any reason for it?"

"No; unless it was two men we passed in the crowd. One was a vulgar looking wretch, who was smoking—a fat black thing, with such a thick nose, covered with jewellery—"

"Not his nose, dear?"

"No, but his dress; and the other was a homely, dried up little man, like one of your Englebourn troubles. I'm sure there is some mystery about them, and I shall find it out. But how did you like his friend, Katie?"

"Very much indeed. I was rather uncomfortable at walking so long with a stranger. But he was very pleasant, and is so fond of Tom. I am sure he is a very good friend for him."

"He looks a good man; but how ugly!"

"Do you think so? We shall have a hard day to-morrow. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Katie. But I don't feel a bit sleepy." And so the cousins kissed one another, and Miss Winter went to her own room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LECTURING A LIONESS.

THE evening of Show Sunday may serve as a fair sample of what this eventful Commemoration was to our hero. The constant intercourse with ladies—with such ladies as Miss Winter and Mary—young, good-looking, well-spoken, and creditable in all ways, was very delightful, and the more fascinating, from the sudden change which their presence wrought in the ordinary mode of life

of the place. They would have been charming in any room, but were quite irresistible in his den, which no female presence, except that of his blowsy old bed-maker, had lightened since he had been in possession. All the associations of the freshman's rooms were raised at once. When he came in at night now, he could look sentimentally at his arm-chair (christened "The Captain," after Captain Hardy), on which Katie had sat to make breakfast; or at the brass peg on the door, on which Mary had hung her bonnet and shawl, after displacing his gown. His very teacups and saucers, which were already a miscellaneous set of several different patterns, had made a move almost into his affections; at least, the two—one brown, one blue — which the young ladies had used. A human interest belonged to them now, and they were no longer mere crockery. He thought of buying two very pretty China ones, the most expensive he could find in Oxford, and getting them to use these for the first time, but rejected the idea. The fine new ones, he felt, would never be the same to him. They had come in and used his own rubbish; that was the great charm. If he had been going to give *them* cups, no material would have been beautiful enough; but for his own use after them, the commoner the better. The material was nothing, the association everything. It is marvellous the amount of healthy sentiment of which a naturally soft-hearted undergraduate is capable by the end of the summer term. But sentiment is not all one-sided. The delights which spring from sudden intimacy with the fairest and best part of the creation, are as far above those of the ordinary unmitigated, undergraduate life, as the British citizen of 1860 is above the rudimentary personage in prehistoric times from whom he has been gradually improved, up to his present state of enlightenment and perfection. But each state has also its own troubles as well as its pleasures; and, though the former are a price which no decent fellow would boggle at for a moment, it is useless to pretend that paying them is pleasant.

Now, at Commemoration, as elsewhere, where men do congregate, if your lady-visitors are not pretty or agreeable enough to make your friends and acquaintance eager to know them, and to cater for their enjoyment, and try in all ways to win their favour and cut you out, you have the satisfaction at any rate of keeping them to yourself, though you lose the pleasures which arise from being sought after, and made much of for their sakes, and feeling raised above the ruck of your neighbours. On the other hand, if they are all this, you might as well try to keep the sunshine and air to yourself. Universal human nature rises up against you; and, besides, they will not stand it themselves. And, indeed, why should they? Women, to be very attractive to all sorts of different people, must have great readiness of sympathy. Many have it naturally, and many work hard in acquiring a good imitation of it. In the first case it is against the nature of such persons to be monopolized for more than a very short time; in the second, all their trouble would be thrown away if they allowed themselves to be monopolized. Once in their lives, indeed, they will be, and ought to be, and that monopoly lasts, or should last, for ever; but instead of destroying in them that which was their great charm, it only deepens and widens it, and the sympathy which was before fitful, and, perhaps, wayward, flows on in a calm and healthy stream, blessing and cheering all who come within reach of its exhilarating and life-giving waters.

But man of all ages is a selfish animal, and unreasonable in his selfishness. It takes every one of us in turn many a shrewd fall in our wrestlings with the world to convince us that we are not to have everything our own way. We are conscious in our inmost souls that man is the rightful lord of creation; and, starting from this eternal principle, and ignoring, each man-child of us in turn, the qualifying truth that it is to man in general, including woman, and not to Thomas Brown in particular, that the earth has been given, we set about asserting our kingships each in his own

way, and proclaiming ourselves kings from our own little ant-hills of thrones. And then come the strugglings and the downfallings, and some of us learn our lesson and some learn it not. But what lesson? That we have been dreaming in the golden hours when the vision of a kingdom rose before us? That there is in short no kingdom at all, or that, if there be, we are no heirs of it?

No—I take it that, while we make nothing better than that out of our lesson, we shall have to go on spelling at it and stumbling over it, through all the days of our life, till we make our last stumble, and take our final header out of this riddle of a world, which we once dreamed we were to rule over, exclaiming "vanitas vanitatum" to the end. But man's spirit will never be satisfied without a kingdom, and was never intended to be satisfied so; and a wiser than Solomon tells us day by day that our kingdom is about us here, and that we may rise up and pass in when we will at the shining gates which He holds open, for that it is His, and we are joint heirs of it with Him.

On the whole, however, making allowances for all drawbacks, those Commemoration days were the pleasantest days Tom had ever known at Oxford. He was with his uncle and cousins early and late, devising all sorts of pleasant entertainments and excursions for them, introducing all the pleasantest men of his acquaintance, and taxing all the resources of the College, which at such times were available for undergraduates as well as their betters, to minister to their comfort and enjoyment. And he was well repaid. There was something perfectly new to the ladies, and very piquant in the life and habits of the place. They found it very diverting to be receiving in Tom's rooms, presiding over his breakfasts and luncheons, altering the position of his furniture, and making the place look as pretty as circumstances would allow. Then there was pleasant occupation for every spare hour, and the fêtes and amusements were all unlike everything but themselves. Of course the ladies at once became enthusiastic St. Ambrosians, and managed in spite of all distractions to find time for making up rosettes and bows of blue and white, in which to appear at the procession of the boats, which was the great event of the Monday. Fortunately Mr. Winter had been a good oar in his day, and had pulled in one of the first four-oars in which the University races had commenced some thirty-five years before; and Tom, who had set his mind on managing his uncle, worked him up almost into enthusiasm and forgetfulness of his maladies, so that he raised no objection to a five o'clock dinner, and an adjournment to the river almost immediately afterwards. Jervis, who was all-powerful on the river, at Tom's instigation got an arm-chair for him in the best part of the University barge, while the ladies, after walking along the bank with Tom and others of the crew, and being instructed in the colours of the different boats, and the meaning of the ceremony, took their places in the front row on the top of the barge, beneath the awning and the flags, and looked down with hundreds of other fair strangers on the scene, which certainly merited all that Tom had said of it on faith.

The barges above and below the University barge, which occupied the post of honour, were also covered with ladies, and Christchurch meadow swarmed with gay dresses and caps and gowns. On the opposite side the bank was lined with a crowd in holiday clothes, and the punts plied across without intermission loaded with people, till the groups stretched away down the towing path in an almost continuous line to the starting place. Then one after another the racing-boats, all painted and polished up for the occasion, with the College flags drooping at their sterns, put out and passed down to their stations, and the bands played, and the sun shone his best. And then after a short pause of expectation the distant bank became all alive, and the groups all turned one way, and came up the towing path again, and the foremost boat with the blue and white flag shot through the Gut and came up the reach,

followed by another, and another, and another, till they were tired of counting, and the leading boat was already close to them before the last had come within sight. And the bands played up all together, and the crowd on both sides cheered as the St. Ambrose boat spurted from the Cherwell, and took the place of honour at the winning-post, opposite the University barge, and close under where they were sitting.

"Oh, look, Katie dear; here they are. There's Tom, and Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Jervis;" and Mary waved her handkerchief and clapped her hands, and was in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, in which her cousin was no whit behind her. The gallant crew of St. Ambrose were by no means unconscious of, and fully appreciated, the compliment.

Then the boats passed up one by one; and, as each came opposite to the St. Ambrose boat, the crews tossed their oars and cheered, and the St. Ambrose crew tossed their oars and cheered in return; and the whole ceremony went off in triumph, notwithstanding the casualty which occurred to one of the torpids. The torpids being filled with the refuse of the rowing-men—generally awkward or very young oarsmen—find some difficulty in the act of tossing; no very safe operation for an unsteady crew. Accordingly, the torpid in question, having sustained her crew gallantly till the saluting point, and allowed them to get their oars fairly into the air, proceeded gravely to turn over on her side, and shoot them out into the stream.

A thrill ran along the top of the barges, and a little scream or two might have been heard even through the notes of Annie Laurie, which were filling the air at the moment; but the band played on, and the crew swam ashore, and two of the punt-men laid hold of the boat and collected the oars, and nobody seemed to think anything of it.

Katie drew a long breath.

"Are they all out, dear?" she said; "can you see? I can only count eight."

"Oh, I was too frightened to look. Let me see; yes, there are nine; there's one by himself, the little man pulling the weeds off his trousers."

And so they regained their equanimity, and soon after left the barge, and were escorted to the Hall of St. Ambrose by the crew, who gave an entertainment there to celebrate the occasion; which Mr. Winter was induced to attend and pleased to approve, and which lasted till it was time to dress for the ball, for which a proper chaperone had been providentially found. And so they passed the days and nights of Commemoration.

But it is not within the scope of this work to chronicle all their doings—how, notwithstanding balls at night, they were up to chapel in the morning, and attended flower-shows at Worcester and musical promenades in New College, and managed to get down the river for a pic-nic at Nuneham, besides seeing everything that was worth seeing in all the colleges. How it was done, no man can tell; but done it was, and they seemed only the better for it all. They were waiting at the gates of the theatre amongst the first, tickets in hand, and witnessed the whole scene, wondering no little at the strange mixture of solemnity and licence, the rush and crowding of the undergraduates into their gallery, and their free and easy way of taking the whole proceedings under their patronage, watching every movement in the amphitheatre and on the floor, and shouting approval or disapproval of the heads of their republic of learning, or of the most illustrious visitors, or cheering with equal vigour the ladies, Her Majesty's ministers, or the prize poems. It is a strange scene certainly, and has probably puzzled many persons besides young ladies. One can well fancy the astonishment of the learned foreigner, for instance, when he sees the head of the University, which he has reverenced at a distance from his youth up, rise in his robes in solemn convocation to exercise one of the highest of university functions, and hears his sonorous Latin periods interrupted by "three cheers for the ladies in pink bonnets;" or, when some man is introduced for an honorary degree, whose name may be known

throughout the civilized world, and the Vice-Chancellor, turning to his compeers, inquires, "Placetne vobis, domini doctores, placetne vobis, magistri," and he hears the voices of doctors and masters drowned in contradictory shouts from the young Demos in the gallery, "Who is he?" "Non placet!" "Placet!" "Why does he carry an umbrella?" It is thoroughly English, and that is just all that need, or indeed can, be said for it all; but not one in a hundred of us would alter it if we could, beyond suppressing some of the personalities which of late years have gone somewhat too far.

After the theatre there was a sumptuous lunch in All Souls', and then a fête in St. John's Gardens. Now, at the aforesaid luncheon, Tom's feelings had been severely tried; in fact, the little troubles which, as has been before hinted, are incident to persons, especially young men in his fortunate predicament, came to a head. He was separated from his cousins a little way. Being a guest, and not an important one in the eyes of the All Souls' fellows, he had to find his level; which was very much below that allotted to his uncle and cousins. In short, he felt that they were taking him about, instead of he them—which change of position was in itself trying; and Mary's conduct fanned his slumbering discontent into a flame. There she was, sitting between a fellow of All Souls', who was a collector of pictures and an authority in fine art matters, and the Indian officer who had been so recently promoted to the degree of D.C.L. in the theatre. There she sat, so absorbed in their conversation that she did not even hear a remark which he was pleased to address to her.

Whereupon he began to brood on his wrongs, and to take umbrage at the catholicity of her enjoyment and enthusiasm. So long as he had been the medium through which she was brought in contact with others, he had been well enough content that they should amuse and interest her; but it was a very different thing now.

So he watched her jealously, and raked up former conversations, and came to the conclusion that it was his duty to remonstrate with her. He had remarked, too, that she never could talk with him now without breaking away after a short time into badinage. Her badinage certainly was very charming and pleasant, and kept him on the stretch; but why should she not let him be serious and sentimental when he pleased? She did not break out in this manner with other people. So he really felt it to be his duty to speak to her on the subject—not in the least for his own sake, but for hers.

Accordingly, when the party broke up, and they started for the fête at St. John's, he resolved to carry out his intentions. At first he could not get an opportunity while they were walking about on the beautiful lawn of the great garden, seeing and being seen, and listening to music, and looking at choice flowers. But soon a chance offered. She stayed behind the rest without noticing it, to examine some specially beautiful plant, and he was by her side in a moment, and proposed to show her the smaller garden, which lies beyond, to which she innocently consented; and they were soon out of the crowd, and in comparative solitude.

She remarked that he was somewhat silent and grave, but thought nothing of it, and chatted on as usual, remarking upon the pleasant company she had been in at luncheon.

This opened the way for Tom's lecture.

"How easily you seem to get interested with new people!" he began.

"Do I?" she said. "Well, don't you think it very natural?"

"Wouldn't it be a blessing if people would always say just what they think and mean, though?"

"Yes, and a great many do," she replied, looking at him in some wonder, and not quite pleased with the turn things were taking.

"Any ladies, do you think? You know we haven't many opportunities of observing."

"Yes, I think quite as many ladies

as men. More, indeed, as far as my small experience goes."

"You really maintain deliberately that you have met people—men and women—who can talk to you or any one else for a quarter of an hour quite honestly, and say nothing at all which they don't mean—nothing for the sake of flattery, or effect, for instance?"

"Oh dear me, yes, often."

"Who, for example?"

"Our cousin Katie. Why are you so suspicious and misanthropical? There is your friend Mr. Hardy, again; what do you say to him?"

"Well, I think you may have hit on an exception. But I maintain the rule."

"You look as if I ought to object. But I shan't. It is no business of mine if you choose to believe any such disagreeable thing about your fellow-creatures."

"I don't believe anything worse about them than I do about myself. I know that I can't do it."

"Well, I am very sorry for you."

"But I don't think I am any worse than my neighbours."

"I don't suppose you do. Who are your neighbours?"

"Shall I include you in the number?"

"Oh, by all means, if you like."

"But I may not mean that you are like the rest. The man who fell among thieves, you know, had one good neighbour."

"Now, cousin Tom," she said, looking up with sparkling eyes, "I can't return the compliment. You meant to make me feel that I *was* like the rest—at least like what you say they are. You know you did. And now you are just turning round, and trying to slip out of it by saying what *you* don't mean."

"Well, cousin Mary, perhaps I was. At any rate, I was a great fool for my pains. I might have known by this time that you would catch me out fast enough."

"Perhaps you might. I didn't challenge you to set up your Palace of Truth. But, if we are to live in it, you are not to say all the disagreeable things and hear none of them."

"I hope not, if they must be disagreeable. But why should they be? I can't see why you and I, for instance, should not say exactly what we are thinking to one another without being disagreeable."

"Well, I don't think you made a happy beginning just now."

"But I am sure we should all like one another the better for speaking the truth."

"Yes; but I don't admit that I haven't been speaking the truth."

"You won't understand me. Have I said that you don't speak the truth?"

"Yes, you said just now that I don't say what I think and mean. Well, perhaps you didn't exactly say that, but that is what you meant."

"You are very angry, cousin Mary. Let us wait till"—

"No, no. It was you who began, and I will not let you off now."

"Very well, then. I did mean something of the sort. It is better to tell you than to keep it to myself."

"Yes, and now tell me your reasons," said Mary, looking down and biting her lip. Tom was ready to bite his tongue off, but there was nothing now but to go through with it.

"You make everybody that comes near you think that you are deeply interested in them and their doings. Poor Grey believes that you are as mad as he is about rituals and rubrics. And the boating men declare that you would sooner see a race than go to the best ball in the world. And you listened to the Dean's stale old stories about the schools, and went into raptures in the Bodleian about pictures and art with that fellow of Allsouls'. Even our old butler and the cook"—

Here Mary, despite her vexation, after a severe struggle to control it, burst into a laugh, which made Tom pause.

"Now you can't say that I am not really fond of jellies," she said.

"And you can't say that I have said anything so very disagreeable."

"Oh, but you have, though."

"At any rate I have made you laugh."

"But you didn't mean to do it. Now, go on."

"I have nothing more to say. You see my meaning, or you never will."

"If you have nothing more to say you should not have said so much," said Mary. "You wouldn't have me rude to all the people I meet, and I can't help it if the cook thinks I am a glutton."

"But you could help letting Grey think that you should like to go and see his night schools."

"But I should like to see them of all things."

"And I suppose you would like to go through the manuscripts in the Bodleian with the Dean. I heard you talking to him as if it was the dearest wish of your heart, and making a half engagement to go with him this afternoon, when you know that you are tired to death of him and so full of other engagements that you don't know where to turn."

Mary began to bite her lips again. She felt half inclined to cry, and half inclined to get up and box his ears. However she did neither, but looked up after a moment or two, and said—

"Well, have you any more unkind things to say?"

"Unkind, Mary?"

"Yes, they *are* unkind. How can I enjoy anything now when I shall know you are watching me, and thinking all sorts of harm of everything I say and do. However it doesn't much matter, for we go to-morrow morning."

"But you will give me credit at least for meaning you well?"

"I think you are very jealous and suspicious."

"You don't know how you pain me when you say that."

"But I must say what I think."

Mary set her little mouth, and looked down, and began tapping her boot with her parasol. There was an awkward silence while Tom considered within himself whether she was not right, and whether after all his own jealousy had not been the cause of the lecture he had been delivering much more than any unselfish wish for Mary's improvement.

"It is your turn now," he said presently, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and looking hard at the gravel. "I may have been foolishly jealous, and I thank you for telling me so. But you can tell me a great deal more if you will, quite as good for me to hear."

"No, I have nothing to say. I daresay you are open and true, and have nothing to hide or disguise, not even about either of the men we met in the Long Walk on Sunday."

He winced at this random shaft as if he had been stung, and she saw that it had gone home, and repented the next moment. The silence became more and more embarrassing. By good luck, however, their party suddenly appeared strolling towards them from the large garden.

"There's Uncle Robert and Katie, and all of them. Let us join them."

She rose up and he with her, and as they walked towards the rest he said quickly in a low voice, "Will you forgive me if I have pained you? I was very selfish, and am very sorry."

"Oh yes, we were both very foolish. But we won't do it again."

"Here you are at last. We have been looking for you everywhere," said Miss Winter, as they came up.

"I'm sure I don't know how we missed you. We came straight from the music tent to this seat, and have not moved. We knew you must come by sooner or later."

"But it is quite out of the way. It was quite by chance that we came round here."

"Isn't Uncle Robert tired, Katie?" said Tom; "he doesn't look well this afternoon."

Katie instantly turned to her father, and Mr. Winter declared himself to be much fatigued. So they wished their hospitable entertainers good-bye, and Tom hurried off and got a wheel chair for his uncle, and walked by his side to their lodgings. The young ladies walked near the chair also, accompanied by one

or two of their acquaintance; in fact, they could not move without an escort. But Tom never once turned his head for a glance at what was going on, and talked steadily on to his uncle, that he might not catch a stray word of what the rest were saying. Despite of all which self-denial, however, he was quite aware somehow when he made his bow at the door that Mary had been very silent all the way home.

Mr. Winter retired to his room to lie down, and his daughter and niece remained in the sitting room. Mary sat down and untied her bonnet, but did not burst into her usual flood of comments on the events of the day. Miss Winter looked at her and said—

"You look tired, dear, and over-excited."

"Oh yes, so I am. I've had such a quarrel with Tom."

"A quarrel—you're not serious?"

"Indeed I am, though. I quite hated him for five minutes at least."

"But what did he do?"

"Why he taunted me with being too civil to everybody, and it made me so angry. He said I pretended to take an interest in ever so many things, just to please people, when I didn't really care about them. And it isn't true now, Katie; is it?"

"No, dear. He never could have said that. You must have misunderstood him."

"There, I knew you would say so. And if it were true, I'm sure it isn't wrong. When people talk to you, it is so easy to seem pleased and interested in what they are saying—and then they like you, and it is so pleasant to be liked. Now, Katie, do you ever snap people's noses off, or tell them you think them very foolish, and that you don't care, and that what they are saying is all of no consequence?"

"I, dear? I couldn't do it to save my life!"

"Oh, I was sure you couldn't. And he may say what he will, but I'm quite sure he would not have been pleased if we had not made ourselves pleasant to his friends."

"That's quite true. He has told me himself half a dozen times how delighted he was to see you so popular."

"And you too, Katie?"

"Oh yes. He is very well pleased with me. But it is you who have turned all the heads in the college, Mary. You are Queen of St. Ambrose beyond a doubt just now."

"No, no, Katie; not more than you at any rate."

"I say yes, yes, Mary. You will always be ten times as popular as I; some people have the gift of it; I wish I had. But why do you look so grave again?"

"Why, Katie, don't you see you are just saying over again, only in a different way, what your provoking cousin—I shall call him Mr. Brown, I think, in future—was telling me for my good in St. John's Gardens. You saw how long we were away from you: well, he was lecturing me all the time, only think; and now you are going to tell it me all over again. But go on, dear; I shan't mind anything from you."

She put her arm round her cousin's waist, and looked up playfully into her face. Miss Winter saw at once that no great harm, perhaps some good, had been done in the passage of arms between her relatives.

"You made it all up," she said, smiling, "before we found you."

"Only just, though. He begged my pardon just at last, almost in a whisper, when you were quite close to us."

"And you granted it?"

"Yes, of course; but I don't know that I shall not recall it."

"I was sure you would be falling out before long, you got on so fast. But he isn't quite so easy to turn round your finger as you thought, Mary."

"Oh, I don't know that," said Mary, laughingly; "you saw how humble he looked at last, and what good order he was in."

"Well, dear, it's time to think whether we shall go out again."

"Let me see; there's the last ball. What do you say?"

"Why, I'm afraid poor papa is too

tired to take us, and I don't know with whom we could go. We ought to begin packing, too, I think.

"Very well. Let us have tea quietly at home."

"I will write a note to Tom to tell him. He has done his best for us, poor fellow, and we ought to consider him a little."

"Oh yes, and ask him and his friend Mr. Hardy to tea, as it is the last night."

"If you wish it I should be very glad; they will amuse papa."

"Certainly, and then he will see that I bear him no malice. And now I will go and just do my hair."

"Very well; and we will pack after they leave. How strange home will seem after all this gaiety."

"Yes; we seem to have been here a month."

"I do hope we shall find all quiet at Englebourn. I am always afraid of some trouble there."

To be continued.

KYLOE-JOCK AND THE WEIRD OF WANTON-WALLS.

A LEGEND: IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND," "HINCHBRIDGE HAUNTED," &c.

CHAPTER I.

OF THOSE WHOM IT CONCERNED, AND OF THE FIRST LEADINGS THERETO.

With the ending of the harvest-work came also, for the boy, Hugh Rowland, an end to his attempts to forget his over-arduous destiny of learning, and be carelessly happy in his measured holiday. The harvest had now brought everything close in to home that had outlasted summer, to give his solitary boyish wanderings any pleasure. Bare now was every rural hollow and slope; every leafy covert or marshy secret of strange creatures, and hidden fruits, and unknown flowers, was now barer than the pastoral uplands seemed by contrast with them.

To early boyhood, indeed, those pastoral uplands had hitherto been like a dreamy sign of all things that oppressed or wearied. With faint paths that wound into the distant glimpse of roads, crossed by many a sombre fir-belt or moory ridge, the horizon of Kirkhill was secluded from others of that Scottish border region; except one notch-like cleft far eastward between the hills. Thither the boy could look freely each morning when he rose, now that his nursery time was past; and from his own new bedroom window he might see the distant shining of some ancient castle, which was invisible save by the early sun; nay, if the air were clear, there was privately revealed to him an azure peak or two of mountains toward the south, that must be, as he guessed in secret, the very same which were told of in story—bounding a renowned and richer land, with all its endless wonders, from their own narrow region, so poor and wistful, so eager yet so barren. He had escaped, above all, from the thrall of Nurse Kirsty. That gaunt and stalwart virgin was still, indeed, invested with a might behind him, partaking of the Sybilline or Gorgonic; for she had swayed over him from of old that nameless tyranny within which were still firmly grasped the two younger subjects of her charge,—the little sister and tiny brother, sprightly Hannah and gravely-prattling Joey. Too long had Kirsty been settled in the household of Kirkhill Manse to be easily set aside or discredited: her domestic part was very necessary to the maternal tenderness in Mrs. Rowland; nay, in the Reverend Mr. Rowland's eyes, the tradition of Nurse Kirsty's inward piety still prevailed, outweighing far the wild words, if not the swell of bitter thoughts, with which Hugh had left her dominion.

For her power had been signally shown on that memorable occasion when the mother had entered amidst the rebellious scene caused by Hugh's scorn at those nursery lessons, which sufficed for little Hannah, and were quite august as yet for little Joey. Mrs. Rowland had said, with a vexed accent, that it was indeed time the boy should go to school. Then had Hugh affected to gloom and frown; though really rejoicing; for the mere name of any school, to which he could go, was well known to be a distant and glorious one, considering the rustic solitude of Kirkhill. But his inward triumph was very brief. At the open sound of their altercation, there had unclosed awfully, below stairs, the quiet door of the study-room; and, step by step deliberately ascending, Mr. Rowland had appeared. Before his grave front and lofty presence, the scene had fallen into the wonted order of such things when he directly beheld them. He had not seen the large head-dress of Kirsty flutter with anger, like the crest of a Medea, while she muttered syllables that were prophetic of evil to the boyish destinies; but saw only her attitude of uprising deference, with obsequious hands that smoothed her apron down, ere they were uplifted patiently, to testify against juvenile accusations, and show wonder at the mother's partial excuses. A boy's huge indignation had writhed through the form of Hugh Rowland, agitating his speech, burning in his face, convulsing him to the point of abusive epithets, gestures, and tears; wherewith he would have poured out the whole accumulated consciousness of Nurse Kirsty's crimes, and have exposed her and pointed her out for ever to disgrace; but that the method of this vast disclosure had failed him at the pinch. Then had his father pronounced his stern reproof, and straightway removed him along with his own solemn departure; thenceforward to be wholly under his own immediate charge, view, and superintendence, in those assiduous studies which were to prepare the boy for some other sphere. Whereat, clearly perceiving in his mind for the first time a dire secret, he resolved to bury it, nevertheless, in his own youthful breast. For it had been on the sudden made manifest to him that injustice was seated in every one around him, even that the very fondest persons were insecure, and the wisest were tyrannical; the whole household and the time being out of joint to his disadvantage.

His father, who before had partly taught him what he required to learn for the expected school, now altogether became his tutor. It was in truth an arduous elevation to which the boy had been emancipated—to have the direct benefit turned upon himself alone, all the week long in the silent ministerial library, of that robust and solid intellect which there prepared its own graver lessons for the whole Sabbath assemblage at Kirkhill. His father devoted a resolute purpose to this minor duty, and sought due intervals for its performance, with a regularity which no slight occasion broke. Sometimes it was only by taking Hugh out along with him, on his walks of pastoral visitation, that their growing studies in Latin were carried on without stoppage. As this expedient was oftener resorted to, side by side, book in hand, traversing the thinly-peopled district farther each time, it entailed a prospect of erudition whose future vastness the boy did not at all relish. But there was a certain comfort in the change from in-door tasks. Then for the first time did he feel the delight of passing beyond the small home-bounds. New out-door sights arose before him. Now it was the merrily-racing Ether-burn, that wound its stony current from the great farmstead, past the village of huge cornstacks and the vast hayricks, before the humble wheelwright's shed and the winking, clanging smithy, under the simple kail-yards of the hinds' cottages—a feudal hamlet, where the gathered fruits of the soil and the stalls of beasts overshadowed the human signs. Now, it was the desolate traces of former peasant dwellings and yeoman farms, upon the lonely width of field which they had once peopled closer, and fenced with cheerier divisions. Out

of doors his father's leisure was ampler, so also more patient; and, as they walked, it was not forbidden to see these things. Nay, at moments, it seemed wellnigh forgotten that he was a boy. Even the verge of a dread confidence seemed then at hand, into which his father would have taken him forthwith—but looked on him and remembered, so that they both shrank into themselves again, with Latin words and English meanings safe between; of which Hugh was then truly glad. He could not tell whether it was possible to sustain such communion for a moment, so immense and incomprehensible appeared the opening favour.

Often, in these walks with his father, did Hugh silently wonder whether at last he should actually see that strange place, *Wanton-Walls*, known to be within the bounds of Kirkhill parish, but familiar to him yet only as a name of mysterious fascination. Sometimes in their longer expeditions they must have been in sight of it, on the upper farm-land of the hills; yet he never dared to ask which it was of the distant places in view. A farm near a ruined tower he knew it to be. But there were several such in that far-stretched parish of the old wild Border-Country. At length, indeed, their course was actually to one upland farmstead, where a roofless stronghold of forgotten moss-troopers hung shattered over a brook. Not far away was the usual row of thatch that covered the hinds and bondagers of the place. These Mr. Rowland visited, as he had designed; and, when the visit was over, Hugh turned to move homeward again. But his father took the path leading by the farmer's house, where he paid his visit also, a little way further from the tower; and left Hugh wondering silently outside. For Hugh himself had rather preferred to view the tower, and think if it could be indeed that very Wanton-Walls, so deeply curious in its interest to him. Then, while he yet looked, his father returned to him, smiling, from the farmer's hospitable convoyance, and the boy's surprise involuntarily broke out aloud, "Was it *not* Wanton-Walls?" Indeed, it could not be—since, in the farmer's beaming visage and bald head, he had beheld those of a well-known elder, weekly seen at church in his right place.

A strange aspect did Mr. Rowland bend on his boy for an instant, at that betrayal of circuitous inquisitiveness. "Was there, then," he asked, in turn, —while he bent a severe regard upon his companion—"any special cause to be curious about Wanton-Walls, or any particular mark to know it by? For one, too, who had not heard the subject mentioned with his parents' knowledge, still less with their approval?"

Here might it have been possible for Hugh to have avenged himself on Nurse Kirsty, despite her pious air. She alone had known, and told him, that the minister never visited at the rich farm-house of Wanton-Walls, though he did not neglect its humble hinds; and that Mr. Murray, the farmer there, was no venerable character, no hospitable parishioner: though as to the ground of quarrel, if she indeed knew its true occasion, she had confined her story to mystic looks and wise shakings of the head. Nevertheless it would have been too much for the boy thus to drag down the pillars for their joint ruin, his own and Kirsty's. He hid the truth, while his eye sank and his cheek burned; his reply steadily deceiving the superior glance, that tried him less in suspicion, perhaps, than in dissatisfaction at the want of filial trust. Mr. Rowland turned away reassured in his own singlemindedness, and if there was any sternly-wistful light in his firm eye, as he gazed far forward over the solitary hills, it was not then known.

Again, one day of latest autumn, they took their path in quite another direction over the hills, still holding peripatetic school, on the way to fulfil some ordinary charge of the clerical office, ecclesiastical or pastoral. A spectacle to ploughing rustics, they passed up together to the curious niche that glimmered in the sombre wall of high-hung firwood, so long a mystery in the distance, out of which dropped from time to time all sorts of transient and separate figures

upon the lonely cart-road leading from it. They found it now no cavern of robbers, indeed, nor back-postern of a dark fortress, nor mine below a strange city of spired and pinnacled and fretted gloom; but only the entrance that let them in through the plantation, itself mysterious, towards a clearer road, like the highway of the world. They were passing amidst the ever-clothed barrier of serried pines, shaggy and sharply-tipped and bronze-coloured, along whose skirt the fires of gipsies had twinkled, down from which the fox had come, and where the black *kyloes*, wandering through, had at times clustered their huge white horns, before they fled back again at some mightier terror than they themselves aroused. There the chill air now struck less shrewdly than elsewhere—sifted into stillness behind, through the bearded caves that now seemed magically evergreen, hung with fruits of all seasons, from purple buds to a ripeness like the carved peg-top or the foreign shell of the sea-urchin. Within was a pillared shade, stretching endless to either hand, where birds were still happy above, and where, below, over the countless fallen cones, among unfathomable softness of the down-dropt spines, amphibious creatures vanished to remote silence through the stalks and sprays of the wan grasses, that shot high toward pendent tendrils of whitest moss, while uncouth funguses bloomed round like flowers. Much better to behold all this than to listen to Nurse Kirsty's vain attempts to wile or frighten by fables not half so wonderful—even although his father did not stop their task for it, except to open a cattle-gate, or let him mount the rude stile upon their way. Mr. Rowland had still in his hand the same familiar list of vocables, nouns substantive and adjective, relating to the commonest objects around, or often met with, which Hugh had been learning, for months before. The early colloquies of *Corderius*, sustained by boys of tranquil Latin mind and Latin habits, had for a time betrayed him into abstruser knowledge; and that day was but one of steady revisal, securing the previous ground, repairing the decayed steps—as was that clear-minded teacher's wont, before he rose to the stage of some new enterprise. Hence the very keenness of the upper atmosphere had exhilaration in its breath for both; as, without a disturbing censure, they reached the shepherd's cottage, where other matters came in view; coming round also, on their homeward circuit, by the hedger and ditcher's, whose child was ill. Above them, as they turned from thence, bulged far and wide the upper hilly region; fenceless, grey, and mottled with dark furze, that swelled over in unknown wastes—whether to a wilderness beyond endurance, or to yet unconceived prospects of the great peopled world, whose chiefest road had seemed of late to tend that way. Yea, this same road was now palpably discovered to wind round the fir-plantation; to be a puzzle no longer, but to go on, a rutted cart-road still; and there only leave the eye behind it, because it narrowed in long perspective, steadily regardless of those upland solitudes. To complete the disenchantment, *there*, on his slow homeward circuit before them, was their own man Andrew on the cart, with the old grey mare, Beauty, sleepily nodding on the coals and market things he had fetched so far—having risen ere daybreak, as usual, to go to his boasted Abbey-town of Milsom, that source of marvel; which, for all he ever told at the kitchen fire, might have been a thousand miles away. Once for all detected at broad noon so stupidly returning, Andrew would not be able to make such a mystery of his journeys to Milsom after this. Hugh, crossing down the wood again with his father, would be home before him; and, by the time Andrew should issue from the stable, ready to shake his head wisely, with all his other dignities in mind, of bellman, bethral, sexton, and church-officer, officer to the kirk-session also—in one word, the Minister's Man—would not Hugh in private be able to nod wisely to Andrew in turn?

Speedily, therefore, they would have retraced their way through the fir-planta-

tions, losing sight of road or hills, but for Hugh's father, who had not noticed Andrew. It was the upper pasture that drew notice from Mr. Rowland as they crossed its edge again. This time he seemed to look on the scene with an amount of interest which he had not shown before, whether at the wild cry of the *peewit* flitting round, or the savage aspects of those wandering cattle —those long-horned *kyloes* from some mountain land of the fabled north, soot-black, or dun, or livid—which at this season made irruption there. Raising their shaggy fronts, these creatures still glared, as before, without fear at the intruders; they even trooped upward undaunted from the sheep-track and the farm-land, at the bidding of some higher power. The sight of them still stirred in Hugh a thrill of the boyish tremor felt at passing them the first time. This dread would have been even yet a panic flight, if the return had been alone; if it had been free from the same unquestionable paternal control, close at hand. And this time there rose a further need of the authoritative influence, for there were other objects in view than the *kyloes*. Shaggier than the *kyloes* themselves, an uncouth grizzled dog ran silently below, and warned the savage cattle as they trooped; above, there stood to view the *kyloe*-herd in his own person, uncouther, shaggier than them all, in his flying shepherd-*maud*, with his bare head, and in his hand his red-knobbed bonnet waving backward, as he looked and whooped to some other place to which his whole attention seemed to be directed. Still he came leaping down with his eye eager upon the distance, without sight of Mr. Rowland, without apparent heed to his own retreating droves of kyloes. At the sudden sight of Mr. Rowland, indeed, he stopped like one transfixed, and hung his head, and gaped, yet made rude efforts at respect: while Mr. Rowland spoke to him, stooping to him graciously, and using softened tones and kind relaxings of his mien and glance, which struck Hugh as something strange. Was such softness in his father's manner reserved for strangers? Not even at church had Hugh seen this stranger before, that he remembered of—more like a great, large boy than man or lad; of speech so oddly broad, in the forbidden native tongue, that it made one tremble to be thought to understand it, and even Latin seemed scarce so different from the proper language required before the minister. Nor did he seem to have the power of hiding, if he tried, some side-long looks and leers of satisfaction, whether meant for the grave speaker before him, or for the youthful hearer's solemn eye beyond. Yet was the kyloe-herd asked about his health, and when the kyloe season would end, that he might go to school again, and come again to the church on Sabbaths: after which a penny was given him, and his shoulder also was patted kindly, ere they departed on their way! And he had been familiarly called "John:" appearing still to leave matter for silent thought in the mind of Mr. Rowland! Still, as Hugh noted, his father had not asked of this John at all, why he had whooped and waved to some distant place, or gazed towards it so eagerly; even as now, again, when released from his brief interview with Mr. Rowland, he ran up and jumped on tiptoe, to see and listen, straining eye and ear in the same direction, and heedless of his upward-tending *kyloes*.

All was yet apparently still through the keen autumn air above, and in the recesses of the firwood near them, when Mr. Rowland broke his reverie to remount the stile, resuming the Latin lesson ere they re-entered. The shadow on his brow had not been preceptorial this time, at all events. In truth, their mutual progress had all day been unusually successful. Without openly commending, he said that, if such progress lasted, and Hugh were diligent, in a week or two they might begin *Cornelius Nepos*. He was so speaking still—so taking it for granted that the prospect was a luxury for both—when a sound came clearly to the ears of both, that had once or twice been more faintly audible to the one of them; as if stirring the dis-

tance but in fancy, or only made at hand by some late wild-bee as it boomed upward, or some last survivor of the trumpeting gnats that might linger in the fragrant closeness of the fir-boughs. It was really, however, the huntsman's well-known horn, not seldom heard toward winter along the uplands of Kirkhill, when the fox was sought from Mellerstain, or driven to the Gordon moors. And in a minute after, far uphill, the fox himself shot out across a slope: while the cry of hounds was broken to querulous discord close by, in the deep plantation. But suddenly it streamed out with a fierce music over the nearest dyke, as they broke away in hot chase with one moment's piebald flash upon the moor into the clouds, many a scarlet-coated rider bursting forth to join their course, and whoop and hollo and gesture blending, as they vanished through the wind. Then for an instant had the boy's eye sparkled, all his veins tingling to run after and see farther, like that *kyloe*-herd. Close beside him, however, was that other eye—his father's—which had already uttered meanings understood too well. For, by *its* standard, no wrong to any inarticulate creature was venial; and once, when an earthworm had been wantonly cut through with a toy spade, before his study-window, he had chanced to observe it, and, raising the window awfully, had called the offender thither in the act, that one of the guilty fingers might there be cut, to feel and understand its sin—a penalty only relaxed on solemn promise of kindness for the future to everything alive, because the same Power had made and was supporting both them and the culprit. *Now* he spoke, though but a word or two, of the inhumanity in men, of the terror and pain in beasts; and would doubtless have left the subject willingly for their previous business, had not the very next occurrence kept it obvious before him. From the other side of the wood came hastening up two riders of the troop; from the foremost of whom, ere the trees disclosed them, there broke a loud imprecation while they looked about in their uncertainty. Then, seeing Mr. Rowland all at once, the speaker reined back his horse upon its haunches; his hand was lifted toward his hunting-cap, and he muttered a confused greeting—his health-flushed visage colouring higher yet, and taking a sullen aspect, like some chidden boy, ere with an awkward laugh he collected himself, praised the weather, and asked, as his companion only wiped his moist brows, what way the hounds had gone. Meantime, with a surprise equal to his, and flushing deeper than he, Mr. Rowland had drawn himself erect to all the dignity of his stature; then, at that question, looking strangely on the questioner, with an effort at stern self-control that no visible circumstances demanded, he might have been thought to tremble and grow pale.

"It would not become me or my business, Mr. Murray," he said, "to direct you in such matters. But it may be," he added, as from a sudden afterthought, his voice hoarse—at the same time turning away—"it is indeed probable, sir, that the cattle-herd yonder could inform you. Yes, I recommend you to *him*. See! Good day." And, pointing backward, he strode on, almost rudely indifferent to their hurried thanks as they spurred away toward the knolls and dyke-tops: where that leaping kyloe-keeper again found various posts of vantage, successively to see or hear the upland chase. In utter silence did the boy hasten behind his father, unnoticed when at first he overtook him. Somewhat stern was the abrupt resumption of their task for the brief remainder of the way home.

It was only to Mrs. Rowland, when after dinner the minister lingered a little on his way to the study, that he calmly mentioned his having spoken that day, for the first time in several years, to one of his parishioners who had long ceased to be a hearer. *She* knew, of course, about the tenant of Wanton-Walls and his repute. Ever since that sermon which offended him, as well it should, his church-coming had ceased. He was but like others of his order in that region of great lordly farms with subject hinds,

and a few humbler neighbours almost equally scorned. Full-blown and prosperous, often,—like this *laird* of distant Edenside, and owner of lands elsewhere,—they claimed part among the gentry without their better tastes, and rode about boldly, like Colonel Monilaws or Maviswood of Maviswood himself, except to church or to any other place of benefit. What, indeed, did they leave behind to their farm-*grieves*, who managed their thousand-acred holdings, of the sordid grossness of the soil that clung to them? They could but keep each other in dull countenance; swollen and red-faced men, too often thus hoary in their indifference, belonging now to the past generation; chiefly revelling apart in their own appropriate company, with such orgies as those that had been rumoured from Wanton-Walls since Mr. Murray ceased to go to church at all. The more reckless he, perhaps, at first, on that very account: but he had at no time been regular, as Mrs. Rowland could well remember, from the date of her own coming to Kirkhill. These men were dying out now. At Wanton-Walls, if ever meeting now-a-days, their mirth must be comparatively tame, blank, and secret, so little was it heard of lately. Then their example had no danger in it now. The humbler people, always seeming to have held it in dread, were taught its horror; and the better class looked down with contempt. For how *just* had been that condemnation launched in the said sermon—as all others had acknowledged, but the offender, that it was loudly called for—against vices such as his! It had been couched generally; without a personal inference, on any other individual's part, from the text that had chanced to strike him so. And Mrs. Rowland was, indeed, disposed to resent the course he had taken, in absenting himself from church in consequence; because, by universal admission, as she rather simply remarked, Mr. Rowland's preaching had greatly improved since then; nay, there were reasons to think, that gifts and labours, too little appreciated hitherto, would ere long produce their due result! The loss was the man's own, truly!

Her husband made little answer at that time, but leant his head forward on his hand, with an elbow on the table; his features working as if he took some blame to himself. He had been at that time offended in his turn, not condescending to go and visit Wanton-Walls for an unwilling hearer: and now there were years passed, so that it was more difficult to go than before. He rose at length, looking at her abstractedly, with some irrelevant reply, and went to study his weekly sermon.

CHAPTER II.

TOUCHING CERTAIN COINCIDENCES—ALSO THE NEW HORSE "RUTHERFORD."

Now, if there had been any reason as yet for piecing together various circumstances, or if the different members of this one household had but united their separate knowledge in a single thought, already might things that seemed unconnected have taken an intelligible shape.

Nurse Kirsty, brought up in her youth with the master's own family, could tell, perhaps, better than even he, of the beginnings of certain matters which occupied his thoughts. To her, too, the *Man* Andrew could have communicated divers parochial facts, and sundry records of that court yclept the Kirk-session; which, if Hugh had now mentioned the kyloe-herd to her, or spoken of Murray of Wanton-Walls at the fox-hunt, might have shed a light for her devout reflection. But the boy was estranged from Kirsty, with a feeling that tended to hatred at times; and as for Andrew, his unexpected marriage had just then removed him from her circle. Not only was he removed from the evening fireside in the kitchen, and from the stable-loft where he shared his bed with the glebe cow-boy; he was out of Kirsty's austere good graces altogether, at a cottar's hearth of his own, under the same thatch with the few *hinds* of little Kirkhill Farm. He was daily at

hand, indeed; his business lying daily nearer home, each day that told more plainly of winter. His flail was loud in the barn, his pitchfork rustling in byre and stable; and, however solid those tufted towers of corn he had been helped to build, if he now fell on one of them, to thresh and take to the mill, it soon gave way before his unaided might. Once a week, with a weapon like a giant's sword, he stood on the great hay-rick that had seemed to mimic the church itself, and shore one gable down till it was liker still. For the small red church had at one end a smaller structure, flat upon the top, and roofless, called the *aisle;* and, when frosty sunsets came redder each night, sometimes they would throw a ruddy gleam upon the stack-yard, with that implement of Andrew's glittering silent in the hay-rick, although the church itself was then left pale and peaceful toward the leaden clouds, skirted by bare branches.

In himself, Andrew was not solemn on every-days; nor did he in his common clothes speak severely; nor was he to the young mind inseparably associated with the bell-chain and pulpit-books, and with the sessions of secret discipline. And, instead of Andrew's growing less indulgent to the children, as he left the circle of Nurse Kirsty under her incurred displeasure, he was now even more good-humoured at any faults, more easy to access and curiosity. Very readily had he explained why the lad with the kyloes had seemed a stranger to Hugh; though so well known, and belonging to the parish. It was no other than poor John Scott, to whom Andrew himself was as an official guardian; "the bit orphan lad," the kind of *natural*, as they said—the *callant* that was *on* the parish; a decent lad enough, though his honest calling held him mostly of late from the kirk or school: the very same who was known, all round about, by the name of *Kyloe*-Jock. So much Hugh could easily learn. If there had been further interest to satisfy, it seemed beyond the informant's own remotest guess; for, in the man Andrew, whatever might be oracular was chiefly silent.

Curiosity itself could have needed no information respecting the Murrays of Wanton-Walls; had that house possessed the remotest connexion with the matter. If Mr. Rowland, from his secluded study, had never seen Mr. Murray ride by the Manse of late years, on the quiet road which passed behind; yet, at the high nursery-window looking over that road, there had been no such ignorance. No question could have existed *there* as to his riding still that way, when occasion led: like any other of the passers-by; who were all so few, so far between, and so important, that every one had been as a painted frontispiece or quaint initial to some ample comment or plenteous recital by Nurse Kirsty's tongue. Superfluous now, however, her readiest flow of prate upon many things, seen for oneself outside; and most of all upon this. She could not have told Hugh, in her least capricious mood, things half so entertaining about Wanton-Walls, as would rise to his fancy of their own accord, when he remembered how the restless horses had been flecked with foam, and their sinews swollen, their wide nostrils sending out blasts of breath, so that they scarce had stayed for their masters, except to know the track of the hunt; and how those crimson stains were in the scarlet coats, but were less odd than the spots that had rushed out in Mr. Murray's red face, as if the sight of Hugh's father had cut the man somewhere, like that unforgotten penknife. Was it all because of the absence from church, or had he killed so many foxes? Why, too, was there no such surprise and annoyance on the other hunter's face, so eager, yet so old and fat; with its white hair, and purple pimples on the nose; and with a laugh, in spite of those bad words that had been said?

But, as to wondering who Mr. Murray was, that would have been strange indeed at the Manse of Kirkhill, close as it was to the very churchyard, where all parish pedigrees of any note lay open, as in books, for those who could read. *There* a whole family of Wanton-Walls, before or coeval with Mr. Murray, were

among the nearest neighbours to life. They did not dwell outside, indeed, in the open churchyard—that summer playground of early boyhood—where the dandelions and buttercups glowed in the grass, and merry insects buzzed, and every gravestone was familiar. Their abode was even in a house,—a house that was shared, with hereditary state apart, between the Murrays themselves and a select few besides. As Wanton-Walls had long been tenanted by the family while living, so did their final resting-place when dead lie within the small end-aisle of the little parish church. Older than the present creed was Kirkhill Church; older also than the time of ploughs and harrows was Wanton-Walls: at which farmstead there stood, close by, a square and roofless Border-tower; while here, close by, was the small square end-aisle, an inclosure that never had been roofed at all. The sunlight and sky still looked in freely, as from the first; though the very moss-trooper of old had gone to dust in it, and the particular earth that was here had been consecrated, by priestlier hands than Mr. Rowland claimed to use.

Although, in early boyhood, Hugh could not have climbed the aisle-wall to look in like the sunlight and sky, nevertheless, in days less subject to fear, he had found a new pleasure there. Under the broad noon, while the upper farmhouse windows were in sight close by, he had sometimes stolen to the old sunlit door, and risen on tiptoe from some gathered stones, to peep curiously through the key-hole. Within, truly, was stillness itself, that yet sent forth a thrill to make the heart quiver. No ripple of the summer wind on the grass outside passed in to stir the tall fibres shooting there right upward, a living hair; to move the outspread hands of hemlocks that bore up their seed on high; to rustle the harmless nettles, or shake the puff-ball of the dandelion in its refuge. But it was not dark; nay, a companion ray of light was ever peeping in with the looker through the keyhole; and this went in aslant before the eye, touching part into fairy hues, throwing most of it into a green obscurity, making the rest rather marvellous than doleful. Under that built-up arch into the church-gable, where the ivy clung, one sparrow always made her inaccessible nest; on one corner of the open wall-cope, a single wallflower always seemed to thrive and grow golden in the sky: and if, below, there were old scattered fragments of things unspeakable,—mouldered pieces of broken deal, odd rusty handles, tarnished metal ornaments, scarce seen among the weeds; yet midway round—side facing side, front meeting *viewless* front more strangely,—what suspended variety of diverting image-work and lively enigma! The alphabet, made thus important, had been there; and spelling had then grown pleasant, even to the self-consciousness of a superior accuracy in the observer; while incipient arithmetic had practised itself with zeal, to compute those striking dates. *There* had been implied a kind of ethics and philosophy: they were so good, so exemplary for virtue, so sage, resigned, tranquil, and often pious, those records of Wanton-Walls, which stood for whole generations of parents, husbands, wives, or early-sainted children. And they had let dimly backward into history, by that ancient remnant of one heraldic tablet, which still bore the armed hand above the coat-of-arms—which still, with unobliterated Border wildness, silently cried the knightly war-cry, "*A moy, Ellyots.*" Modern allegory and poetry had been there, if but in embryo; where Time held his scythe, where cherubs and angels were rudely carved, or a later circlet of white marble was put in, to show a mourner by an urn, with lines of polite verse beneath. There, too, the preacher had uttered sermons to an attentive ear; for there were texts that needed long peering to decipher. Even there a teacher had propounded Latin lessons, that stirred the wish to understand them; for there was "*Resurgam*" and "*Sic itur ad astra*;" and one stone there was, only half seen from the keyhole, which began its legend with "*Memento!*", but showed not what it would have one to Remem-

ber, ere it passed out of sight too near the doorway.

Thus was Wanton-Walls so familiar, though as yet unseen; standing as it did on the utmost bounds of Kirkhill parish. And thus was old Mr. Murray, however absent from church, or estranged from the minister, nevertheless the well-known single representative of the most intimately-acquainted family of near neighbours. On that very account, he gave but little interest to boyhood, and cost it no concern. Far from caring to dwell on him or his matters, there could have been nothing from which Hugh so pleasantly relieved himself when lesson-time was over. Much gladder was it *then*, as the long twilights deepened to early nights, to skirt off around the churchyard and reach new pleasures by a circuit. Happier the hours ever grew, that could be gained by stealth in visiting the dear old farmhouse kitchen, where Mistress Arnot baked or spun, knitted or mended, still with her old foster-motherly favour about her, still homely and kind, despite her Amazonian temper and her thrifty sharpness. Yet rather than reach it some minutes sooner, by the stile and footpath, so natural once, that traversed the churchyard, Hugh Rowland would have stayed at home and lost the whole. It was late in the year; the nights deepened; it should have been winter!

No great sacrifice of sociality was required, for all that. He did not need to lose his hidden indulgence in those fireside sports of Halloween that make the dusk seem *eerier;* nor to give up hopes of witnessing the rustic masquerade of Hogmanay, when *guizards* would come rhyming in, to fight or die, to use mystic words, and usher the New Year with secular, profane, and superstitious mumming for pecuniary dole. Among the youthful neighbours it was rumoured—unknown to the parochial man-Andrew, still more deeply unknown to the minister—that of all the suspected guizards, or Christmas mummers of Kirkhill parish, the most skilful was *Kyloe*-Jock. Whether his charge upon the hill were gone for the winter, or left there untended, Jock would doubtless head the band, and be the great Alexander or conquering St. George. Soon, indeed, after the frost began, when the farmyard was at the merriest in the dusk of a Saturday afternoon—because then the parish school-children joined the game at *Bogle-round-the-stacks* on their way past—there would be seen among them, oftener and oftener, grown lad as he was, with his old tail-coat and his charge of kyloes, and his dog—setting aside his serious relation to the Kirk-session and Andrew the *bethral*—*Kyloe*-Jock in person, playing like the very eagerest. Among the eagerest would have been Hugh Rowland, but for the whisper of so imposing a visitor. As it was, the knowledge of so important a presence as that of *Kyloe*-Jock made Hugh shy and awkward, until when the infection of the sport caught him. Then, whirled into its vortex on the sudden, he insensibly forgot his awe; and, once or twice, darting breathless through the giddy labyrinth from some unknown pursuer, or changed by a magic touch into the pursuer himself, he almost dreaded that he and Jock might come immediately into contact. Yet on these occasions did Jock only familiarize himself to the sight by momentary glimpses, with a swiftness and a skill that never failed. It was strange that a being so superior should condescend to *play!*

At such times the forbidden touch of vulgar boys did encompass Hugh, with their forbidden voices and company—forbidden by his father because they were unknown: the touch, too, and the voice, and the company of their own glebe cowherd, little Will, which above all were forbidden by his father, because known very well. But how different was *Kyloe*-Jock, whom Hugh's father both knew and cared for! A herd, indeed: yet on how mighty a scale; wildly superior, invested with the greatness of the hill, ruler of untamed cattle! Nay, there was no danger of his companionship, were it such as could be disapproved; and, if it had been

possible to partake it in reverential deference for a moment, one must have partaken it with his dog too. An uninviting beast to behold, though seeming wise with a sagacity beyond nature, it was as the shadow or the waiting familiar spirit of Jock, whose plaid it sat upon, or between whose heels it jealously looked up, with that one eye which was not white and horny. In outer aspect like the picture of Abyssinian hyænas—one ear torn to a rag, which had been healed by time—through its name of *Bauldy* it repelled the more. For it only waited or followed, very gravely, while its master took holiday; needing no play itself, appearing to have witnessed such things so long with patience that it could have slept, were there no kyloes on the hill. So long as they were there, in truth, neither Bauldy nor his master grew distincter than shadows—both coming and going with the dusk. It was even said that in the daytime they watched by turns all night, and relieved each other, sharing the same rude bothy of furze and fern; while, if the lad had ever forgotten his wild black charge too long, the dog would have reminded him or returned alone.

Therefore the boy Rowland looked upon them the while as halfseen novelties, requiring no mention at home, and stole back thither quietly himself, through the early dark, across the shades from the windows, ever in time for due assemblage round the decorous tea-table, as well as for the solemn privilege, extended to him now, when the nursery was safe in bed, of waiting up to join the early household prayers. There the faces of Andrew, and Nurse Kirsty, and the other servant, joined no less solemnly. Their scrutiny then, at least, was not perilous. Perilous, indeed, would *one* scrutiny have been: had *it* not been always so unsuspicious, though so severe, in its single-minded prohibition of all evil. Such was the terror for Hugh of rousing that authority into wrath that the very gloom of those wintry nights in the churchyard would have been trivial by comparison, if there had been need—as there was not, save in an after-dream of remorse—to hurry backward through it, so as to be within doors in time. Such dreams there were that season. *Once* they took the form of an abhorred fascination to the deserted door of the end-aisle; which was suddenly flung open, and with horror did it seem as if straightway all the Murrays were bursting forth, to troop mounted, red-coated, with shout and tally-ho, to the hills above. But a relief of yet more sudden delight came in; for instead of them it was *Kyloe*-Jock without his Bauldy, though in knightly armour and a moss-trooper's helmet, riding gloriously on a headstone beside Hugh, as Hugh had often done alone. Then the kyloe-herd shouted angrily in his ear; and the shout was in Latin, as of the boys in Corderius; and he awoke rejoicing that it was not true.

Thus partly, perhaps, because about that time the old grey mare, Beauty, proved insufficient for the cart-work and winter ploughing; so that Andrew at length took her to Thirlstane Fair for sale; with money enough besides to buy another. He had come home successful with a younger horse, a stout brown nag; that had been most used, no doubt, to saddle and light harness, though sober enough now for other work. And when Andrew's master, the minister, saw it in the stable, he approved on the whole; for, as Andrew said gravely, on distant visitations and presbytery-days it was equally needful for them to have a good beast for their use, light of pace and pleasant to the eye, as to work the glebe well next spring—which said season was farther off besides than the dead of winter, now at hand, with its leisure for public duty, and its solemn calls that might not be put by.

Surely there must have risen in Andrew's shrewd eye, behind the minister's back, a curious twinkle; knowing something even then, as he must have done, of the new horse's previous ownership. He familiarly caressed it, and called it "Rutherford" by name; which to the children was a proof of his knowledge. For the rest, he had made

his purchase from a well-known dealer, whose final closure of the business might have involved some social refreshment, making Andrew more than ordinarily triumphant, candid, and well nigh loquacious on the subject. Still, if he knew the fact, he did not then let it out, by the faintest allusion, that "Rutherford" had some time or other been used as a hunter, and had actually once belonged to Mr. Murray of Wanton-Walls. It was a precarious and delicate subject as yet, at Kirkhill Manse, to speak of that person. And no hint of *this* could have pointed those coincidences of dreams, to which the mere changings of horses might have led.

To be continued.

PRIAM AND HECUBA.

ILIAD. BOOK XXII.

[The scene preceding the death of Hector is, perhaps, the most pathetic picture in the whole range of poetry. Achilles has defeated the Trojans and driven them into the city, but has been prevented from following them close by Apollo, who, in the shape of Agenor, has lured him away in another direction.]

Thus, flying wild like deer, to their city hurried the Trojans;
There from their sweat they cool'd, and assuaged the rage of their hot thirst,
Leaning against the crest of the wall; and *on* the Achaians
Nearer came, with their shoulders join'd, close locking their bucklers.
But outside to remain, his malign fate, Hector ensnarèd,
There in front of the Ilian wall and the Skaïan portals.
And thus then to Pelides outspake Phœbus Apollo:

"Why, O Peleus' son, in rapid pursuit dost thou urge me,—
Me, an immortal, a mortal thou?—nor, blindly, discernest
That I deity wear, and that thy anger is futile.
Carest thou not to distress thy Trojan foes, who have fled thee
Into the city safe, while thou rushest devious hither,
Seeking me to kill whose life is appointed immortal?"

Him, in wrath profound, thus addressed swift-footed Achilles:
"Ill with me hast thou dealt, malignant most of the godheads,
Luring me thus from the wall; else, sure full many a foeman
Earth had bit in his fall ere he reacht the Ilian ramparts.
Now from me thou hast snatcht my glory, and them thou hast savèd;
Small is the cost to thee, nor hadst thou fear of requital.
Swift should my vengeance be, if vengeance on thee were allow'd me."

Thus spake he, and in ire majestic toward the City
Bent his rapid career, like some victorious racer
When to the goal he his chariot whirls, swift scouring the champain;
Agile so in his limbs and his feet, advancèd Achilles.

Him then aged Priam saw, first marking his motion,
Blazing like to a star in the sky, as he travers'd the champain—
Like the autumnal star, that, brightest of all in the heaven,
Shines in the stillness of night 'mid a crowd of scantier splendours,—
Him whom, to mark him forth, they call the Dog of Orion;
Brightest of all the stars is he, but his sway is malignant;

Fever he brings and disease to the dwellings of mortals unhappy:
So did the brazen arms of Achilles shine as he movèd.
Then did the old man wail, and smote his head with his two hands,
Holding his arms aloft; and groan'd with pitiful accent
Uttering pray'rs to his son: but he in front of the portals
Stood, insatiate longing to join in fight with Achilles.
Him the old man, with hands stretcht forth, thus piteous urgèd:

"Hector! my son beloved! wait not thus alone, I implore thee,
That dread man's approach, lest fate precipitate whelm thee,
Smit by Pelides' might; for alas! far mightier he is.
Creature abhorred and feared! O were he to the Immortals
Only as dear as to me! Then soon would the dogs and the vultures
Tear him, stretcht on the plain, and my sore breast would be easèd.
Many a fair son now do I mourn, all reft and bereavèd,
Slain by him, or sold to distant isles as a captive;
And e'en now there are two, Lycaon and eke Polydorus,
Whom I cannot discern 'mid those who have 'scaped to the city,
My dear sons and sons of Leucothea, fairest of women.
But if they live in the Grecian host we will ransom them, surely,
Paying ransom in brass and in gold, for of such we have treasure;
And great store of these gave Altes along with his daughter:
But if, already dead, they dwell in the mansion of Hades,
Great is the grief to me and to her, their mother unhappy;
But on the rest of Troy that grief will lightlier press if
Thou too, my son, fall not, smit down by the spear of Achilles.
Nay but, O son, return to the wall, that yet thou mayest save the
Sons and daughters of Troy, nor feed the glory and pride of
Him, Pelides, and so may'st escape the omen'd disaster.
Yea, and on me most wretched have pity, while I can feel it;
Me, ill-fated, whom Zeus severe in my desolate age shall
Dash to the earth, and fill the measure of woe he has sent me,
While my sons he has slain and dragged my daughters to bondage,
And has widow'd the wives, and seized the innocent infants,
And has dasht on the stones in the pitiless fury of warfare,
Naked dragg'd from their beds by the ruthless hands of the Grecians.
And me last, the ravenous dogs at the door of my mansion
Limb from limb shall tear, when some foe with murderous steel shall,
Stabbing or flinging the dart, dislodge my soul from my bosom,—
Dogs that I fed in my house, that ate the crumbs of my table,—
They shall lap my blood and wrangle over my body,
As it lies at the door. In the youth, even death has its graces,
When, fresh fallen in fight and markt with wounds on his bosom,
On the field he lies; then all is beauty and glory.
But when the silver beard and the hoary head of the agèd
Dogs obscene devour, as it lies cast forth and dishonour'd,
That is the last of woes in the wretched fortune of mortals."

So the old man spoke, and his silvery locks in his hands full,
Tore from his head; yet still unmov'd was the spirit of Hector.

And on the other side his mother wept and lamented,
Baring her bosom and showing her breasts on this and on that side,
And with a flood of tears thus in wingèd accents besought him:

"Hector! O look on this, my child, and pity thy mother:
Yea, if ever from these white founts I nourisht thy childhood,
Pity me now, and shun to meet this terrible warrior
Down in the plain: remain in the walls, nor rashly expose thee,
Wretched. For if he slay thee, ne'er shall thy funeral pallet
Flow with the tears of me, the tender mother who bore thee,
Nor of thy loving wife: but far away from our wailings
There at the Grecian ships shall the dogs unclean devour thee."

Thus with weeping words did the parents plead with their son, and
Earnestly prayed; but yet not so was Hector persuaded,
But still waited the mighty Achilles as near he approachèd.

W. W.

NEW BOOKS OF SPORT AND NATURAL HISTORY: A GOSSIP FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

Are any of our readers in town still? Not many, we hope, this droughty September day. We would rather wish that they may be scattered to the four winds, after the manner of Englishmen, to meet again at the end of jolly October to compare notes about what they have seen: nay, we are pretty sure that the large majority are away, and consequently we have visions of this present Number, in its elegant puce-coloured wrapper, being read in all sorts of queer places. We cannot help wondering what its own brother, the May Number, would say if he had to go through the experiences of this one. May (lucky rogue!) was in town at the very height of the season. *He* lay about on drawing-room tables, and was cut with the most beautiful paper-knives ever you saw, and altogether lived a rose-coloured existence. This fellow will have a very different time of it. After being kicked about through country post-offices for a day or so, and surreptitiously read on his way by people with dirty fingers, who get deep into "Tom Brown," and are driven mad by finding the leaves uncut just at the critical place—after all this, I say, he will probably have his leaves cut with a fishing-rod spike, and be dropped into the bottom of a ferry-boat to take his chance.

But although A may be on Loch Corrib, B on Loch Awe, C at Tal-y-llyn, D in the Njordenfels, and E trying to break his precious neck, and those of the fathers of five large Swiss families, by scrambling into places where there is nothing worth seeing compared to what he may see in perfect safety from below; yet still I think there are some few readers left to go on parade. We still hear of marchings out from head-quarters; the theatres are open; we believe some few of the clergy are left in town, and are preaching to respectable and attentive congregations; in short, there must be a few thousand or so of reading people in town, who will be pleased to get a taste of the woods, fields, and mountains, were it only done by deputy. With this view, therefore, we have three or four books to introduce to our readers' attention, whose authors we can recommend as trustworthy guides on this aërial expedition.

We begin by presenting Mr. Cornwall Simeon.[1] Away go streets, hot pavements, crowds, omnibuses, and dull care; we take his hand, and are off with him a-fishing. Down to the mile-long meadows, where noble old Father Thames pours his brimming green flood over thundering lashers; where the

[1] Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History. With Illustrations. By Cornwall Simeon. Macmillan & Co.

lofty downs heave up above stately groups of poplar, elm, and willow; where

> "On either side the river lie
> Long fields of barley and of rye,
> That clothe the wold and meet the sky,
> Down by towered Camelot."

Hither, and to many other pleasant places, both on salt and fresh water, you may wander with him, gathering as you go both pleasure and profit from the stores of an acute and experienced observer.

And this is the place to say that the book before us possesses in an eminent degree an excellence which is, alas! but too rarely possessed by books on natural history. I mean that the facts are thoroughly trustworthy. We have here no second or third-hand evidence, or any of that reckless want of correct observation which would not be allowed for an instant in any science but natural history, but which (in spite of the example Humboldt has given us, of trusting almost entirely to his own observation, and receiving with great caution the facts of others) prevails to a very great extent. Some men seem to think that if they have got the evidence of a gamekeeper, they have settled the question. "Why, good gracious!" say such men, "surely *he* must know; a man who has spent his life in watching animals!" A gamekeeper is the worst evidence in the world. He walks the world with a jaundiced mind. He has one idea—game, game, game. The whole world is in conspiracy against him, from the young fellow who meets his sweetheart in the wood, whom he accuses of poaching, down to the water-rat that he accuses of eating his trout. He is an invaluable fellow, and one who will risk life and limb in the just defence of his master's game, but he is not the man to go to for facts in natural history. His evidence and that of all other uneducated persons should be taken with extreme caution. This class of people habitually generalise from an insufficient number of facts, often from one solitary fact, often from a merely supposititious fact, and, once having erected a theory, will cling to it with astonishing obstinacy, and are no longer capable of viewing the matter under observation without a bias. As an instance — the elderly labourers in a village we are well acquainted with believe that a troublesome disease to which cows are subject in the udder proceeds from the bite of a viper. It was no use my representing to them that in cases of cattle and horses being bitten by snakes (a not uncommon accident in Australia), they were invariably bitten in the nose, and that the disease in question was natural. Nothing upset their theory or shook their faith, until a new old man came in and attributed the whole affair to the hedgehogs. This staggered them. They seemed to think that there was some degree of probability in this. At all events, it was better than our reckless and subversive theory of its being cancer or some such ailment. Thereon, hearing our especial favourites, the hedgehogs (we wouldn't like to trust the rogues too near pheasants' eggs, mind you), so grossly libelled, we left them in disgust.

The first two or three chapters of Mr. Simeon's book ought to be read by all anglers, and, what is more, remembered. He is evidently a master of the craft, and writes for masters, or those who aspire to be so. These chapters consist principally of fishing "wrinkles," most pleasantly put together, and interspersed with amusing anecdotes, and might be read, we should think, even by a German, who is not usually an appreciator of the noble art. By-the-bye, what odd notions that intellectual nation have about fishing! We tried once to make some Germans understand what the spike on our fishing-rod was intended for, by repeatedly sticking it in the ground, and illustrating what an advantage it was to have one's rod stand upright instead of laying it down; but they left us under the full impression that, in case of the fish making off with a fly, we used the spike as a harpoon, and bodily hurled our rod, tackle and all, at the retreating "trout." The other day, in the "Fliegende Blätter," or "Kladderblatsch,"—we forget which,

there was a series of cuts illustrating a rake's progress. The young man has a fortune left him. He takes to evil courses. He goes down the course of ruin and dissipation, lower and lower each time, through twenty-one capitally executed vignettes. In the twenty-second he is represented as a desperate, ruined, drunken gambler. In the twenty-third he is depicted *fishing with a float*. The measure of his crimes is now full. It is time to draw the curtain over the humiliating spectacle. In the twenty-fourth and last he dies miserably in jail.

But to return to Mr. Simeon. His account of Mr. Maltby's fish-ponds near Brussels, and the method of breeding and rearing carp and tench pursued by that gentleman, are exceedingly valuable and curious, not more to the angler or scientific man than to the country gentleman or farmer.

Mr. Maltby is our Vice-Consul at Brussels, and has given his attention very much to the farming of fish-ponds. Out of a pond rented by him near Brussels, carp of no less than thirty-three pounds have been taken. The largest carp mentioned by Yarrell is nineteen pounds; the largest which has come under our own cognisance, was caught in the buck stage on the Loddon, at Swallowfield, Wiltshire, which turned the scale at eighteen pounds. These are of a very exceptional size for England; but Mr. Maltby, in the February of last year, took from his ponds twenty carp, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds each! We must not, however, be surprised at this. England is not the home of the carp. The carp is a continental fish, and in his own waters may be expected to range much larger. These extraordinary large fish seem to be from about fifteen to twenty years old.

We confess we have never participated in a successful effort to make carp a fit article for human consumption, having always, on these occasions, been left with the impression of having eaten a pumpkin-pie, into which a box of mixed pins had accidentally fallen. We would prefer "going in" for the perch and tench part of the business—either of which fish, properly dressed, is a dish for a king. Before leaving the subject of fishing we must call attention to hints given on sea fishing, which, though only too short, were very much wanted. There is plenty of room for a good long book on this same subject, on which, as far as we are aware, though the works and *brochures* on freshwater fishing would take a summer's day to count, we have not a single reliable treatise.

The second part of the book before us is given up to Stray Notes on Natural History. Here, as we said before, we have the experience of a close and conscientious observer, pleasantly told, with a great deal of humour. To those who retain the capacity of unextinguishable laughter, we should recommend the story of the Parrot Show, at page 163; though "we are free to confess," as they say in the House, and nowhere else, that we think that Mr. Simeon's own story, at page 162, about the parrot who was naughty at prayers, and how he was carried out by the butler, and what he said when he was going out at the door, is perhaps the best of the two.

As a specimen of Mr. Simeon's way of telling his anecdotes, we give the following. The subject is that of "Wart Charming," a rather out-of-the-way one:—

"I myself knew an instance in which the cure was so rapid and perfect, that any doctor might have pointed to it with pride as a convincing proof of the efficacy of his treatment. It was a case of warts; the patient being a little girl of about seven or eight years old, the daughter of a servant in our family. She came up one day to the house for some work, and, when the lady who was giving it to her, remarking that her hands were covered with bad warts, noticed the fact to her, she said, 'Yes, ma'am, but I'm going to have them charmed away in a day or two.' 'Very well,' answered the lady, glad to have an opportunity of convincing the child that the whole thing was a delusion; 'when they are charmed away come and show me your hands.' But about six weeks had elapsed after this had taken place, when she was again told that the girl wished to see her. She was accordingly shown up, when she said, 'If you please, ma'am, you told me to come and show you my hands when the warts were charmed away, and you see,

ma'am, they're all gone now.' This, it must be confessed, was rather a 'sell' for the lady; however, the fact being undeniable, all she could do under the circumstances was to say that it was a very good thing she had got rid of them, and that she was very glad of it."

And so we take leave of Mr. Simeon, with only one regret—that his charming book is not longer.——The scene changes; we are in the city again. The "dusty roar" (which we claim to be an equally correct expression as the American one of "blue thunder") bursts on our ears again. Shall we take another excursion? Very well. We beg to introduce you to Mr. Cliffe,[1] who we can promise you will take you a very pleasant excursion indeed.

Presto! we are soon on the ground. Here is a change indeed. An awful grey wilderness of tumbled stone, and scanty yellow grass. A black deep lake, with here and there a sullen gleam of light across its surface, where some flaw of wind strikes down a cleft in the black mountain, which hangs all around a giant curtain against the sun. Before us, scarce a quarter of a mile off, is a perpendicular cliff, nine hundred feet high, deep in whose side is riven a black chasm, from which a slender torrent of water, chafing among the fallen boulders, awakens the only sound in this terrible solitude, and makes the grim silence around the more perceptible.

This is Llyn Idwal, in Carnarvonshire, where Prince Idwal was pushed into the water by his cruel uncle—a legend equalling in authenticity that of the more generally received and accredited one of Willikins. What a place for a ghost! Hush, did you hear that? What was that wild shriek that came faintly echoing back from the cliff, followed by a sound like distant thunder? Was that

"Young Idwal's drowning cry,"

as spoken of by the poet Gray, in "the Bard?" No, my dear sir; it was only the Holyhead express going through the Britannia tubular bridge, ten miles to the north there, carrying a couple of hundred people on at racing pace towards that mad, prosperous, warm-hearted oppressed nationality of Paddyland, whose faint blue mountains you may see from the top of that mountain before us.

You will be kind enough to take off your shoes, and, putting them in your pocket, follow the guide up over the cliff; and, if you are a nervous man, keep your eye on the guide's back, feeling every step as you go, and not looking at the ghastly blue lake which you see between your legs five hundred feet below. Having at the risk of your neck gathered *Rhodiola rosea*, *Mecanopsis Cambrica*, and—as we affirm, though corrected by authorities—that rare little fern *Woodsia hyperborea*, pull on your shoes again, and, sloping down through Cwm Fynnon, come into the great road. Then, casting one glance down the rock walls of the pass of Llanberis, turn along the little mine road at Gorphwysfa, and wind along through the mountain solitude, till wild glorious Llydaw spreads his broad calm sheet of green water before you, and the Wydfa, the highest peak of Snowdon, throws up his black ribbed peak among the flying clouds.

To many pleasant places will Mr. Cliffe take you. At one time you will stand blinded and stunned under the falls of the Llugwy, or Conway, where the green water comes spouting through a thousand arteries, and makes the summer leaves quiver with the shock. At another, on lonely Llyn Adar, where the breeding gulls cackle and bark on their solitary island through the long summer day. Over wastes of tumbled stone, over dizzy precipices by lonely mountain pools. But wherever you go with him, I think you will find him a pleasant intelligent companion, with a very good power of describing scenery. I think, as he says on his title-page, that he has

"Llygad a all weled natur,
Calon a all deimlo natur,
A phenderfyniad a feiddia
Ddylyn natur."

Mr. Cliffe has given us a "crib" to

[1] Cliffe's Notes and Recollections of an Angler. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

this beautiful verse. We shall not follow his example, being of opinion that the reckless habit of allowing literal translations to great classical works has gone far to ruin all real scholarship amongst us.

But we must say good-bye to Mr. Cliffe in his turn, and his Welsh scenery, for we have to go further afield still. Sir James Alexander[1] takes us away to Canada, and gives us a large book on the salmon fishing there—edited by Sir James, but apparently written by an Irish clergyman—which contains a great deal of information on a subject but little known. It has often surprised us that summer fishing-expeditions to Canada were not oftener made: this book appears in some measure to account for it. The difficulties in getting at the water are great; the hardships undergone are very severe; and the sport, we suggest, by no means what it should be, considering the expense incurred.

The salmon rivers of Lower Canada all flow in on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, at points extending from Quebec to Labrador, a distance of 500 miles. These are the only streams which produce salmon in any quantity. Those of Upper Canada are, like those of the United States, utterly ruined by the insane stupidity of the millers, in not leaving steps for the salmon, and by the various slaughterous exterminating poaching villanies which are carried on. Indeed, salmon appear to be rarities in Upper Canada, while the United States are supplied from Lower Canada. The rivers we speak of are on the Hudson Bay territory; and it is the opinion of Dr. Adamson, in his able paper read to the Canadian Institute, that if the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company were withdrawn for *one year*, the salmon would be *extinct in Canada*.

The plan for the salmon fisher in Canada is as follows:—To go fishing at all, you must either own a yacht or hire a schooner. A schooner may be hired from one of the brokers in Quebec at the cost of about a pound a day; which covers the wages and provisions for the crew, the owner acting as skipper. And, if you pursue this plan, as soon as you are encamped on the river you mean to fish, you can send your vessel away for fresh provisions. You must lay in a good stock of provisions to start with, an awful array of servants, a couple or so of canoes, tents, beds, blankets, &c.; and when you have got all these things together, have beat in over the river bar, have disembarked and lit your fires, pitched your tents and had your supper, then, if you are human, you will begin to wish you had died in infancy, or had stayed safe in Quebec, or Jericho, or anywhere else, instead of coming after these miserable salmon. For the torture of the flies and mosquitos exceeds human belief. Next to the Orinoco, Canada bears the palm against the world for the plague of flies. Listen to this:—

> "The voice was the voice of our friend, but the face was the face of a negro in convulsions. To account for this, it may be well to state that the assault of the black fly is generally sudden and unexpected; that the first indication you have of his presence is the running of a stream of blood over some part of your face, which soon hardens there. These assaults being renewed *ad infinitum*, soon render it difficult for his nearest and dearest female relation to recognise him. The effect during the night following an attack of this kind is dreadful. Every bite swells to the size of a filbert; every bite itches like a burn and agonizes like a scald—and if you scratch it only adds to your anguish. The whole head swells, particularly the glandular and cellular part, behind and under the ears, the upper and lower eyelids, so as in many cases to produce inability to see. The poison is imbibed and circulated through the whole frame, producing fever, thirst, heat, restlessness, and despondency."

Really we must beg leave to doubt whether the best salmon-fishing in the world is worth having under such circumstances, although we may consider salmon-fishing to stand first among all sports. But, with regard to what amount of sport one may expect, we give an abstract of some days' fishing in the Godbout, which may be considered as about the *ne plus ultra* of what any

[1] Salmon Fishing in Canada. By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James E. Alexander, K. H. With Illustrations. Two vols. Longman & Co.

reasonable man may expect. The fishing on the Godbout is probably greatly deteriorated since the time we speak of, 1853.

"7th June, 2 rods, nothing. 12th, 2 rods, 2 fish (5 days blank, you perceive). 13th, 3 rods, 2 fish. 14th, 3 rods, 3 fish. 15th, 3 rods, 3 fish. 16th, 3 rods, 6 fish. 17th, 2 rods, 5 fish. 18th, 2 rods, 3 fish. 19th, 2 rods, 6 fish. 20th, 4 rods, 6 fish. 21st, 21st, 2 rods, 2 fish. 22d, 4 rods, 4 fish. 23d, 4 rods, 3 salmon, and *a great many sea-trout*. 24th, 2 rods killed 13 salmon."

No more account of specific days' fishing is given, but it is stated that the party remained till the 11th July, "killing four, six, ten, eleven, and thirteen fish every day." We purposely quote the exact words of the book, because for seventeen days only five days seem accounted for. There is no doubt that this is good sport enough; but this was considered exceptional in 1853. So, according to Dr. Adamson, the salmon-fishing in Canada should be in a poor way now.

The book before us has considerable merits, but also great defects. It is too excursive. It is hard to pick the wheat (of which there is really plenty) from the "chaff," of which there is considerably too much, and that not of the best quality. One thing more about it is remarkable,—the great power the author seems to have of writing comic poetry. The lay of "Sir Joram à Burton," at page 34, is quite worthy of Barham himself. And the verses on "Navigation," at page 212, are very far above the average of that sort of composition. We cannot conceal from ourselves that the Appendix, by Dr. Adamson, Mr. Henry, and Sir James Alexander himself, contains the most valuable information; but the book itself is very readable, and there is also considerable humour to be found in the vignettes.

One more excursion, reader, before we part. We are going very very far a-field this time. Mr. Dunlop,[1] C.B. (of whom, unless I mistake, we heard as a volunteer in the Indian mutiny), is to be our guide. Let us suppose him to possess a magic carpet. We will seat ourselves on it along with him, and then up and away, to where the everlasting snow lies deep over pass and summit. Where have we got to now? To the Alps? The Alps! Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains, lies an insignificant peak 3,000 feet below us. And yet overhead the grim crystalline Aiguilles range up peak over peak in the deep blue firmament, like lofty piled thunder-clouds upon a summer's evening. We are among the Ghàts of the Himalaya!

And what is Mr. Dunlop doing up here, in the name of goodness? Well, he is going to shoot a Bunchowr. If you are not above asking what a Bunchowr is, we will inform you that a Bunchowr, as far as we can discover, is the grandfather of all Buffalo bulls, with a sheepskin mat nailed on his stern instead of a tail. Add to this, that he is desperately shy, and horribly vicious, and that he has to be hunted on foot, up to your knees in snow, and you will get some idea of what Bunchowr shooting in the Himalayas is like.

Mr. Dunlop is an Indian sportsman; and of all Indian sportsmen he has written the pleasantest, most readable book. Putting Tennent's "Ceylon" out of the question, we have met no book superior; a bold assertion, but one we will stand by. It is, like all good books, too short, but should be read by every man who cares not only for natural history, but for the little queer odds and ends of society and manners in that furthest limit of the great empire.

He begins with the elephants. He takes us along the great boulder precipices of the Sewalik (the *débris*, we presume, of the great mountains above), and shows us the tracks where the wild elephants have passed through the jungle in single file among the rank grass up

[1] "Hunting in the Himalayas. With notices of Customs and Countries, from the Elephant Haunts of the Dehra Doon to the Bunchowr Tracks in eternal snow. By R. H. W. Dunlop, C.B., B.C.S., F.R.G.S., late Superintendent of the Dehra Doon." Bentley.

to some lonely gully, and then have spread out to feed, ripping the boughs and the bark from the trees, in herds sometimes seventy strong. Then he gives us his experience of shooting elephants, which, in the Doon, where you have to go after them on foot, appears very ticklish work indeed. The best plan seems to be, to get as near your elephant as possible, to take aim, to shut your eyes and blaze away, and then, as a Londoner would say, to "hook it" for your bare life. If you are so fortunate as not to be overtaken and pounded into little bits by the infuriated animal, you may, after a considerable period, venture cautiously to return, and pick up your bird. In confirmation of this, Mr. Dunlop tells us :—

"I had determined to go down the most precipitous bank I could find, if my shot did not prove fatal, and started back directly I had fired to where my Ghoorka Shikaree was standing, within thirty paces of us. A tremendous crashing of trees followed the sound of my gun, and I caught sight of the Brinjara, who had just been giving me such valorous counsels, flying across country in a horrible fright."

Decidedly wise on the part of the Brinjara!

"As I was unpursued, I returned, and saw the elephant lying dead a little way down the bank."

A commissariat elephant with whom Mr. Dunlop was acquainted, took it into its head to kill an old woman as she was filling her pitcher at the water-course. Much as we may regret the accident to the poor old body, we must be forgiven in roaring with laughter at the following letter, in which the circumstance was reported to him by one of his native writers, who prided himself on the correctness of his English. He gives it pure et simple.

"Honoured Sir,

"This morning the elephant of Major R——, by sudden motion of snout and foot, kill one old woman. Instant fear fall on the inhabitants.

"Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"Madar Bux."

This reminds one, in its absurd pomposity, of the story told by the talented authoress of "Letters from Calcutta." She was jumping her new-born baby up and down, and saying, "Baby, why don't you speak to me?" when her moonshee approached her with a salaam, and said solemnly, "Madam, it is my "duty to inform you that that child "cannot, as yet, speak. He will not "speak, madam, till he is two years old "or more."

Mr. Dunlop gives us two chapters on elephants, both highly interesting, the second of which is devoted to the subject of hunting and killing that small-brained but sagacious brute. He uses a double rifle, sixteen bore, weighing nineteen pounds, and carrying as much as eight drams of powder. With this handy little toy—just the sort of thing to learn one's position drill with—he fires at the centre of an imaginary line, drawn from the orifice of the ear to the eye, which will exactly penetrate the brain,—"the only spot a sportsman can "save his life by, when the elephant "charges him, protecting the brain by "curling up the trunk." Miss that, and you will find your name in the first column of the *Times* pretty quickly. But, to conclude this subject, we, from all we have read about elephant-hunting, would give this piece of advice to those who intend to practise it—Unless you happen to have the nerve of one man out of fifty—Stay at home.

Hush! There is a sound abroad upon the night-wind besides the gentle rustling of the topmost forest boughs,—a deep reverberating moan, low rolling like the sound of distant guns, which causes the Europeans to take their cigars from their mouths and look at one another, and the native servants to converse in frightened whispers. A royal tiger is abroad in the jungle, and the forest is hushed before the majesty of his wrath!

We should conceive that the sound made by the great carnivorous animals, when in search of food, must be one of the finest things in nature. We alas! have only heard it from behind prison-

bars; yet even there the snarl of the hungry "painter," like the brattling of some wild war drum, moves one's blood strangely. Mr. Dunlop has been face to face with the tigress in her lair, as have many other of our Indian officers; but Mr. Dunlop, unlike some of our Indian writers, gives us a really graphic idea of what the situation must be like. He singularly confirms a remark we made just now, when speaking of Mr. Simeon's book,—that the evidence of uneducated persons must be taken with caution. He says—

"At the first sharp turn in the course of the trench, an animal rose out of it, and stood for a second on the opposite bank, within sixty yards of our line. I heard one of R——'s Ghoorkas deliberately pronounce the animal before us to be a *calf*, carelessly assuming it to be that which he thought most likely to be met with on the spot, though in truth a full-grown tigress."

His account of the startling appearance of a tiger in the very middle of the fair at Hurdwar in 1855,—in the middle of a crowd of from two to three millions of people,—is most graphically told, and illustrated by an excellent sketch of Mr. Wolf's. But we must pass on to notice shortly the other parts of the book, which treat of subjects less known to the European reader.

The Doon is a tract of country lying about 100 miles north of Meerut; bounded east and west by the heads of the Jumna (the Delhi river) and the Ganges, north by the rapidly-rising ranges of the Himalaya, and south by the plains. Lying at the foot of the hills, it seems to be composed of the *débris* of the great mountains above,—the highest ranges in the planet,—and consists of clay and boulders. It is covered with jungle and forest, and swarms with game. From hence Mr. Dunlop, following the heads of the Ganges, crossed into Thibet, over a pass 18,000 feet above the sea, to the heads of the Sutledge, killing a vast quantity and variety of game on his way,—sambah, the largest of Indian deer, cheetul, hog-deer, para, porcupine, "pig," peacocks, partridges, quail, and floriken. "Cocks and hens," too, under the native name of Moorghee, are very abundant, though treated with contempt; while the natives use to hawk at curlew and herons with the "baz," and with the "behree" at peacocks, hares, and even antelope.

The fish in this part of the world must be spoken of with reverence. The "Musheer"—the salmon of the conntry—is caught with spinning tackle. A ten-pounder is nothing. He runs up to 80 and 100 pounds weight. He is a mountain-fish, living in the highly aërated waters among the rocks, never descending to the plains. Your tackle must be strong, for the villain "Gowch," or fresh-water shark, whose weight is often 120 pounds, lies in wait for the unwary angler, and causes him to swear by taking his bait, playing much the same game as a five-pound pike does with a fine set of gut tackle.

Before taking us away to the hills, Mr. Dunlop tells us a sad story, which casts a gloom over an otherwise pleasant chapter, and is especially worthy of note, as illustrating military life in India, and for the wise remarks he makes on the necessity of providing amusement for the men, in the hot, dismal, pestilential plains. So great was the horror of our soldiers at the dull detestable misery of their situation, that it became the habit to commit some trifling assault on an officer, in order to get transported to Australia. The thing must be stopped, and orders went forth that the next man who did it should die! Shortly after, a common soldier, an utter stranger to the officer, threw his cap at an assistant-surgeon, who was driving into Meerut, with no earthly object but to be transported. He was condemned to death, and ordered for execution, in spite of the surgeon's intercession. The law is that, should the man not be found dead after the volley is delivered, the sergeant shall give him the *coup-de-grace*. On this occasion, when the rattle of the rifles died away, the man was still kneeling, blindfold, by his coffin, unhurt. A terrible alternative

remained with the sergeant. He did his duty. He walked up to the kneeling soldier, blew his brains out, and went back to his barracks desperate and reckless. Never, never more, was he to grasp the warm hand of a friend, never again to see his comrades' eyes brighten when he approached. He was a shunned, avoided man. Three days he bore it: on the fourth he committed suicide. We submit that this is one of the most painful stories we have ever read. Even the end of the "Tale of Two Cities" is not more tragical.

But come, let us up and away to the Ghàts with Mr. Dunlop.

> "Far off the torrent called me from the cleft,
> Far up the solitary morning smote
> The streaks of virgin snow."

Mr. Dunlop takes us up and on through the hills, leading from range to range, and giving us not only graphic and accurate descriptions of the various kinds of game to be killed, but also a highly interesting and important account of the manners and customs of our fellow-subjects in those wild regions. Her Majesty's lieges in those parts, we hear, are, in their social relations, not polygamists, but polyandrists,—the wife of one brother being common to the rest of the family; and we find, also, that this astonishing arrangement tends to a great disproportion in the sexes. Mr. Dunlop found a village in which there were 400 boys and only 120 girls; which he is not inclined to attribute to infanticide, but rather to nature adapting the supply to the demand. In these hills, also, the inhabitants are in the habit of getting drunk on surreptitiously-distilled whisky (a custom we have heard attributed to mountaineers rather nearer home than the Himalayas). Arriving at 8 P. M. at a village, he was informed that it was useless to attempt to see any one on business that night, as they all were, or ought to be, drunk. The women do all the work. As for the men, they toil not, but curious to relate, they *do* spin; in fact, they do nothing else, except get drunk. They go about with a yarn round their body, in a state of obfuscation, and spin away till they are too drunk to see. Taking it all in all, we should say that no state of society in the world approximates so closely to "Queer Street," as the higher ranges of the Himalayas.

And so, with many a pleasant story, and many a scrap of valuable information, we are led up over the dizzy snow slopes, and under the gleaming glaciers, into the Himachul, on the heads of the Sutledge in Thibet,—the land of everlasting snow,—the haunt of the Ovis Ammon and the Bunchowr.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

O solitary shining sea
That ripples in the sun,
O grey and melancholy sea,
O'er which the shadows run;

O many-voiced and angry sea,
Breaking with moan and strain,—
I, like a humble, chastened child,
Come back to thee again;

And build child-castles and dig moats
Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliff-convolvulus
Once more, round idle hands;

And look across that ocean line,
As o'er life's summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once,
Full set, with canvas free.

Strange, strange to think how some of them
Their silver sails have furled,
And some have whitely glided down
Into the under world;

And some, dismasted, tossed and torn,
Put back in port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
At anchor near the shore.

Stranger it is to lie at ease
  As now, with thoughts that fly
More light and wandering than sea-birds
  Between the waves and sky:

To play child's play with shells and weeds,
  And view the ocean grand
But as one wave that may submerge
  A baby-house of sand;

And not once look, or look by chance,
  With old dreams quite suppressed,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
  Of infinite unrest.

O ever solitary sea,
  Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say—the type
  Of things without a bound—

Love, long as life, and strong as death;
  Faith, humble as sublime;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
  The wrecks of this small Time;—

Unchanging, everlasting sea!
  To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of other years
  Becomes an endless psalm.

VOLUNTEERING, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY JOHN MARTINEAU.

To a student of the Law in Chambers on a bright day in May, seeking for mental illumination by the "gladsome light of Jurisprudence," there will ensue at times, after declarations and pleas duly drawn, and evidence advised upon, a decided distaste for "Chitty's Practice," to try to learn law out of which seems very like reading "Liddell and Scott" to learn Greek. His thoughts, perhaps, wander to his last Position-drill, (for of course he is a Volunteer,) and he tries doing a little drill at the same time, by reading, sitting on his right heel, "as a rear-rank kneeling;" which attempt proving both uncomfortable and unsuccessful, "Chitty's Practice" has to be transferred to the refractory heel for a connecting-link and cushion, and being thus fully occupied, cannot be any longer read. So by way of lighter reading, and in defiance of Chief Justice Wilmot's dictum that "the Statute-Law is like a "tyrant, where he comes he makes all "void; but the Common-Law is like a "nursing-father, and makes void only "that part where the fault is, and saves "the rest," he turns to an early volume of the Statutes, and remembering Mr. Froude's history of those times, opens at the reign of Henry VIII. to see if it is possible to make out what a Volunteer of the 16th century did, and thought, and was like.

They are more than ever interesting now, those quaint picturesque old Statutes, belonging as they do to the turning-point of English history, after the death of the middle ages—times of as redundant external vigour and enterprise, and of greater change and development of "inner life," than even these times of railways and telegraphs; when the country had had half a century of comparative peace (as we have had since the French war), to recover from the civil wars which had destroyed at once the feudal aristocracy of the country and the weapons with which they fought.

The long-bow was slowly yielding to the "handgonne" and the "hagbut," as Brown-Bess has been driven out by the Enfield and the Whitworth.

Fondly and pertinaciously did the government of those days cling to the tradition that the strength of England was in the long-bow; and, when war and threatened invasion menaced from one or other of the two great empires of the Continent, passed act after act against the use of "crosbowes and hand-gonnes," and making constant practice with the long-

bow compulsory upon "every man being "the King's subject within the age of "sixty years," adding minute directions for the supply of bows, and the erection of practice-butts in every village in the country.

In 1514 was passed a statute (confirming a previous one), enacting that "no person from henceforth shote in "any crosbowe, or any handgonne, un- "less he have land and tenement to the "yerely value of 300 marke." Eight years later this shooting-qualification is reduced to £100 a year. In 1534 a special permission is granted, as a protection against their border enemies, to the inhabitants of the "Countrees of Nor- "thumberland, Durisme, Westmerland, "and Comberland to kepe in their houses "crosbowes and handgonnes for defence "of theire persones goodes and houses "against Thefes Scottes, and other the "Kynge's enemies, and for clensing and "scouring of the same only, and for none "other purpose." A tacit admission this, that the long-bow was not the best weapon after all, and that the "thefes Scottes" required some more formidable weapon.

But, alas! Volunteers, in those days as well as in these, sometimes forgot their mission of "clensing and scouring the Kynge's enemies," and used their weapons for even worse purposes than "shooting the dog;" for in 1541 we find that "divers malicious and evil-disposed "persons of their malicious and evil-dis- "posed myndes and purposes have wil- "fully and shamefully committed divers "detestable and shamefull murthers, rob- "eries, felonyes, ryotts and routs, with "crosbowes, little short handguns, and "little hagbuts, to the great pill and "contynuall fear and damage of the "Kyng's most lovinge subjects . . . . and "now of late the said evil-disposed per- "sons, &c. doe yet daylie use to ride and "goe in the King's highewayes . . . . with "little hand-guns ready furnished with "quarrell-gunpowder, fyer and touche, to "the great pill, &c." It is therefore enacted that these fire-arms shall be of a certain fixed length, "provided alway . . . "that it shall be lawfull for all gentle- "men, yeomen, servingmen, &c. to shote "with any hand-gune, demyhake, or "hagbut, at any butt or bank of earth "onlye, in place convenient for the same ". . wherebye they may the better ayde "and assist to the defence of this Realme "when nede shall require."

The first mention this, of butts for ball practice. But it seems they were not enough used, for again in 1548 we find an act, described in the Act of William III. (which repealed it,) as forbidding any one "under the degree of "a Lord of the Parliament to shote any "more pellets than one at any one time." It seems very hard that a Lord of Parliament's shoulder should have been subjected to the recoil of a charge of two bullets at once, and the "Statutes Unabridged," on being referred to, do not bear out the description. The Act is "againste the shootinge of hayle- shote," and runs thus,—"Forasmuch ". . . . as not onelye dwelling-houses, "dove-cotes and churches are daylye da- "maged . . . by men of light conversacon, "but also there is growen a customable "manner of shotinge of hayle-shott, where- "by infynite sorte of fowle . . . is killed "to the benefitt of no man . . . . Also the "sd use of hayle-shott utterly destroyeth "the certentye of shotinge which in "warres is much requisite, be it therefore "enacted that noe person under the "degree of a lorde of the Parliament "shall from hencefore shoote with any "handgonne within any citie or towne at "any fowle or other marke upon any "church house or dove-cote; neither "that any person shall shote in anye "place anye hayle-shott or anye moe "pellotts (bullets) than one at one "tyme, upon payne to forfayte for everie "tyme tenne poundes, and emprisonment "of his bodye during three months."

But the churches were disturbed not only by "pellotts" from without, but (like our St. George's-in-the-East) by rioters from within. Nor were they (as there is good hope will be the case at St. George's,) to be calmed by the devotion and ability of one clergyman, understanding the wounded instincts of both sides, and dealing gently, and patiently,

and firmly with each. In 1552 sterner measures were needed; for we find that, —"Forasmuch as of late divers and "many outrageous and barbarous beha- "viours and acts have been used and "committed by divers ungodly and ir- "religious persons by quarrelling, brawl- "ing, fraying, and fighting openly in "Churches and Church-yards, . . ." it is enacted that if the offence be by words only, the offender shall be excommunicated; but that "If any person "shall strike any person with any "weapon in Church or Church-yard, "or draw any weapon in Church or "Church-yard, to the intent to strike "another, he shall be adjudged to have "one of his ears cut off. And if the "person so offending have none ears "whereby they should receive such "a punishment, that then he or they "to be marked and burned in the "cheek with an hot iron having the "letter F therein, whereby he or they "may be known or taken for Fray- "makers and Fighters."

It would be an endless, though not uninteresting, task to trace out all the Acts bearing upon topics so familiar to our own days; but there they are—Sewers Acts, Poison Acts, Wine-Licenses Acts, and what not.

The long-bow must soon have almost disappeared, for we find English artillery in the ships of Queen Elizabeth's captains superior beyond all comparison to any that could be brought against it, till, with our usual confidence and oversecurity, allowing it to be exported freely, Spanish ships came to be armed with English metal; and in 1601, in a debate on the subject, we find Sir Walter Rawleigh complaining, "I am sure hereto- "fore one ship of Her Majesty's was able "to beat twenty Spaniards; but now, by "reason of our own ordnance, we are "hardly matched one to one"

Already half demoralized by such unlawful studies, how is a luckless law-student to resist when one fine morning there comes an offer from the war-office of a place in the volunteer class of musketry instruction at Hythe. There is nothing for it but to leave the briefs unread on the table and go. Two or three hours travelling through the meadows and hop-grounds of Kent, and he is at the focus and head-quarters of the rifle movement, and the present nineteenth soon drives out all thought of the past sixteenth century. The town is filling fast with Volunteers, who come in by coach-loads after every train, and soon settle down into comfortable little lodgings in various parts of the town.

They muster for the first time, to the number of eighty, next morning on the parade-ground in front of the barracks, and are told off into nine squads or sections, grouped, as far as practicable, according to counties. The Scotchmen, (no longer "Thefes Scottes and Kynge's enemies,") take post on the right as section No. 1. Next come the Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire men. Middlesex, which sends a large quota, makes up, with Surrey and Sussex, Nos. 3 and 4. Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, make up No. 5, and complete the right wing. In the left wing are four sections from the Midland, Northern, Southern, and South-eastern counties.

It was a picturesque sight that morning, the nine many-coloured groups on the fresh-mown grass. In front of the barracks is a broad terrace of gravel, with a lawn sloping gently down from it towards the road, from which it is separated by a row of fine elms; and under their shade each squad is drawn up in line facing its Instructor, whose red coat stands out in pleasing contrast of colour against the bright green grass; while at the further end are a group or two of regulars, drilling one another and getting the "slang" by heart, under the auspices of the adjutant, and amongst them two or three magnificent figures in fez or turban, negroes and mulattoes from West India regiments.

Of the volunteers scarcely two uniforms are alike. Black or dark-green seems to have least to recommend it. It soon shows dirt and wear, is hotter in hot sun without being warmer in cold weather, and against most back-grounds is quite as visible as red, with a more clearly defined outline. Silver-lace, and

such tawdry ornamentation, soon gets shabby with Hythe use. Chains and whistles did not often appear, their only known use being to bring the dogs within easy range. On the whole, the least visible colour is the government brownish-grey. Everything depends upon the back-ground; and the back-ground is more likely to be of that colour than of any other. Roads, beaches, sandy rock, dry fallows, &c., are more or less brownish-grey; and even under the greatest disadvantage, as when seen against light green, a body of grey men, lying still in long grass at six hundred or seven hundred yards distance, might easily be mistaken for a flock of sheep, or so many pieces of rock or stone.

On the other hand, it is quite an open question whether it is desirable to be so invisible. At first it was laid down that Volunteers were to act only as skirmishers, or as half-drilled irregular sharpshooters, resting on the regular troops for support. But their number now far exceeds that of the regular army present at one time at home, and in case of war and impending invasion would be increased three or fourfold at least, so that it is to be hoped we may count upon having on an emergency at least 300,000 well-trained Volunteers. Now 300,000 men extended in files at skirmishing distance, six paces, or five yards, apart, would form a line of skirmishers 426 miles in length. Supposing half this force to be not engaged, and of the remainder half, or 75,000, to form the reserves, and a quarter, or 37,500, to be in support, there would still remain a line of front always ready to face the enemy of 37,500 men, or more than fifty-three miles of skirmishers, capable of being reinforced or relieved at any point and at any moment—a force absurdly out of proportion to the numbers of the regulars in line. It is clear that, if all are to be available, they must be prepared to act exactly as regulars, to take any place and perform any evolution in the field of battle that may be required of them. And here is the use of the old red-coat. What a relief to the volunteer officer, in the excitement of being under fire for the first time, and in the blinding smoke and confusion of the battle, to know that a red-coat covers a friend, and all other colours a foe! What a horrible suspense to await with cocked rifles the approach of a body of men with no distinctive appearance, some eager to fire on them, others as certain that they are friends; or if the right word (to fire or to cease firing,) has been given, each man forming his own opinion and acting upon it, in the consciousness (and this is our one weak point,) that his commander has little, if any, more intelligence and knowledge and experience than himself!

As to shape, the best is something looser than a tunic and closer-fitting than a blouse. The 6th Wiltshire is excellent; but about the best specimen is one that was made for the captain commanding the 19th Middlesex, but which he could not persuade his corps to adopt. Under this a man may wear (if he likes) as many waistcoats as George IV., and thereby avoid the inconvenience of a great coat. A desire to look smart and soldierlike has been the reason for many corps adopting the tight wadded tunic. Some have gone so far as to adopt the shape and fit of a boy's jacket, which really in a portly Briton looks too scanty for propriety.

Dandyism unfortunately bids fair to be almost as mischievous amongst volunteers as red-tape once was in the army, in the matter of uniform; and, as it is not likely to be extirpated in a hurry, it must be taken into account as an inevitable evil. But why does dandyism still crave after the Tight? One had hoped that the days of self-torture by means of tight coats, tight boots, and tight stocks were over. Are not the two loosest of modern dresses also the most graceful and becoming; namely, a lady's riding-habit, and a clergyman's surplice (the latter, at least, as worn by undergraduates, without hood or scarf or other incongruous symbol of mundane learning)?

The great diversity of dress might be a serious evil in the field. Could not a

congress of commandants meeting at Hythe or elsewhere agree upon some uniform which the government, by giving a year or more of notice, might compel all corps ultimately to adopt, as a condition of receiving government rifles? Or there might be two patterns, say a grey and a red, and each company or corps allowed to choose between them; the former corresponding to the rifles, and the latter to the infantry, of the regular army. Already there are many alike enough for all practical purposes. If (as is reported,) the rifle-regiments of the regular army are some day to adopt grey, it will be a pity if the volunteers do not take the opportunity of going into either red or grey, so as to have two standard colours for the whole military force of the country.

But enough of dress: let us look at the men. They are of course above the average, not being of the over-worked portion of the community. One or two there are, remarkably powerful well-made men, the like of whom (one believes) are not often to be seen save in the land of cricket, boats, and bathing; and these are fixed upon at once (though often wrongly, as it proved,) as sure to be good shots. All ages there are, from eighteen to very nearly if not quite sixty. Many are captains or other officers.

The instruction begins with Position-drill; which goes on for nearly a week, to give strength and firmness to the left arm and a correct shooting position. In the pauses there is aiming at the Instructor's eye, or at the little black dots on the barracks (all the walls about have black dots on them as if they had had the smallpox); and all day long is heard the click of the hammer as it falls on the snap-cap. Presently, all are marched up to the lecture-room or school-room, and sit down on a form like good boys, while the Instructor names the different parts of the rifle and lock, and then proceeds to catechize each man in his turn.

The lesson over, the squads are drawn up in column of sections. The word "quick-march" is given, immediately followed by "March at ease;" for it is quite clear that the column will not march otherwise than at ease, Volunteers having very different ideas (very few of which are recognised in the Manual,) as to the best way of carrying an "Enfield" on the tramp. An Englishman's march at ease is a very steady tramp, though; and there is something characteristic about it, which makes his nationality recognisable a good way off as he comes in sight over the brow of a Swiss mountain. He generally keeps up an even pace, and always keeps step with the men alongside—a habit for which foreigners sometimes laugh at us, being in general not fond of walking themselves. The column soon turns aside into a field with a target in it, surrounded by the usual smallpox-marked walls. Before each section is a tripod, rest, and sand-bag, on which each man in turn lays his rifle for the criticism of the Instructor, at what he considers a correct aim,—the intervals of time being as usual filled up with snapping at the smallpox marks. Then column of sections again, and another half-mile's tramp to the "Shingles," for "judging-distance drill."

The "Shingles" are an important feature of Hythe. They occupy a tract of land two miles or more in length, by perhaps half-a-mile in breadth—a corner of Romney Marsh, once covered by the sea; and now an arid expanse of deep beach-shingle, with only a few thin rank blades of grass forcing their way between the hungry stones, and here and there, upon an accidental oasis of firm earth, a bush of gorse or furze. On one side is the sea, two or three martello-towers, and a fort (the last just reoccupied for the first time since the last French war). On the other side the greenest of hills, like the Isle of Wight undercliff, covered with rich pastures.

On this shingle one or more fatigue-men are posted at known distances. The sections are told to look at them attentively and observe how much is visible at each distance,—number of buttons, features, or colour of coat; other men are then posted at chance distances, and each volunteer in turn guesses the distance, and his guess

is taken down by the instructor. The line tramps noisily and laboriously over the shingles, stepping the distance, which is then measured by a chain; and points given to each man according to the correctness of his guess. At the end of the drill the average of points obtained in each section is taken, and the sections march home in order of merit, the one with the greatest number of points triumphantly heading the column. But it was chance-work, and the section which was first on one day brought up the rear on the next.

This completes the morning's work. There is a muster again in the afternoon. More Position-drill, more snapping, more instruction in cleaning of arms, or an excellent lecture from one of the officers of the staff on the theoretical principles of shooting.

When this is over, all further drill is voluntary, and each section drills (or does not drill), according to its taste. Some fire blank cartridge (ball is not allowed); some learn bayonet-exercise; and others wisely stick to position-drill. A bathe in the sea fills up the time till the mess-dinner, which is provided at the Swan for all who have no wives, or have not brought them to Hythe.

Thus, or nearly thus, passes pleasantly enough the first week of the course. Messing together for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, we are soon on friendly terms. Esprit-de-corps springs up in each section, and a desire to obtain a good "figure of merit." There is a decided difference between the sections in point of attention to drill and regularity. The "Thefes Scottes," after the manner of their countrymen, are sedate and patient of drill, and should by all known rules of morality have obtained the highest figure of merit. It must be owned, however, that, though they did well, they were beaten by sections far less deserving.

Sunday comes round soon, and with it leisure for an afternoon's walk about the country round.

The sun of the good Cinque-Port of Hythe set some five or six centuries ago. It had run a good course though, for a thousand years and more, and been a worthy cradle, in Saxon, Norman, and Plantagenet days gone by, for the baby English navy—changing its site and moving ever eastward after the retreating sea, as yard after yard, and mile after mile, of sand and shingle were cast up into the roads and port, leaving a plain of arid beach and unhealth marsh, till it was distanced in the chase and left a good mile behind. And now the crack of rifles and whirr of bullets is heard where once rode at anchor "caravels" and "shoters," and wine-laden Bourdeaux merchantmen.

In Roman days Limne was the port. Enormous masses of the ruined walls, seamed with layers of red tile, lie on the slopes of the hills some three miles from the present town of Hythe. Standing above it, on the top of the steep slope, and looking over Romney Marsh at the distant Fairlight hills, one can almost fancy the sheets of long grass swept by the gale to be the waves of the sea come back repentant to its old haunts.

But before a Saxon keel grounded on Kentish beach, Limne-port was dry land, and West-Hythe (as it is now called), a mile south-east, had taken away its population and its trade. A great fight was fought, it is said, on the beach between Hythe and Folkestone, in Ethelwolf's reign, with the Danes retreating to their ships, and a great slaughter of them made, so that their bones lay whitening in sun and rain for many a year, till some one gathered them up, and covered them in Church precincts; and they lie now in huge piles in a crypt of Hythe Church, some of the skulls with a hole in them, as if made by a spear or by the sharp end of a battle-axe.

West-Hythe-port, in its turn, was choked with sand and shingle, and was left a straggling suburb to the new town. Yet there still remain there the ruins of a small chapel where, some centuries later, in the Reformation-times, the poor Nun of Kent preached and raved.

Thus gradually did Hythe reach its present site, and there, under the Norman and Plantagenet kings it was a flourishing and famous Cinque Port. Close by are the ruins of the great castle of Saltwood, where Becket's murderers passed the night, and whence they rode in the morning to Canterbury to do the deed.

In Edward the First's reign the French showed themselves with a great fleet before the town, and one of their ships, having 200 soldiers on board, landed their men in the haven: which they had no sooner done, but the townsmen came upon them, and slew every one of them.

Leland (writing in the reign of Henry VIII.) says: "Hythe hath been a very "great town in length, and contained "four parishes that now be clean de-"stroyed. . . In the time of King "Edward II. there were burned by "casualty eighteen score houses and "more, and straight followed a great "pestilence, and these two things "minished the town. There remain "yet the ruins of the churches and "churchyards. The haven is a pretty "rode, and lieth meatly straight for "passage owt of Boleyn; it croketh in "so by the shore along, and is so bakked "from the main sea with casting of "shingle, that small ships may come up "a large mile towards Folkestone, as in "a sure gut."

The "sure gut" is gone, but our grandfathers sixty years ago were still of Leland's opinion (though they did not view it in the same light), that Hythe lay "meatly strayt for a passage owt of Boleyn" (Boulogne), and (not feeling quite easy about the Martello towers) they set to work, and dug a military canal along what was once the sea-line. It starts from near Sandgate, and goes north-west for nearly twenty miles, and must have been a work of enormous labour and cost. Whether it would be of any use in case of invasion the military authorities know best. At present it has a reputation only for suicides and smells. Near its south-eastern end, on the breezy top of the cliffs above Sandgate, is the Camp of Shorncliffe—a row of wooden one-storied houses three deep, built along three sides of a rectangle, nearly half a mile in length. Thence it is less than eight miles to Dover castle. So that our coast is pretty well watched thereabouts, one hopes.

But to return to the musketry-instruction. The first week over, and arms, feet, and shoulders trained to the proper position, ammunition is served out, and the sections tramp off to the "shingles," each to its own target. Twenty rounds are fired; and, the day following, the excitement begins. In the first period all are in the third class—that is to say, they fire twenty shots, five at each distance of fifty yards from a hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, at a target six feet high by four broad. At the first two distances very few shots miss, and everybody feels sure of getting the fifteen points, which it is necessary to get in the twenty shots to pass into the second class; but at two hundred and fifty and three hundred yards misses are more frequent. When the twenty shots are over, about five-and-twenty unlucky men are short of the number. A doleful group they look at first, when told off into a section by themselves for a second period in the third class! According to their different shortcomings, they are called winkers, blinkers, bobbers, and pokers, (or lame-ducks,) which designations must be left to the imagination and appreciation of the reader, as being as unintelligible to the uninitiated as they are patent to the experienced. The General goes down to the beach and comforts them; and by a hint or two many are so improved, that they afterwards pass many of those who had got into the second class at the first trial. The shooting in the second class, kneeling, at distances from four to six hundred yards, goes on at the same time. In twenty shots, twelve points are to be made to pass into the first class; and great is the excitement during the last five shots at six hundred yards, when distance begins to tell, and many are within a point or two of their number but cannot hit, and after a miss or a *ricochet*, entirely

agree with the Royal Irishman (the only representative of his country, the most popular man of the whole party, and the life and soul of the mess,) when he calls out "Bedad! I wish somebody "was kicking me down Sackville Street "just now!"

Scarcely less anxious, each for the success of the men under him, are the Instructors. No Cambridge tutor was ever more eager for the success of his pupils, or more untiring in his zeal, than were these good fellows about their (sometimes unmanageable) squads.

And here let me bear my humble testimony, as far as my small experience goes, to the excellence of every arrangement, not merely at Hythe, but in all matters whatsoever connected with the Volunteers with which the War-office has had to do. It is really wonderful to reflect how enormous a body of men have been armed and brought into something like organization in a single year by a department of the government already fully occupied. Truly there has been no want of administrative ability and patient industry here.

It is over at last; and the skilful and fortunate pass into the first class, and shoot at distances up to nine hundred yards. The second class (reinforced by a batch from the third class, most of whom passed at the second trial,) shoot as before in the third and final period, which determines the classification.

To get a good class has been the one object of life for the last fortnight, and grave men are as eager about it as if they were boys. Men take their success very differently. A, who is accustomed to be good at all points—a crack game shot, a good cricketer, and a good oar—frets and chafes under his second-class as if he were ruined for life; while B, who with hard reading got only a second at Cambridge, and pulled laboriously in the "sloggers" all his time, has by long experience learned that it is better to content himself with mediocrity, and takes his second-class contentedly, as neither more nor less than he deserves, half believing, with Tacitus, that "felicitas" is part of a man's mental constitution, which is born with him.

Most gratifying it is to meet with so much encouragement from army-men. Indeed, the Volunteers have been rather too much complimented, and (except by the small boys in the streets) have had too much respect paid them. It is (or ought to be) rather unpleasant for a young Volunteer officer, who a year ago did not know his facings, to be saluted, as he walks down Oxford Street, by a Crimean veteran with half-a-dozen medals.

Cheering it is too to see on the whole (there are exceptions, no doubt,) how little exclusiveness there is; how general the wish that no one should be prevented from joining by want of pecuniary means:

"Che per quanto si dice più li *nostro*,
Tanto possiede più di ben ciascuno,
E più di caritade arde in quel chiostro."

How much better is loyalty than jealousy for equality! What if Rifle Corps should be an instrument for effecting what agitations and monster meetings seem only to have removed farther off? May it not possibly be a greater privilege, a closer bond of union between Englishman and Englishman, to stand, to be ready if need be to fight, side by side in the ranks, than for a man to have the privilege of pushing through a noisy crowd once in every three or four years, to vote that A rather than B, neither of whom he has never spoken to in his life, should go as his "representative" to Westminster?

How pleasant too are the opportunities which it affords of intercourse between men of different pursuits and occupations, and with whom Dame Fortune has dealt unequally. Not the least satisfactory part of the day of a sham-fight some fourteen miles from home, by no means remarkable for good management, or for ability on the part of some of the commanders, was the tramp home through the short midsummer-night to the time of fragments of songs and

choruses, with an occasional note from the bugler by way of accompaniment. Never before did those dull hard black metropolitan roads seem so little dull to the men of the 19th Middlesex as they trudge over them, and the clocks in the ugly churches strike the "small hours" one after another, and road-side ginger-beer women make fabulous gains, till one by one the men drop off, (hoping the house-door is on the latch); and the toll-taker on Waterloo-bridge looks resigned and even benignant as the diminished remains of the Company, without offering him a farthing, pass over and get home and to bed by the light of the rising dawn, full of friendliness and respect for their comrades, and not ill-satisfied with their share of the last twelve hours work; for the ten pounds weight of arms carried by a full private is no joke on a long tramp: let him who doubts try. Yet they are not more tired or half so head-achy, or in any respect less fit for church next morning than if they had got home two hours earlier, after spending Saturday evening in a stifling theatre.

Is it not possible that in a generation or two even government by party may become less prominent in the list of our National Institutions? — that constituents and their representatives may come to be of opinion that time and labour and money spent upon registration committees and conservative associations and ballot societies may be worse than wasted? Five minutes' walk from Palace Yard are foul haunts of disease and corruption, physical and moral, hardly surpassed in London,—corruption so malignant that even the masters of schools and reformatories, with which it abounds, hardly escape the contagion. All this misery chiefly for want of proper drainage and decent dwellings — matters surely within the scope of legislation! But how can Parliament attend to such matters? Is not the Reform debate taking up half the session? Has not this loss of time been an incalculable evil? What if modern Radicalism, (the more restless discontented elements of it, at least,) be showing symptoms of decrepitude, having, for instance, in its extreme need, or second childhood, taken to believing, or pretending to believe, in French Imperialism, and be likely, ere very long, taking a chill in the cold air of Volunteering, to go the way of all flesh,—the way of old-fashioned Toryism and Whiggery, like them having done its particular work,—proclaimed its particular truth,—on its death to be wrought imperishably into the curious fabric of English creeds and English history? May not this movement—by extending as it does in a great degree, and as it will do, it is to be hoped, far more, to all classes—be a sign of hope that one class is no longer afraid of another, no longer struggling to get the power in its own hands, and thus a period of real union be ushered in, wherein, in the absence of any merely political Reform-Bills, there may be leisure and inclination for undoubted Reform, financial, municipal, educational, sanitary? The staunch Church-and-State heroes who rallied round the throne, and made glorious the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were not unworthy sons of the leaders of the Reformation. Need the sons of those who carried Roman-Catholic emancipation, the first Reform-Bill, the Poor-law, and Free-trade, be ashamed to follow in their footsteps? [1]

[1] With some of the sentiments which our respected contributor has thought it right to express in the few preceding paragraphs, I do not quite agree. Volunteering, besides its other uses, *will* have, I believe, a wholesome effect on our home politics. But I do not know that the nature or the range of that effect is very calculable as yet; nor do I think it desirable at the outset that volunteering should be identified with any one expectation or calculation on the subject — particularly with an expectation that there will thereby be a cessation of interest in any order of political questions. Rather, I think, Volunteers should agree to consider volunteering as a unanimous association to preserve for Great Britain, against foreign force or threat, all that is, has been, or may be, British; in the very centre of which, surely, as Britain's greatest speciality among the nations, is included the right of her inhabitants to be Whigs, Tories, or Radicals, as they see fit, and to wrestle out their views on all subjects whatever by free discussion and combination. The Whig Volunteer defends the right of his comrade to

But the course is over, and the Volunteers must go back to other pursuits and other thoughts. Yet, not without regret that it is all over, does the cockney Volunteer look back from the top of the long steep hill at the shingles, and the white targets, and the dark sea; till the horses trot on to the station and he is caught in the great railway-web, and drawn, as with unseen claw, deeper and deeper in its meshes to the clutches of the great city, the huge Web-spinner of it all, back to the ceaseless noise, and the pale faces, and the "gladsome light of Jurisprudence."

HINTS ON PROPOSALS.

BY AN EXPERIENCED CHAPERONE.

Most women allow that in the course of their lives they have gone through, at least once, the ordeal of a "proposal," but then they feel bound in honour not to disclose circumstances and particulars. Men naturally enough utterly refuse to detail their experiences on this subject. Their Edith or Georgina sits at the head of their table, and the mystical words used to induce her to accept that happy position, whether inspired by the feelings of the moment, or guided by the light of numerous previous failures, we are never allowed to know. I, therefore, as an elderly matron, hope for some gratitude from the rising generation, if I offer a few suggestions and write down such information on this mysterious subject as I have stored up in the course of a long life.

In the first place, then:—Avoid too much haste in matrimonial matters. A clever writer in the *Saturday Review* recommends no man to marry till he has seen his beloved with a cold in her head. If his affection will stand this test, nothing, he thinks, can chill it; but this writer, I gather from internal evidence in his own article, is young and a bachelor, and has evidently never made a sea voyage. However, his theory is good as far as it goes, and might, if generally acted upon, prevent some of the *contretemps* arising from hasty offers of marriage. One such occurs to me at this moment. A proposal was written and sent by the post in the days when letters travelled quietly at the rate of ten miles an hour on the mail coach. The anxious lover for the first week breathlessly expected the reply, but it did not come. The next week he pined, and was sleepless; still no answer. The third week he became indignant. "A civil acknowledgment was his due. She was heartless, and a flirt." The next week he despised her, and congratulated himself on his escape; and, when at the end of it he received his own letter back from the Dead Letter Office, because he had in his agitation forgotten to direct it, he had so completely outlived his love that he never proposed to that lady at all.

In the second place:—Always deal with principals. If a girl is too young to know her own mind, you had better wait till she is older; and, if she is too undecided to judge of her own feelings, why not choose some one a little wiser? I know a fine disposition which was soured, and the course of two lives materially darkened, by a churlish old father, who never told his daughter of the declaration of attachment he had received for her, because he considered the income offered to be insufficient. She thought her feelings had been trifled with, and the man a heartless flirt. Many years afterwards, she found out, by accident, how much she had misjudged him; but it was then too late.

be a Tory; the Tory Volunteer the right of his comrade to be a Whig; and if, out of the comradeship, any higher sentiment can come, overarching the difference of Whig and Tory, so much the better!—Editor.

Let me recommend young girls to shun the man who is, even when making love, wrapped up in himself and his own pursuits, instead of being able to throw his mind into their occupations, or to sympathise with their feelings. Such a man is either narrow-minded or narrow-hearted. I once saw a middle-aged invalid making love to a young girl. After making great efforts to secure an opportunity of meeting her, he drew his chair close to hers, looked into her face, sighed heavily, drew his chair still closer, and, while she looked at him in astonishment, and I in the distance strained my ears to hear what tender remark followed all this preparation, I heard him whisper with great emphasis, "Who is *your* doctor?" I need hardly say that the proposal failed which followed this well-judged commencement. A more pardonable case of a man's absorption in his own pursuits was that of a very shy lover, whose one idea was horses. He never found courage to propose till he had persuaded the lady to go into the stable and look at his favourite horse. There *he* spoke, and there she answered *yes*. But this was natural and pardonable; a shy man may need this vantage ground, and, feeling his own inferiority in the drawing-room, may yet be aware of his superior knowledge and superior power in the stable, where his horse is his throne, and he himself a king.

Thirdly.—Never express strong determinations on the subject of marriage, unless you mean to break them. I have seldom heard an old bachelor declare that he had quite decided not to marry without feeling sure that the subject was engrossing a good deal of his thoughts, and soon afterwards seeing his marriage announced in the *Morning Post*. If a man assures you he could never marry a widow, or a fast young lady, or a girl who is fat, he is sure to do it; and, when the young girls who honour me with their confidence assure me they never could marry a man who is short, or who can't ride across country, or who wears a beard, or who has only 500*l*. a year, or a county squire who rides without straps, or forgets to wear gloves, I consider that their doom is sealed, and that their husbands will be the opposite of their youthful ideal in these exact particulars. But people fall generally *du côté où l'on penche*, and the *penchant* of this generation is certainly not to idealize too much. Warning, therefore, on this head, is perhaps unnecessary. Rather, I remind them that imagination is, as Schlegel tells us, a garden of Eden within us, which man ought to dress and keep within bounds, not ruthlessly fell.

I plead, therefore, that a little romance be still left around the proposal even in this money-making and money-seeking age. Let the words be spoken at a time and in a place which imagination may love to dwell upon, and beware of the example of Sir O. P.——a well-known physician. He is said to have rolled the note, in which he asked for the Duchess of ——'s hand, round a phial of medicine. She accepted the bitter draught but refused the man. I have also heard that a beautiful and accomplished lady, who had become an enthusiast in farming with the view of benefiting her tenants and dependents, was "proposed to" in a new pig-stye by an eminent agriculturist, while they were discussing the various arrangements and improvements which might be made in the building. Here an engrossing pursuit in common had assisted the *dénouement;* but such similarity of taste may be but temporary, and is a frail foundation for lasting union.

A north-country gentleman, a master of hounds, and a man of much character and originality, but shy and peculiar in society, was by such similarity of taste thrown much in the way of a lady who rode well. My elderly cheeks tingle with a blush while I write that, the gentleman not improving the opportunities given him of declaring his sentiments when riding home with the lady after hunting, she took a step which, as I am presenting the different aspects and circumstances of proposals, I feel bound, however unwillingly, to relate: "Why should we not marry, Sir John?" she said. "Ah!" said Sir John; "I

had often thought of it." And married they were!

There are fatalities which seem to attend upon some lovers—strange events, unexpected meetings, which sometimes promote, sometimes prevent, proposals. A marriage took place not many years ago, in the great world, where the two lovers (long attached, but separated by the desire of their parents) met under an archway while each taking refuge in London from a sudden shower of rain. Neither of them had the least idea of the neighbourhood of the other, when the sudden meeting occurred which decided the course of their future lives. In another case the engagement was broken off on account of limited means, and the gentleman went abroad. Returning after some years' absence, he arrived late on the railway platform, and rushed into the first carriage he reached, just as the train was in motion. In it he found (with her mother) the lady he had been so long vainly endeavouring to forget, and the meeting ended in one of the happiest of marriages.

Hans Andersen gives in one of his books an amusing account of a young man, newly appointed to some official position in the court of Copenhagen, ordering his court dress in great haste, that he might be present at a ball where he meant to declare his attachment to a beautiful girl whom he had long loved. All went smoothly, and he was on the point of proposing, nay, had spoken a few preliminary words, when a button gave way on the hastily-made court dress. The lover rushed abruptly away, and the lady, hurt at his unlooked-for departure, made an engagement for a sleighing party next day, where she received and accepted the offer of another lover. Thus, love, as well as life, often hangs upon a thread.

In matrimony, as in other affairs, it is all-important to put the critical question in the way best adapted to the character and disposition of the person concerned. A gentleman who had several sisters —agreeable, sensible, and, some of them, fine looking women—was one day asked how it happened that they had all reached middle age unmarried. "I will explain," he replied. "*Proposals* without attentions, and attentions without *proposals;* this is the clue to my sisters' single life." To take an opposite example. A friend of mine with a warm heart and quick impulses is much in the habit of decidedly negativing any proposition when first made to her, merely on account of its novelty. One day, while referring to her happy marriage, I enquired how it happened, with her dislike to new suggestions, that she did not say *No*, when her husband proposed to her. "Ah!" she said, "I did; but he knew my habit, and put the question in such a way that saying no meant yes."

Lastly:—Always secure your retreat in love as in war. This is a precaution never to be neglected. Mr. A——, brother to the late Lord Z——, whose proud and haughty temper was proverbial, proposed to a lady in Portman-square Gardens. After being refused the rejected lover turned away from her in great indignation, but, finding the gate of the garden locked, was obliged to return to the lady to petition for the key. Another case, still more trying, was that of a gentleman travelling in North America, who, after being hospitably received in the house of an officer high in command there, proposed to his host's daughter, the evening before his intended departure, and was refused. A deep fall of snow came on in the night; the roads became impassable; and the poor man, to his unspeakable mortification, was detained for a week in the house with the lady who had rejected him.

Such are some of the incidents relating to proposals which occur to me at this moment. Stranger and more varied cases will probably rise up to the memory of most of my readers, surrounded, in some instances, by sad and softening recollections; embittered, in others, by long and unavailing regrets.

Pause, then, and prosper, my young reader. Bear with you on your pathway the elderly chaperone's best wishes for your happy entrance into this land

of promise. Remember the Italian proverb—

"E mezzo armato
Che di buon' donna è amato,"

and believe that a marriage based on mutual esteem, built up by lasting affection, and crowned with heaven's blessing, is the fair remnant left us on earth of the institutions of Paradise.

S. W.

THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO SPAIN.

BY WILLIAM POLE, C.E., FELLOW OF THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun is an event which never fails to excite great attention, not only on account of the grandeur and importance of the phenomena which attend it, but on account of the extreme rarity of its occurrence in any given locality.

The phenomena, even as presenting themselves to an uneducated spectator, are indeed striking. The sudden blotting out of the great orb from the face of nature, while still high in heaven; the substitution for it of a celestial appearance as splendid as it is novel; the supernatural effect on the landscape;—all these things cannot fail to produce an impression which, once seen, even for the few seconds they last, can never be effaced from the mind. And then the interest of the occurrence is very great in a more scientific point of view. The proof its prediction affords of the amazing degree of accuracy to which we have brought our astronomical calculations, and the data it gives for still further improving them, are inestimable to the mathematician; the singular and mysterious appearances which present themselves around the solar disk afford to the physical astronomer most interesting glimpses of the nature and constitution of our great luminary—obscure, it is true, but still such as he can, as yet at least, obtain in no other way; and finally, we have in an event so abnormal as a total eclipse many other phenomena, meteorological and the like, which it is extremely important, for the general benefit of science, to register and trace.

The interest of this phenomenon is moreover much enhanced by the extreme rarity of its occurrence in any given locality. While a total eclipse of the moon is visible to the whole terrestrial hemisphere to which she is above the horizon, one of the sun is only total to a very small portion of the earth's surface. The moon's shadow, passing across the earth, forms only a narrow belt or stripe of from 100 to 150 miles wide, and it is solely within this space that the total obscuration can be seen. And when it is considered that this shadow belt, even when it crosses the earth centrally, which rarely happens, forms much less than one-hundredth part of the earth's surface, it may be easily imagined that the chances of its falling upon, or even within a reasonably accessible distance of any given locality, are very remote. A great many total eclipses fall on the ocean, or near the poles, or otherwise in places that may be considered altogether inaccessible to the more civilized of the earth's inhabitants.

The line of shadow of the eclipse of the 18th of July last began at a high latitude in North America, traversed the Atlantic,[1] formed a broad belt obliquely across the north of Spain, crossed the Mediterranean to Algeria, and passed over the deserts of Northern Africa till it ended near the Red Sea. It was thus easily accessible to European astronomers; the districts were considered favourable for the chance of fine weather, and the totality was to be of somewhat long duration. The conjunction of

[1] It is believed that the *Hero*, which sailed from Plymouth a few days before the eclipse, conveying the Prince of Wales to Canada, put herself in the line of totality to afford H.R.H. a view of this grand phenomenon.

all these circumstances caused the event to be looked forward to with much interest, and many were the projects entertained by private astronomers for undertaking its observation; but in the meantime the concurrent efforts of three individuals, whose names will stand conspicuous in the English records of this eclipse, conspired to give the plans or this purpose more definite form. The first was Mr. Warren de la Rue, who had for some years given special attention to the application of photography to celestial subjects, and who had erected, and successfully worked, an instrument at Kew Observatory for the purpose of photographing the sun. Mr. De la Rue saw how great the advantages to science would be if photographs of the appearances during totality could be obtained; and he resolved to undertake the difficult task, if he could procure the necessary facilities for the transport and fixing of the somewhat cumbersome preparations he would require. Here stepped in another amateur, Mr. Charles Vignoles, the engineer of a railway in course of construction in the north of Spain, running for its whole length precisely in the path of the shadow. He generously offered to procure for any number of astronomers, with any amount of apparatus, who would present themselves on his territory, all possible facilities; and, taking a bold initiative, he further went to the trouble of preparing, and to the expense of publishing for gratuitous distribution, an elaborate and beautiful map of the shadow-path over the whole district, accompanied with a book of valuable detailed information for the guidance of those who might visit the locality. Last, though not least, came the Astronomer Royal of England, Professor Airy, who, giving the weight of his sanction to Mr. De la Rue's projects, and seeing the great advantages to be derived from Mr. Vignoles's co-operation, undertook to organize an expedition of astronomers and scientific men for the purpose of observing the eclipse. His first step was to communicate with the Government, and request their aid. This they consented to give with a promptitude and a neglect of red tape which does them unwonted honour. They agreed to put a steamer at the Astronomer Royal's disposal, for the gratuitous conveyance of the astronomers and their apparatus to and from the coast of Spain; and they further made interest with the Spanish Government to relax in their special case any vexatious custom-house or passport regulations, and to afford the expedition all the countenance in their power.

Invitations to join the expedition were sent to the most eminent astronomers of Great Britain; and, with much liberality, the Astronomer Royal accepted freely the co-operation of many astronomical amateurs and other scientific men, who volunteered to join, and who gave reasonable prospect of being able to contribute to the general results. It was in this way that I obtained permission to form one of the party.

As I had never seen a total eclipse before, I did not feel warranted in undertaking any particular subject of attention in so new a field, but reserved myself for the general observation of the phenomena, without any predetermined plan, further than taking all the precautions necessary to make my observations as good as the circumstances would permit. I resolved to eschew any great size, power, or complexity of telescope, contenting myself with a tolerable sea-glass by Elliott, thirty inches long, two-inch object glass, and magnifying about twenty times. It was absolutely necessary to have a stand, and for some time I was puzzled how to contrive this without burdening myself with a heavy package; but at last I bethought myself of using my camera-stand, which I had to take for photographic purposes, and which folded up into a single stick for convenience of carriage. On this I managed, by a very simple contrivance, partly taken from England and partly made by a carpenter at Vitoria, to scheme a rough mounting for the telescope, which I fixed equatorially. I further thought it might be desirable to have a wire in the

field, as an index to the position of anything I might see; and as I had neglected to get this inserted before I left England, I was obliged to do it myself in Spain, by fastening a hair across the diaphragm of the eye-piece. For the *time*—an important consideration even for general observers — I trusted to a compensated lever watch, by Frodsham, which, though sometimes eccentric and troublesome, has the faculty of going like a chronometer when it is in a good humour, as fortunately it remained during the whole journey. But it occurred to me that my watch might stop, or that I might forget to wind it up, and so lose the time; which would have been awkward, as, when out of the way of others of our party, probably nobody in the district could tell the time to within half an hour. So I took with me a pocket-sextant and an artificial horizon, with which, by an observation on the sun or a star, I could obtain the time for myself in any place without troubling anybody. A small azimuth compass, fitted with one of my own clinometers, for measuring heights, distances, &c., and a small photographic apparatus, completed my scientific provisions, the whole of which did not fill half a moderate sized portmanteau.

We had been informed that the vessel destined to take us was the screw-steamer, the *Himalaya*, and that she would leave Plymouth on Saturday morning, the 7th July. This date allowed eleven days to reach the localities and prepare for the observations—a time apparently longer than was necessary; but, as all who were acquainted with the country had insisted on the importance of arriving early in Spain, the Astronomer Royal, knowing that eclipses wait for no man, wisely decided to leave a good margin for contingencies.

I accordingly left Paddington by the express train, on the morning of the 6th. Professor Airy, the chief, and a great number of the other members of the expedition were also in the train. Detained by slight accidents, we arrived at Plymouth one hour later than our proper time; and, after a due amount of confusion at the Plymouth station, attributable to the puzzling array of scientific packages brought down by the astronomers, we got to Mile Bay Pier, where we found small tender steamers in waiting, to take us off to the *Himalaya*. Arrived on board the large vessel, the allotment of comfortable berths, and a capital dinner, made us feel at once at home. Next morning after receiving a few passengers who had loitered on shore, we weighed anchor, and steamed out past the breakwater about half-past ten.

The *Himalaya* is one of the largest and finest steamers in the world, after the *Great Eastern*. She is of iron, and was built in 1853 by Messrs. Mare and Co., of Blackwall, for the Peninsular and Oriental Company. She passed into the possession of the Government some years afterwards, and has since been used as a troop-ship, on which service she was employed in the Crimea during the Russian War. She is about 3,500 tons burthen; about 350 feet long, forty-six feet beam, and thirty-five feet depth in the hold, drawing twenty feet of water. She is fitted with horizontal trunk engines, by Penn, of about 700 nominal horse-power, and has one of Griffith's patent screws. The engines during our trip made usually about fifty revolutions per minute, and the speed obtained was eleven to twelve knots per hour; but it was said that this speed could be much exceeded when desired. She has a handsome saloon, about 120 feet long, by twenty-eight feet wide, with spacious cabins on each side; and there are also a series of comfortable cabins on the lower deck. She has well-arranged accommodation forward, and can carry 1,500 men.

Our routine on board this splendid vessel was pleasant enough. Most of the passengers, when the weather was fine, were up and on deck early. We breakfasted about half-past eight; about nine came the observations for the longitude, and at noon those for the latitude, in both which such of the savans as had brought sextants took part. We

had a little joking as to this. Some were congratulating themselves on the impossibility that, with such an astounding amount of astronomical science on board, the ship could go wrong: others profanely quoted the adage about "too many cooks," while I fear the good-natured captain and his master merely set us all down as land lubbers, and quietly ignored our nautical science altogether. Shortly after noon we lunched; at six we dined; at eight we had tea; and at ten grog. Everybody who has been at sea, and in eating condition, knows that the meals form the chief points of interest to the idle passengers, and I should be an ingrate if I did not testify how well the Admiralty had provided for us in this particular. Soon after ten we were obliged to go to bed; for, about eleven, a stern marine came round to the cabins, with an irrevocable decree to put out all the lights.

The party on board consisted of about fifty or sixty in number; partly professional astronomers, partly eminent amateurs of astronomical pursuits, and partly general men of science, interested in the eclipse. Among the former may be mentioned, in addition to the Astronomer Royal of England; Mr. Otto Struve, director of the principal Russian Observatory at Pulkowa, with assistants; Captain Jacob, late of the Madras Observatory; and a deputation of astronomers from Norway; among the latter classes were Mr. Lassell, Mr. Warren de la Rue, Professor Grant, Mr. Lowe, Dr. Pritchard, and several other well-known names. Our party was also enlivened by the presence of a few ladies, relations of some of the principal passengers.

At about ten P. M. of the 7th we passed Ushant light, and entered the Bay of Biscay, and soon afterwards turned to the eastward, pointing our course directly to Bilbao. The next morning, Sunday, the 8th, we had a moderate breeze from the eastward, which gave us some rolling, and considerably thinned the breakfast-table. Prayers were read at eleven o'clock on the fore main-deck. In the afternoon we had thunder and rain, but the wind lulled, and in the night speed was slackened. About four A. M. the coast came in sight, to the eastward of our port; and, when we turned upon deck in the morning, we found ourselves running along the coast, making for the little Bay of Portugalete, in which, after taking a Spanish pilot on board, we anchored at about eight A. M.

It may be well to give a little more particular account of the locality where the eclipse was to be observed. The moon's shadow, under which it would be total, fell upon the southern coast of the Bay of Biscay, occupying two-thirds of the whole extent between Bayonne and Corunna. From thence, crossing the range of the Pyrenees, and proceeding inland, it formed a belt of about 130 miles wide, striking across the country in a south-easterly direction, and quitting Spain on the coast of the Mediterranean, between Barcelona and Alicante. The shadow included in it the considerable ports of Bilbao and Santander, in the Bay of Biscay, and of Valencia in the Mediterranean; as also the important inland towns of Oviedo, Vitoria, Burgos, Logroño, Tudela, and Saragossa. The English expedition were to occupy the western portion of this belt, and the Astronomer Royal had recommended that, for various astronomical and meteorological reasons, the observers should be spread as much as possible over the district. In accordance with this suggestion, the party had been divided into two sections, one landing at Bilbao, and the other at Santander, from which ports they were to distribute themselves into the interior. As I belonged to the Bilbao party, I must follow their fortunes in my history.

We had scarcely cast anchor, when we observed two small steamers coming out to us. One was an excursion vessel from Bilbao, crowded with curious Spaniards, who had been tempted to come out under promise that they would be allowed to view the great English steamer, (as unwonted a sight to them as the "Great Eastern" was to the inhabitants of New York;) but bitter was

their disappointment when our Captain politely told them it was impossible for him to receive strangers on board at that time. The other steamer was one courteously sent out by the authorities of the place, many of whom were on board her, to convey us and our luggage up to Bilbao. Soon after ten we were all transferred, and left the good ship with mutual cheers.

Bilbao is situated about six or eight miles up a narrow picturesque river, the Nervion, whose windings are "the Bilboes," where in steam-tug-less days our ancient mariners feared to be "penned," and to whose entanglements Beaumont and Fletcher compares the noose of being married. It has a shallow and dangerous bar at the mouth, but higher up its channel is enclosed between walls and kept tolerably deep, so that good-sized vessels can arrive within a mile or two of Bilbao. The city itself, however, is only to be reached by smaller craft, at high water; when they go alongside a handsome quay, forming part of the "paseo" or public promenade of the town. On this occasion, the tide not serving, we were obliged to land at the lower point, and walk up to Bilbao, the steamer following with the baggage, as soon as the water rose. And here we at once began to experience the results of the zeal and kindness of Mr. Vignoles, who, as I have already said, had promised, in his capacity of Engineer-in-Chief to the Bilbao and Tudela Railway, to afford the expedition every assistance in his power. The Railway Company on his suggestion appear to have put almost everything aside for the time in favour of science—the whole of the available strength of the establishment, from the managing director and the chief engineer through all the various grades down to the labourers, being converted into either astronomers or astronomers' assistants. Mr. Vignoles himself received into his house the chiefs of the expedition; others were billeted upon officials; and even those for whom no private homes could be found, had all possible help afforded them. The gérant of the Railway, Señor Montesino, exerted himself to the utmost, in all sorts of ways, for our benefit; and, as he possessed influence in high quarters, his offices were of the greatest value. The English contractors, through their resident agents, also lent their aid, and in particular undertook the conveyance of a large quantity of cumbersome apparatus over the mountains into the interior. Many of the junior engineers were told off to accompany and act as interpreters and assistants to those parties who did not understand the language; and every person connected with the railway, who possessed sufficient ability, was instructed to take careful observations at the time of the eclipse, and to report them to head quarters.

On Tuesday, the 10th, a meeting of all hands was called at the Railway Office, the Astronomer Royal presiding, for the purpose of settling finally as to the stations to be occupied by the different parties; and the Astronomer Royal, after registering the situations to be occupied, gave instructions and suggestions as to the most important points to be attended to in each. In the afternoon another meeting was held, at Mr. Vignoles's, to compare the different chronometers, and to settle the true Greenwich time; after which we were left to find our way to our various points of observation. Here, then, I must take leave of the rest of the party, and confine my narrative to the proceedings of myself and one companion. As, fortunately, I was somewhat acquainted with both the language and the country, we were able to get on comfortably without any assistant or interpreter.

We had not quite decided as to the spot where we should station ourselves; but, as we proposed it should be somewhere near Vitoria, we left Bilbao for that place on Wednesday morning by diligence. We followed the Bayonne road as far as Durango. We then turned off and took a fine picturesque pass through the mountains to the southward. The ascent was so long and steep that the diligence had to be drawn up by oxen, but the southern side sloped much more gradually down to the elevated plain

about 1,800 feet above the sea, on which Vitoria stands.

This is a pleasant little town, of about 10,000 inhabitants, lying on the main road from France to Madrid, and furnished with good hotel accommodation; and we found ourselves so comfortable at the Hotel Pallares, that we determined, if possible, to find an eligible station within easy reach of the town. We met, at the same hotel, M. Müdler, the astronomer of the Russian Observatory at Dorpat, who had come with one or two friends to see the eclipse, and who was afterwards joined by M. D'Arrest, of Copenhagen, and M. Goldsmidt, of Paris. We had at first thought of joining them; but, when it appeared that they had chosen a site on the flat plain close to the town, that it was to be enclosed with ropes like a prize ring, and that the crowd who would naturally flock to the spot would be kept at bay during the eclipse by a guard of soldiers, I declined to take any part in such an exhibition, and preferred the selection of an elevated knoll about two miles south of the town, from which we should have the advantages of a fine and extended landscape, and, at least, a tolerable chance of observing in peace and quietness.

On Friday, the 13th, we paid a visit to the station occupied by Mr. De la Rue, near Miranda del Ebro, and were glad to find he had his house and instrument erected, and his photographic apparatus in promising order. But the general interest of everybody now began to turn upon the weather. Since our landing it had been very unsatisfactory; we had had occasional sunshine, but heavy clouds had prevailed. We at first thought that the clouds might be only local to Vitoria; but accounts we heard from other parts proved their existence in the whole neighbourhood. On Saturday afternoon, however, it cleared up, and became by night beautifully fine and clear; and when we saw that this continued on Sunday, it may be guessed how our courage rose. Little doubt was entertained that all would henceforth be serene. At the six o'clock *table d'hôte*, our spirits were exuberant; we had a truly gorgeous southern summer's day, the whole sky cerulean, with not a vestige of a cloud to be seen. During dessert, however, my eye caught sight, peeping over the distant hills to the southward, of two or three of those massive brilliant-topped cauliflower-looking clouds, which are so well known to meteorologists as huge repositories of threatening electricity. "What does that mean?" said I, pointing the appearance out to an eminent astronomer sitting by me. "Oh," replied he, but with a little evident hesitation in his manner, and pulling up suddenly in the middle of a plate of delicious wild strawberries, "nothing, I hope. Probably only some evening mists at a distance, after the fine day." Nothing more was said, and no one else appeared to notice the cauliflowers; but when, a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards, we turned out to take our after dinner stroll, a general change in the appearance of the sky, and masses of black opaque scud that began to pour over the Pyrenees from the northward, gave evident signs of approaching disturbance. The clouds soon opened and thickened; faint flashes of lightning and distant thunder followed; and about ten o'clock down came a heavy thunder storm, which lasted, with slight intermissions, for nearly twelve hours.

Now thunder storms have two different habits. Sometimes they are mere episodes in fine weather, serving rather to improve than to damage it, nature bursting out with unwonted splendour and freshness after the disturbing electricity has been exhausted from the charged atmosphere. But they are also sometimes indications of more permanent meteorological disturbance, ushering in an enduring change from good weather to bad. It will be easily imagined that we all found ourselves on Monday morning studying this distinction, and exerting our best philosophical discrimination either on one side or the other. In the early part of the day the advocates of the permanent bad weather

hypothesis had the advantage, for though the rain and thunder had ceased, the heavy clouds remained; but towards evening the sky reappeared, and the episodical doctrine was in the ascendant.

Sad indeed was our "madrugada," as the Spaniards call it;—our "getting up early," on Tuesday the 17th, and sad indeed were our spirits during the day. The heavens were covered with thick clouds—not the lively isolated passing fleeces which would seem to give us hope rather than despondency, but dogged determined looking banks, so nearly stationary that we could not tell from which quarter the wind blew, and which seemed to mock us, saying, "Here we are, ye astronomers, and here we intend to remain till after the new moon; we wish to be present at the eclipse, and we have the priority." Things were indeed looking serious. We had come nearly 1,000 miles to see a phenomenon of three minutes' duration, on the presumption that the climate would afford us a clear sky; and here we were, within a few hours of the time, in as thoroughly English atmospherical conditions as those which shut out from us at Blisworth the great annular eclipse of March 1858.

Time wore on, and no improvement took place. Those who were going to other stations had left, hoping for better luck there; but more new arrivals had taken their places, and the hotel was literally crammed with despondent astronomers and their belongings. The only hope seemed to lie in prompt removal to some other part of the country, if any such could be found within reach, where better atmospheric conditions prevailed. The foreign astronomers I have alluded to would probably have gone elsewhere if they could, but after the parade made for their accommodation, this was impossible. To us, however, burdened with no such ties, it seemed imperative to make an effort in this way; and our attention was directed to three points, which, being further in the interior, we thought might be more favourably situated. The first was Miranda, and we at once telegraphed to Mr. De la Rue, to ask how he fared. His reply showed he was no better off than ourselves. The second was Burgos; but we heard that there the weather was worse than at Vitoria. The third was Logroño, of the climate of which we had heard a very favourable account from an intelligent Spanish gentleman at Vitoria. He knew the district well, and would undertake, he said, that we should have better weather if we would go there. We proposed that he should substantiate his recommendation by getting at once a telegraphic intimation of the state of the weather at the time; which he did, and the answer was—"Sol con nubes." We had had plenty of "nubes," but no "sol;" and as this showed a manifest advantage in the locality, we decided at once (for there was no time to lose) to go to Logroño, by the diligence starting from Vitoria at 10 P.M., in which we found a sufficient number of places free.

The night remained cloudy, and there was a little ominous lightning on the journey, but in the morning, as we descended the valley of the Ebro, the weather gradually improved; the clouds broke, and took a lighter character, and the sun began to appear.

We arrived at Logroño about eight o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 18th: we had consequently but a very short time left to prepare for our observation, as the eclipse was to begin between one and two P.M. We had been recommended to station ourselves on a hill called "La Cantabria," about a mile east of the town, and as this appeared eligible we adopted the suggestion. Having got our instruments in order we started as soon as we could, with an intelligent Spanish fellow lent us for a day or two by Mr. Vignoles, and a couple of boys as porters, and arrived on the spot before mid-day. It was an elevation immediately overlooking the Ebro, on the north bank, and about 350 feet above it; and it commanded a wide view over the plains, the landscape being bounded by ranges of hills many miles distant in all directions.

We chose an eligible spot, and had soon got our instruments fixed and adjusted, waiting leisurely the commencement of the eclipse. A difficulty, however, here arose which threatened at one time to be serious, namely, the flocking to the spot of people from the town. I had already noticed, with some pleasure, the interest excited by the eclipse among the natives generally, and the desire that had often been manifested to obtain information about it; but we were hardly prepared for a manifestation of curiosity coming so nearly home to ourselves. The arrivals increased fast as the eclipse went on; and, notwithstanding the exertions of ourselves and our man, the people began to crowd inconveniently close to us, with some noise and disturbance. I had remonstrated for some time, and tried to persuade them that other points on the hill would answer their purpose fully as well as that where we stood; but this appeared quite ineffectual, and, when I saw long strings of new comers winding slowly up the hill, and directing their files exactly upon us, I confess my heart failed me, and I began to consider the advisability of moving our station further away before the totality came on. All at once, however, actuated either by some inward compunction, or by some other motive I have never been able quite to understand, they, with one unanimous impulse, suddenly drew back, distributed themselves quietly over the hill, and sat down in a most orderly manner upon the grass.

The time of totality is so short, and the observer, if he has never seen a total eclipse before, and has any sensibility to the sublime in nature, must be so overpowered by the novel and supernatural effect of the scene, that it will be impossible for him to remark with any accuracy more than a small fraction of what there is to observe. It is, therefore, only by the careful subsequent comparisons of the accounts of many observers that anything like a definite, complete, and accurate description of the phenomena of the eclipse can be obtained. In the present case it has been arranged that all the reports of the members of our expedition shall be furnished to the Astronomer Royal, and it is believed they will be subsequently published in such manner as he may advise. All I will attempt here, therefore, is to give some notion of the general phenomena, which were generally observed to attend this, as they have attended former eclipses of the sun.

I had calculated from the data in the *Nautical Almanac*, that the first contact would take place about 1h. 49m.; and, at fifteen to twenty seconds after, I saw the slight indentation commence on the point where I was looking for it. From the commencement till within a quarter of an hour of the totality there was nothing calling for particular remark, except the gradual diminution of light, which, the variation being not greater than is often observed from other causes, did not excite particular attention. As, however, the totality approached, a great change came on. The colour of the landscape took strange unearthly hues; the shadows, from the absence of penumbra, became peculiarly sharp and intense, although the light was now rapidly diminishing; the clouds began to look dark and threatening, and appeared to lower down towards the earth, while the parts of blue sky gradually changed to a deep sombre purple.

A minute or two before the totality the shadow had reached our visible horizon in the north-west, and after enveloping that part of the sky in a dense shroud of the most fearful gloom, the most awful thing I ever saw, it began to cover the distant mountains, and then gradually to creep towards us over the plain. I shall never forget this sight. My companion was engaged at his telescope, but I well recollect the vehemence with which I urged him to "look at the sky." Another minute and the darkness was upon us, and *then* I recollect also trying to make some remark, when the words failed me altogether. I had presence of mind enough at once to turn to the telescope, to bring the sun into the field, and to make as good use of the time as I could for observation; looking

off occasionally upon the landscape to rest the eye. I should say that our view of the sun, during the progress of the eclipse, had been frequently obscured by clouds, and we had been in a state of great anxiety lest this should happen during the short time of the totality; and when, a few minutes before, we saw a huge cloud to windward gradually approaching, we had almost given our chance up for lost; but fortunately the sun remained perfectly visible the whole time, being only occasionally covered with passing films of a thin transparent haze.

The appearances in the sun and moon generally noted as of interest in a total eclipse are three—Baily's Beads, the Corona, and what are called the Red Prominences. At the moment when the advancing moon's limb is about to obliterate the last remaining thin crescent of the sun, the latter is seen to break up into small pieces, like beads, which have been sometimes described as playing about and running into each other, like drops of quicksilver. These were first noticed by that celebrated astronomer, the late Mr. Baily, and at first were made some mystery of; but they are now known simply to arise from the projections, or mountains, upon the moon's limb, which cut up the fine wire of light into fragments, the supposed motion being a mere optical illusion; and they consequently do not in the present day attract much attention.

The *corona* is a halo of soft white light which surrounds the dark circle of the moon as soon as the more powerful illumination of the sun is shut out, and which much resembles the glory shown round the heads of saints in old pictures. It forms a beautiful object, and, from the nebulous nature of its light, is better seen with the naked eye than in the telescope. It is supposed to be a sort of faint luminous envelope encircling the sun, the appearance of which, however, may be probably modified by being seen through our atmosphere. It has different appearances at different times. In this eclipse it seemed to be formed of well-defined rays, spreading out radially from the sun, and of very unequal length, some very long, and some stated to be curved at the outer extremity.

But the most singular and mysterious of the phenomena of a total eclipse are certain protuberances which also, when the sun is entirely covered, are seen projecting round the black disk of the moon, and which, on account of their colour, are called "the red prominences." They are often very numerous, and very varied and singular in shape. Some are low long serrated ridges, like ranges of mountains; others are isolated objects of the oddest forms, which have been likened to pyramids, cabbages, flowers, flags, boomerangs, scimitars, hooks, ships in full sail, mitres, &c. &c.; and some have been frequently seen detached altogether, like balloons. Their colour is called generally red, but the precise hue is probably a pale rose colour inclining to violet. To my own vision, being colour-blind,[1] they appeared white, like the corona, but distinguished from it by their greater compactness and brilliancy. What these prominences can be is a great mystery. They vary much in different eclipses, and are supposed therefore to be fluctuating, and not solid. It has long been a question whether they belong to the sun or the moon, but I believe the observations of this eclipse decide in favour of the former. As far as a conjecture can be hazarded, they are supposed to be clouds of some luminous matter exhaling from the sun, or floating round it in the circumambient atmosphere of the corona. They are enormous in size; some projecting two minutes from the sun—equivalent to a height above his surface of fifty or sixty thousand miles, or as many times bigger than Mont Blanc as Mont Blanc is bigger than a paving-stone! Mr. De la Rue has obtained interesting photographs of these prominences, and from his and other data there will be no lack by-and-by of good drawings, exhibit-

[1] See Phil. Trans. for 1859. This observation of the appearance to a colour-blind eye is said by one of the greatest authorities on the subject to be of much value.

ing with tolerable accuracy all the phenomena.

There has been heretofore a doubt whether the corona and prominences were at all visible, except when the sun was perfectly shut out. The present observations have completely proved that the total exclusion of the light is not necessary. I myself saw them distinctly a minute and a half after the end of totality, and when the returning crescent of the sun had become so light as to require a dark glass to shield the eye. An important question hangs upon this, as to whether it may even be possible to get glimpses of those interesting appearances at other times, than the few and far between opportunities which total eclipses afford.

The darkness during totality was not so great as on a dark night. I had a lantern lighted, but did not use it, as I could see the seconds hand of my watch without much difficulty. But it was of a very unusual character. Various parts of the sky horizon, where the sun yet partly shone, were lighted up with an unearthly lurid light, which, though it was what probably gave us the little light we had, added much to the awe of the scene. Many large stars were visible; Jupiter and Venus, particularly, were very close to the sun, and shone with much brilliancy.

The native spectators seemed much interested with the sight. I had expected they would be frightened; but, on the contrary, as soon as the sun quite disappeared, they set up a great shout of applause!

The eclipse being over, and a stereoscopic view taken as a memorandum of the preparations and apparatus employed, we returned to Logroño, where I immediately put into writing and drawing my impressions of the phenomena, before communicating with any one respecting them—a plan always considered proper in such cases, to secure the independence of the descriptions. On Friday, the 20th, we returned to Vitoria, and on Saturday the 21st, to Bilbao, where we had to amuse ourselves for some days, as the steamer delayed starting from Santander, for the sake of a "Fiesta de Toros" which took place there on the 25th. She arrived off Portugalete, on the morning of Thursday, the 26th, and, to make amends for her former unpoliteness, received visitors and excursionists on board all day. In the afternoon we took leave of our kind hosts, dropped down the river, went on board, and at half-past six P.M. we were on our way home.

We had now rejoined the rest of the expedition, with the exception of some few who had gone home overland, and we had the opportunity of learning the proceedings of other observers. The weather on the day was more or less cloudy everywhere; and, though the majority of the party were fortunate like ourselves, many lost the totality altogether. The Astronomer Royal and his friends were located at Pobes, a village on the southern slope of the mountains, not far from Miranda; they had rain in the morning, but it cleared off just in time to allow of good observations. Professor Otto Struve, who had seen the two eclipses of 1842, and of 1851, in company with Mr. Airy, determined to cast in his lot with him this third time also. Mr. De la Rue had a similar narrow escape;[1] and so had the continental observers at Vitoria. Near Bilbao itself, the totality was well seen. The Santander party were hospitably received, and had free passes given them on the line of railway there. In that district, however, the weather was less favourable. Those who stayed by the coast saw the eclipse, but I believe it was lost by almost all who went into the mountains.

On Friday morning, the 27th, a meeting was held on board, for the purpose of expressing the cordial thanks of the expedition to various parties from whom we had received kindness and courtesy. Thanks were voted, first, to the Spanish

[1] A long account of Mr. De la Rue's proceedings is published in the *Times* of August 9th, and of Mr. Lowe's in that of July 25th. A list of the whole party, and of their various stations of observation, is given in the *Times* of July 30th.

Government, who had behaved most liberally. Our luggage had never been once looked at either at the coast or interior douanes, nor our passports once asked for. And it is only due to the people of the country to state that this friendly spirit towards us seemed to obtain in all classes. I do not recollect a single instance of imposition, or scarcely of an incivility offered to us by any person whomsoever. The only evidence of a contrary spirit I heard of was from a Spaniard of some education, who threatened us with all sorts of vengeance if, in the course of our proceedings, we did any damage to the sun.

Then we had to thank the railway companies, both of Bilbao and Santander, as well as Mr. Vignoles personally, and to express our sense of the courteous behaviour of the captain and officers of the ship; and we had also the pleasure of collecting a testimonial of a substantial character for the crew. These things being put in proper train, we had only to take advantage of the circumstance of its being the Astronomer Royal's birthday, to drink his health at dinner (a pleasant form of the usual concluding thanks to the president), and the business of the voyage came to an end.

We turned Ushant at bed-time, and after passing the Queen near the Needles, we anchored in Spithead at four P.M. on Saturday, the 28th, and in an hour or two were all on the way to our respective homes.

THE TWO BUDGETS OF 1860.

BY W. A. PORTER.

The budgets here proposed for discussion, are the two which relate respectively to our own country and its greatest dependency. The one was laid before the House of Commons on the 10th of February, by Mr. Gladstone, and the other before the Legislative Council at Calcutta eight days later, by Mr. Wilson. For the first time a budget has been produced in India exactly on the English model, and though there is still a great and fundamental difference between the English and Indian systems of finance, to the advantage of the former, the two financial statements of the present year have some striking points of resemblance. Both begin by announcing a tremendous deficit, and both end by filling up the gap with an income tax. Both make important commercial reforms, and in the face of a great deficiency make remissions of taxation for the relief of trade. Both deal with a high level of expenditure, which of late years has in both countries been enormously raised. The reception, too, which these budgets met with, has not been dissimilar. Both have encountered the most strenuous opposition, leading to important modifications of the original proposals, and to other serious results; in the one case a conflict between the two Houses of Parliament, and in the other, a mutiny of the Government of Madras against the Supreme Government, which was only terminated by the recall of Sir Charles Trevelyan.

There is much in the circumstances of the present year to make both these budgets conspicuous. The decrease of about 2,000,000*l.* in the annual charge of the national debt which took effect this year by the expiration of terminable annuities, was enough to make 1860 a marked year in English finance. And it gained additional distinction from the prospective financial legislation of 1853. In the budget of that year, Mr. Gladstone did not confine himself to the ordinary estimates, but extended his calculations to 1860, for which the most desirable results were predicted. The present year had therefore prospectively double claims to attention. It was a year of relief, and a year of prophecy. In future it will be associated with the French commercial treaty, with the completion of the reform of our tariff so

happily commenced by Sir Robert Peel in 1842, and with the final triumph of free trade.

But the year 1860 is a marked year in Indian as well as English finance. Between the 30th of April, 1857, and the 30th of April, 1860, the Indian debt increased by no less a sum than 38,000,000*l.*, involving an increase in the annual charge for interest of nearly 2,000,000*l.* This permanent addition of 2,000,000*l.* to the annual expenditure of India is one result of the mutiny quite definite and calculable. There is another which seems at present quite incalculable. Between the dates mentioned above, the military expenditure rose from 13,200,000*l.*, at which it stood the year before the mutiny, to 21,700,000*l.* which is the estimate for the year ending April, 1860; and Mr. Wilson affords no hope that in the present year this estimate can be reduced by more than 1,740,000*l.* It must not be forgotten that the three years preceding the mutiny, which were years of peace, were years of deficiency. In those three years the expenditure exceeded the income by nearly 3,000,000*l.*, giving, on the average, an annual deficit of nearly 1,000,000*l.* If to this be added the increase of the charge for debt, it will appear, that, omitting altogether the increase of the military expenditure, a permanent deficiency may be expected for the future of about 3,000,000*l.* This gives a very insufficient idea of the present position of Indian finances. Very few reductions have yet been effected in the military expenditure; and how much may with safety be effected in that direction is a question of policy not yet settled. One thing is certain, that, for the present year, the deficiency of income as against expenditure would, without the aid of new sources of revenue, rise to more than double the amount just stated. Mr. Wilson enters on the new scene of his labours at the most important crisis which has ever occurred in the finances of India. This year is more embarrassing to a financier than the years of the war. The easy path of borrowing is closed to him, and new sources of income must be discovered, or the old rendered more fruitful. It was high time that that department should be placed under the charge of a competent person. India now possesses an annual income of nearly 40,000,000*l.*, and yet, till the end of last year, had no Chancellor of the Exchequer. From facts which transpired at the beginning of this year, the Indian accounts seem to have been kept with a carelessness which exceeds belief. In last September, a financial balance sheet was drawn up at Calcutta, and published in the public prints, in which errors existed to the extent of above 2,000,000*l.* One most important account was entirely omitted. The final balance presented an appearance of prosperity so different from the reality, that, for a time, the impression prevailed in England that the neck of our financial difficulties in India was broken. A system in which such errors were possible required immediate change; and every one will be of opinion that the appointment of Mr. Wilson has not been made a moment too soon.

To recur with some detail to each of these budgets, in order; and, first, Mr. Gladstone's. The scheme originally proposed by him on the 10th of February has, in the course of the session, undergone one very important alteration, and several others of less moment. Besides, it has lately received at the hands of Mr. Gladstone himself a very unpleasant addition in the shape of a supplemental war budget, to meet the expense of the Chinese expedition. A very brief sketch of the original proposals, with the subsequent changes and additions, will here be given.

According to the scheme of 1853, the income-tax was to terminate on the 5th of April, 1860. And the tea and sugar duties, after a gradual descent for several years from the duties then existing, were to remain at the following rates:— that on tea 1*s.* a pound, and those on sugar, which vary with the quality, at about an average of 11*s.* a cwt. Though these duties were granted only to the 5th of April, 1860, it was understood that they should be then renewed at those mini-

mum rates, and Mr. Gladstone's calculations proceeded on that assumption. The prediction then made was, that without renewing the income-tax, and with the tea and sugar duties at the last-mentioned rates, the income would balance the expenditure in the year 1860. We have seen a very different result. The year opened with the following state of accounts:—income, calculated on the above assumptions as to the income tax and tea and sugar duties, but in other respects according to the law as it then stood, 60,700,000*l.*: expenditure, 70,100,000*l.*, leaving a deficiency of 9,400,000*l.* This has been called by a writer in the *Economist* a "rhetorical" deficit, thereby implying that Mr. Gladstone wished to magnify the difficulties of the task before him; but never was a term so unhappily applied. It is no doubt true that if all the taxes which were paid last year were renewed in the present, these nine millions would dwindle to a very insignificant figure. But it is abundantly clear that in no other form could the state of the finances, and the choice of measures that lay before the house, be so clearly presented. The choice lay between three things. The amount of the income tax, the addition to be made to the minimum rates of the tea and sugar duties fixed in 1853, and the amount of remission of existing duties, were the three elements to be determined. The only way of putting the matter clearly was, in the first place, to take the income with each of these undetermined elements at the zero point; and accordingly Mr. Gladstone calculated the revenue for the year without an income tax, without any addition to the tea and sugar duties, and without any remission of existing duties. And on this calculation the expenditure exceeded the income by 9,400,000*l.* This mode of stating the account has the further advantage of shewing the extent to which Mr. Gladstone's predictions have failed. One element of his calculations was upset by the Russian war, and the increase of the expenditure in all the services, civil as well as military. Between the years 1853 and 1860, that increase amounts to a sum which is the exact equivalent of an income tax of 1*s.* 1½*d.* in the pound. The other part of his calculation which was within the legitimate province of financial foresight was eminently successful. Remissions of taxation were made in that year involving a loss to the revenue of 1,656,000*l.*, with the expectation that the consequent development of trade and increase of consumption would, before 1860, repair this temporary loss, and this expectation has been more than verified.

The leading features of Mr. Gladstone's present budget admit of being briefly stated. It has been already said that the choice lay between three elements. One of these, the amount of remissions of customs and excise duties, was determined by a circumstance which has been already alluded to as giving this year a marked character in finance. Mr. Gladstone determined that the relief to trade should be commensurate with the relief received from the falling in of the terminable annuities—an amount of about 2,000,000*l.* The second element was determined by the amount at which it stood in the previous year. The renewal of the tea and sugar duties at the previous level gives a sum of over 2,000,000*l.* and almost exactly counterbalances the loss from remissions. The result of these two operations leaves the deficit of 9,400,000*l.* at its original amount. It is reduced by a sum of 1,400,000*l.* which does not properly belong to the revenue of the present year, but is brought into it by shortening the times of credit in the payment of the malt and hop duties. The remaining 8,000,000*l.* is made up by an income tax of 10*d.* in the pound on incomes from 150*l.* and upwards, and of 7*d.* on incomes from 100*l.* to 150*l.*. Of this three-quarters will be collected in the present year, and, allowing for an error which appeared in the estimate of the cost of collection as first stated, there would have been on the original budget a surplus of about 260,000*l.* The proposals under the first

of the above heads relating to the remissions of duty and certain compensating charges, require to be stated in more detail, inasmuch as the changes which the budget has suffered have all taken place under that head. The net loss to the revenue from the remissions consequent on the French treaty was estimated at 1,190,000*l.* The loss from the additional remissions of customs duties was 910,000*l.* The loss of this latter sum was made good by the new charges which Mr. Gladstone proposed upon certain mercantile transactions, consisting mainly of an increase of what he called "the penny taxation." The loss from the repeal of the paper duties was estimated for the present year at about 1,000,000*l.*, the repeal not being intended to take place from the commencement of the financial year. Thus, taking the remissions of duty and the new charges in a single view, it will appear that the net amount of the relief somewhat exceeded 2,000,000*l.* The principal alteration which the budget has undergone is the retaining the paper duties; but, as the uncertainty regarding the repeal has caused some confusion in the trade, the produce of these duties is not expected to be so large as usual. Mr. Gladstone takes credit for 900,000*l.* instead of the 1,000,000*l.* at which their loss was calculated. By that amount his position is improved. On the other hand there is a loss of 200,000*l.* from changes made in the proposed new charges on trade. The whole effect of all the alterations made in Mr. Gladstone's original proposals is to add 700,000*l.* to his surplus, which was thus increased to 960,000*l.*; or, in round numbers, 1,000,000*l.* But on the 16th of July the supplemental Chinese war budget was brought forward, which uses up this surplus of a million, then takes another million from the increase of the spirit duties, and, finally, makes a dive into the exchequer balances for the remaining 1,300,000*l.*

Of the sum of 3,300,000*l.* which is thus provided for in three nearly equal portions by the supplemental budget, a sum of 450,000*l.* is a debt remaining from the last Chinese war. The existence of this debt was not known till lately, being involved in the complicated accounts of India, through which a portion of the expenses of the war with China was paid. The remainder, 2,850,000*l.* is for the present expedition. The sum provided for the same purpose in the first budget, was 2,550,000*l.*, of which exactly one-third was charged on the previous financial year—the state of the surplus being such as to allow of that addition to the expenditure—and the remaining two-thirds on the present year. The entire sum provided for the Chinese war by both budgets is therefore 5,400,000*l.*, of which the whole is provided for by the ordinary taxation of the country, excepting the sum obtained by taking up the malt and hop credits and the portion now calculated at 1,300,000*l.*, which will require to be taken from the exchequer balances. There is some hope that a considerably smaller sum than that last mentioned will ultimately require to be taken from that source.

Mr. Gladstone's budget is framed in the spirit which has guided our financial legislation since Sir Robert Peel commenced the reform of the tariff in 1842. The number of articles in our tariff was reduced by successive steps from 1052, at which it stood in 1842, to 419 in 1859, and by the present budget it is reduced to 44. Its effect is to remove every vestige of protective and differential duties, excepting the merely nominal duties on corn and timber, and thus to carry out the principle of free trade into every department of labour in this country. It has been the good fortune of Mr. Gladstone to complete the work which was so happily began eighteen years ago, and it may be safely asserted that no other person could have completed it in the present year. Mr. Gladstone has stood upon the old paths, and yet the opposition has been as strong as when the new course was first adopted by Sir Robert Peel. The wonder is, that so much experience should have been thrown away. Every step that has been taken in the remission of taxation

since 1842, was taken in the expectation that the temporary loss of the revenue would in a short time be made up by the greater fruitfulness of the taxes that remained; and in every instance this expectation has been more than fulfilled. If there be any truth in the experience of the last eighteen years, the amount of remissions made by Mr. Gladstone is not permanently transferred to the income tax. It is transferred there for a time, in order to remove obstacles in the way of trade, and thus to increase the general well-being of the nation.

It is curious that the remissions made in pursuance of the French treaty excited more opposition than those made independently. The former were mainly protective duties, and it seems to have been forgotten that the removal of such duties is for our own benefit, and that every corresponding approach to free trade on the part of France is clear gain to this country, and is in no respect to be regarded as payment for a loss incurred by us. Every removal of a protective duty, which gives rise to a branch of international trade, is a benefit to both nations engaging in it, for the transfer of labour from one department to another thus caused would not take place unless it were attended with advantage to both. The removal of our protective duties benefits France as well as ourselves, and the reduction of the French duties will, so far as they cease to be prohibitive, benefit England as well as France.

In the debates on the budget, an attempt was made to represent Mr. Gladstone as deserting the footsteps of Sir Robert Peel, and thus to deprive his budget of the support afforded by the successful experience of the last eighteen years. "Sir Robert Peel," says Mr. Horsman, "represented a gentleman who laid "out a certain portion of his income in "draining his land, expecting by a larger "produce to pay his debts. The Chan- "cellor of the Exchequer resembles "more the irregularity of the spend- "thrift who squandered the money that "might have fertilized the soil, and "then, when his debts were due, went "upon the highway, and robbed the "first comer." Reduction of duty is praiseworthy, but abolition is intolerable; and this, it seems, is the distinction which has drawn upon Mr. Gladstone the charge of "beginning as a "spendthrift and ending as a footpad." Between 1842 and 1853 the duties on six hundred articles in our tariff were abolished, and the revenue has not suffered. In 1853 the excise duty on soap was abolished, involving a loss nearly equal to the paper duty, and the temporary loss was soon recovered. There is no part of the present budget which is not in accordance with the principles and policy of Sir Robert Peel. It is, however, satisfactory to observe that the form which the attack at last assumed shows "that we have arrived "at last at a time when it is admitted "that those principles and that policy "constitute not the mere decoration of a "name or a party, but a great national "inheritance for which contending par- "ties may honourably strive."

In passing from English to Indian finance we approach a system whose administration is in every way inferior to the one we have left, and into which Mr. Wilson has as yet introduced the forms merely, and not the spirit of the system of this country. He begins by announcing the estimated deficiency of income as against expenditure for the year commencing May 1st, 1860. It stands at the respectable figure of 6,500,000*l.*; but as to how this amount is arrived at no precise information is given. It seems to have been got at by the roughest of guess work. Mr. Wilson says he has taken the best means in his reach, but adds that he has "an especial "dislike to prospective budgets." To this it is replied, with conclusive force, that a budget is in its essence prospective. It is nothing else but a prospective estimate of expenditure for the year, a similar estimate of income, and a plan for disposing of the surplus or supplying the deficiency. The preparation of the estimate of expenditure by the heads of the several departments, according to the English system, gives occasion for a com-

plete annual revision of each department, and of making retrenchments or additions as the case may require. There is no such annual revision in India. Some ludicrous and many serious consequences which follow from the want of this are stated by Sir Charles Trevelyan. At one of the public mints a host of persons are engaged in weighing copper money with Lilliputian scales, while a slight change in the machinery would enable the same work to be done by two or three men. The fares on the Madras railway, which is at present a heavy drain on the public finances, are fixed at a higher rate than the natives can pay, and yet they remain unaltered. One other consequence of the want of this annual revision is too important to be omitted. To quote the words of the late Governor of Madras :—"Expendi- "ture is often continued long after the "circumstances which originally occa- "sioned it have ceased ; and when it is "at last stopped it is owing to accident, "or to an overwhelming financial pres- "sure like that which at present exists." It is no fault of Mr. Wilson's that the first essential requisite of a budget should be wanting in his first essay in Indian finance. The defective system hitherto existing in India did not afford the means of obtaining an accurate estimate of expenditure, and the length of his residence in India has not been great enough to inaugurate a new system. Mr. Wilson arrived in that country in the latter end of 1859, and had been little more than two months there when he made his financial statement. Under these circumstances he gives no details of income or expenditure, and the whole of the information furnished by Mr. Wilson on this subject is contained in the following extract from his speech :—

"Availing myself of the best infor- "mation at my command, as things now "stand ; allowing for a reduction of "1,000,000*l.* which will appear in the "accounts of the present year" (that is, the year ending April 31st, 1860), "as compensation for losses ; allowing "for a decrease in military charges of "1,740,000*l.* for which arrangements "have up to this time been made ; and "allowing too for an increase of income "from salt duties, for which the neces- "sary sanction has been obtained, of "410,000*l.* ; I cannot, even with all "these allowances, reduce the deficit of "next year below 6,500,000*l.*" The amount of reductions is given in a lump sum, without any particulars, and the whole of this part of the subject is therefore entirely withdrawn from public criticism.

The greater portion of Mr. Wilson's speech is taken up with the elucidation of his plans for supplying this deficiency.

The first part of his proposals has relation to the customs law, and the changes made by him in that department are carried out on the most approved principles of political science, and though they lead to no great financial results, are calculated to further very much several important branches of trade in India. Articles of Indian produce, which have to compete in the foreign market with similar produce from other countries, will henceforth be exported free of duty, the direct effect of export duties being to place the Indian producer at a disadvantage compared with his foreign competitor, or even in some cases to exclude the article from the foreign market altogether. Thus wool, that has to encounter a fierce competition with the wool of Australia, South America, and the Cape; hides and hemp, that compete with the produce of Russia; and tea, the cultivation of which in India has been lately attempted with success in rivalry with China,—are all placed on the free list. As these branches of trade are still in their infancy, that of hides and hemp having its origin in the Russian war, the loss to the revenue from these remissions of duty is very slight, and if the development of trade that will thence result correspond in any degree with Mr. Wilson's anticipations, the loss will soon be compensated by the revenue from the imports received in return. On the other hand there are certain articles which are produced almost ex-

clusively in India. In the foreign market these undergo no competition, and the direct effect of an export duty is to increase the price. Saltpetre is the chief article of this sort, and on this Mr. Wilson has considerably increased the export duty. It is worth mention that in the month of April, shortly after these measures came into operation, Mr. Wilson was able to give confirmation of the soundness of his views on this point by the news which had come by telegraph from Europe, that the price of saltpetre had risen to the full amount of the increased duty, while the price in India remained as before, shewing that the duty would fall on the consumer in Europe, and not the producer in India. A reduction to 10 per cent. of certain import duties which had in the previous year been raised to 20 per cent., and the equalisation of the duties on cotton, yarn and twist, and cotton piece goods, appear to complete the commercial changes effected by Mr. Wilson's budget. Their immediate financial result is not great. On the whole there is a gain to the revenue. Mr. Wilson estimates the gain at about 350,000*l.* which goes a very small way towards supplying the deficiency. But the value of Mr. Wilson's measures must not be estimated by that test. Their main purpose was to develop the trade of India and remove the obstacles which the customs duties threw in the way of progress, and in this respect they have generally met with and seem to deserve unqualified praise.

The remainder of his budget which relates to his three new taxes, the licence tax, the income tax, and tobacco tax, has had a different reception. On the part of Sir Charles Trevelyan, and the whole of the Madras Government, it met with the most unqualified condemnation. Attention was for a little aroused in England by the spectacle of Sir Charles Trevelyan in open rebellion against the Government of India, but after his recall the public soon resumed its usual indifference to Indian affairs. The correspondence between the Governments of India and Madras, and the other papers ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, make a book of nearly 200 pages, and have been accessible for more than two months, but public interest has not been again awakened. The book is in reality the report of a great debate carried on between Madras and Calcutta, and no debate reported in Hansard this year is of greater interest or importance. The question discussed is two-fold. First, are any new taxes necessary? Secondly, are the proposed taxes good ones? On the first point Mr. Wilson appears to have a strong case. It rests on four grounds. A state of deficiency before the mutiny; a large increase of debt since; a great increase of military expenditure, which has not yet been reduced, and cannot safely be reduced to what it was in 1857; and, lastly, an inelastic revenue. If the expenditure exceeded the income three years ago, and has since received two enormous accessions, while the income has remained stationary, it is pretty clear that to restore the equilibrium without loans new sources of income must be sought. And this is the justification which Mr. Wilson gives for the imposition of these "three tremendous taxes." The deficiency before the mutiny, and the augmentation of debt since, cannot be denied. But the other two points are strongly controverted. By the reduction of the excessive land tax in Madras, whereby the landowners have been encouraged to bring new lands into cultivation, the revenue of that presidency was increased in the last financial year by above 500,000*l.*, or nearly one-tenth part of the whole revenue. Sir Charles Trevelyan believes that a reduction in the salt tax would produce similar results. But the important point is the reduction of the military expenditure. At present many civil duties, which in this country are performed by the police, are in India discharged by the military force, and in consequence the army is scattered in many detached portions, each station, however small, having its commissariat and other establishments which constitute a large part of the

military expenditure. "The key to the "reorganization of our Indian military "system," says Sir Charles Trevelyan, "is the reformation of the existing "police on the English and Irish con- "stabulary system." This has been for some time in process of being carried out in the Madras Presidency, and when complete, the army might be concentrated at a few commanding stations, which would effect the greatest saving. Sir Charles asserts that the military expenditure in Madras and Bombay alone could be reduced in the present financial year by upwards of 2,000,000*l.*, which is more than Mr. Wilson has set down for the whole of India, and that by the end of another year equilibrium could be restored between income and expenditure without any new taxes whatever, and with great additional security to our position. On this subject Sir Charles Trevelyan is able to speak with authority. He is personally acquainted with all the Indian Presidencies. He served twelve years in Bengal and Upper India, and has lately been Governor of Madras. It ought to be known that a man thus qualified to speak stakes his reputation on the assertion that the new taxes are utterly unnecessary.

On the second question, which relates to the merits of the particular taxes, the Madras Government are no less strongly opposed to Mr. Wilson.

The tobacco tax appears to be universally condemned. Mr. Wilson proposed to place a duty on home-grown tobacco as nearly as possible corresponding with the import duty on foreign tobacco, and to levy it by licensing the cultivation of tobacco on payment of a fee calculated at so much for a given area. The cultivation of the tobacco plant, except under licence from the collector, would be prohibited. There are two objections to this tax, which have not been satisfactorily disposed of by Mr. Wilson. The payment of a fee for the liberty of cultivating an acre of tobacco is, in fact, equivalent to raising the rent payable to Government, and this would be a direct breach of contract with the landowners in all the districts where permanent settlements of the rent have been made. It would press with particular hardship on the cultivators of garden lands, on which a high rent has been fixed on account of their peculiar fitness for the growth of tobacco. The permanent settlement ought to be a protection to the landowner against any increase of his rent laid either directly on the land or indirectly on the growth of a particular crop. It will not, of course, exempt him from the payment of any general tax, such as the tax on incomes, which applies equally to all classes. The other objection to the tobacco tax applies with especial force to the Madras Presidency. The Government of India cannot, of course, impose the tax on the native states that are independent or on those under our protection. The cultivation of tobacco in these states must remain free as before, and there is no land customs establishment to prevent its importation into our own territories. A reference to the map will show the importance of this consideration as regards Madras. Our territories there are intermixed with and surrounded by native states. The effect of the tax would, therefore, be to transfer the growth of tobacco from our own territories to other places, and therefore inflict an injury on our own cultivators without benefiting the finances of the state. The opposition to this tax has been so strong that, according to the latest advices from India, Mr. Wilson has been induced to give it up, and it is only to be regretted that he did not come sooner to this conclusion.

The objections to the income tax are of a different nature. It is not the abstract justice of the tax, but its impolicy, and the practical difficulties in the way of its collection, that are mainly insisted on by the Madras Government. With a people prosperous and contented, a much smaller military force will be required, and the new police in process of formation would be ordinarily sufficient for the preservation of order. With the whole people of India urged into discontent by unpopular

taxes, and all united by a common grievance, such an increase of military force will be necessary as to more than counterbalance the produce of the new taxes. Besides, it is said that the inquisitorial nature of the tax, and the principle of self-assessment, which are urged so strongly against it in England, apply with greatly increased force in India. It is stated on competent authority, that "the natives will view "it with great distrust as an inquisitorial measure, adopted with a view "to further taxation, on Government "becoming fully acquainted with the "true state of their affairs." And the state of native morality, on the part both of payers and receivers, renders India in a peculiar manner unfit for an income tax. "The greatest evil," says Sir Charles Trevelyan, "with which the "south of India has been afflicted, is "the redundant number and the ill-paid "irresponsible character of the native "revenue officers." One of the reforms commenced by the Madras Government was to limit the number and improve the position of these officers. The imposition of the income tax, and the machinery for collecting it, will arrest this reform. Mr. Wilson has simplified the machinery for collecting the tax, with the view of making it less unpalatable to the natives. And with these modifications he has proceeded with the bill imposing an income tax for five years. The licence tax on trades has been imposed permanently. The new taxes are expected to produce 3,500,000*l.* next year, and 1,000,000*l.* in the present year, part of which had elapsed before they came into operation. The remainder of the deficit, which is now stated at above seven millions, will be made up from the Exchequer balances, which are at present extremely large.

Though the opposition excited by the Indian budget has resulted in the unfortunate loss to India of the invaluable services of Sir Charles Trevelyan, while he was in the midst of a series of well-considered reforms in his own Presidency it has also been productive of good. The steps of the Government of India towards reduction of expenditure have been quickened. The reductions in the army now proposed amount to 2,600,000*l.* More important still, Mr. Wilson has lost his "dislike to prospective budgets." On the 11th of April a most important financial notification from the Government of India was inserted in the *Calcutta Government Gazette*, the following extract from which will sufficiently attest Mr. Wilson's progress :—

"The most important step towards "securing financial economy will be the "establishing of a system whereby a "budget of imperial income and expen-"diture shall be prepared annually, so "that the financial estimates for each "year may be arranged, considered, and "sanctioned by the supreme Government "of India before the year commences. "The system prevails in England, and "it will now be introduced and rigidly "carried out in India. Before the com-"mencement of each official year, the "Supreme Government will require "careful estimates to be framed of the "anticipated income, and the proposed "expenditure of the empire for the "coming year. . . . And after weighing "the recommendations of the several "executive Governments, and the heads "of departments, the Supreme Govern-"ment will allot and appropriate to each "branch of the Service, and to the "several detailed heads within each "branch, specific sums."

The two capital reforms required in the Indian system of finance are here pointed out—prospective estimates of expenditure, and appropriation of specific sums to the several departments. The second will ensure greater independence within certain limits to the subordinate Governments, while the first will give an effective control to the Supreme Government.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1860.

ON THE USE OF ENGLISH CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

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Sir Walter Scott somewhere tells a story of a nobleman, who, while travelling on the continent, visited one of the most romantic and beautiful scenes in Switzerland. Struck with the magnificence of the view, his lordship asked the guide if this was not considered one of the finest prospects in the world. "There is but one equal to it, I believe;" was the reply, "and that is the Pass of —— in Scotland." "The Pass of ——!" exclaimed the noble traveller, "why, that is on my own estate, and I have never seen it." The case of the Scottish nobleman is, in some sense or other, the case of nearly every one of us. The past, the distant, and the strange, attract us more powerfully and fix our attention more closely than those facts and objects which are contemporaneous and immediately before our eyes. In some instances, at all events, the sympathy seems to increase with the distance. Thus it fares with our national literature as compared with that of ancient Greece and Rome. Many persons who are competently or even deeply versed in the latter, have a very slender acquaintance with the former. Good *classical* scholars are often met with; good English scholars are scarce. By a good English scholar, I mean not simply one who has a general knowledge of his country's authors, and who writes and speaks his mother-tongue with correctness and elegance, but rather one who has studiously investigated the origin, development, and constitution of his native speech, and has nightly and daily revolved the great exemplars of his native literature. Now it is certainly not my wish to disparage the study of the Greek and Latin Classics, or to censure those who have expended much time and attention upon them; assuredly, in judging others, I should here be condemning myself. Classical Literature deserves the attention it has received; and to point out its value as an educating agency, to insist on the fact that it underlies all modern literatures and is necessary to make them intelligible, that it embodies some of the sublimest thoughts that the mind of man has conceived, expressed in the most perfect forms of utterance that man's organs of speech have fashioned, would only be to repeat statements that have long since been worn down into truisms. But, as far as Englishmen are concerned, the writers of Greece and Rome can no longer claim to occupy the chief seats at the feast of reason. They must give place to a later birth of time. Henceforth their true position is a secondary one. They do but prepare the way for communion with the moderns; and, as these increase, they must even more and more decrease in their demands on the homage of the great brotherhood of scholars. It is a pity then to meet with Englishmen who, while they are intimately conversant with the magnificent scenes and images

to be found in the poetry of ancient Greece, have scarcely ever allowed their eyes to rest on the beautiful landscapes that adorn their literary inheritance at home.

The fact that examples of this kind are not uncommon is unquestionably due to the prevailing systems of education.

Of a thoroughly liberal education the ancient classics have for generations been in this country the recognised basis and chief element. And in principle this is sound and good. To be imbued with the spirit of ancient literature, does at once refine and liberalise, gives somehow a larger prospect and a manlier tone. At the same time to learn languages so elaborate, so copious, so mechanically perfect as Greek and Latin, is a training and discipline to the mind the like of which, take it for all in all, has not yet been discovered. But, even in our great public Schools, why should not the study of English authors have a recognised place side by side with that of the ancients? why should not the English language be scientifically taught in friendly rivalry with Greek and Latin? Unquestionably the association would be mutually advantageous. Something indeed would have to be abstracted from the time allotted to the present monopolists; but what they might lose in this way they would gain by the cheering and stimulating influence of such companionship on the minds of the scholars. Possibly, indeed, in many schools there may be an approach to the recognition of the claims of English literature. Passages from standard poets may be learnt by heart; occasional reference may be made to standard prose writers; but that our national literature is admitted into the programme on anything like equal terms with its elder sisters no one will assert. The claim here made for it would secure it a position somewhat more equivalent to its merits. Then a play of Sophocles would alternate with a play of Shakspere; Homer and Milton would interchange civilities; and the student would pass from Thucydides or Tacitus in the morning to Clarendon or Gibbon in the afternoon. And it would be the fault of the teacher if this interchange were allowed to be a transition from serious study to light reading. There should be the same laborious "getting-up" of the English author as of the ancient; language and matter ought to be as closely analysed in the one case as in the other; the student should be encouraged to discover resemblances or contrasts of sentiment; to detect affinities of language, differences of idiom, peculiarities of structure illustrating the laws of comparative grammar. Among other advantages of such a method of education, there would be this very important one, that the studies of school would no longer seem so remote from the realities of life. The intervention of modern thought and modern speech would flash light into the dark places of antiquity, and would unite the world of two thousand years ago with the busy progressive world of to-day. It will perhaps be urged that our public schools, engaged as they are in preparing their pupils for a University career, can only recognise those studies which are available for the achievement of University distinction. It may be replied that, by having learnt Greek and Latin in co-partnership with English, nothing would be lost at Oxford, where varied and general accomplishments always tell on the results of an examination; or at Cambridge, where the power to translate into elegant and idiomatic vernacular goes some way towards securing a good place in the tripos.

Besides, it would surely not be beneath the dignity of our great Universities to recognise a little more decidedly than they do the fact that we have the noblest native literature in the world. They might make some other use of Shakspere, Massinger, Milton, and Tennyson, besides drawing on them for matter convertible into iambics or anapæsts, elegiacs or alcaics. Bacon and Burke assume readily enough, under competent manipulation, an Attic or a Roman dress, but they have also other and greater merits which deserve to be recognized.

I cannot persuade myself that a paper on English literature and language would be out of place among the subjects of the classical tripos; but, if it would, a corner might be kept in "the moral sciences," which would be none the worse and none the less popular for such a leaven. It is, however, in connexion with what is called "middle-class education" that the claims of English literature may be most effectively urged. In that literature, properly handled, we have a most valuable agency for the moral and intellectual culture of the professional and commercial classes. By means of that literature it seems to me that we might act very beneficially on the national mind, and do much to refine and invigorate the national character. How is it, as things are now, with the education of the upper middle classes? They are generally brought up at provincial grammar-schools, or at academies entitled "classical." They learn Greek and Latin up to a certain point—Cæsar and Virgil in one case, and Xenophon and the first book of the Iliad in the other, being generally the utmost bourne of their travels.

Now, in many of these schools the classics are indifferently taught;—superficially, clumsily, with slurring of difficulties and neglect of niceties, because taught by men whose scholarship is neither very accurate nor very profound. Hence boys do not gain from their lessons much command over the language, or much insight into the author. In ordinary cases a few years suffice to obliterate most of what has been learnt, and a very faint and scarcely discernible aroma of classical knowledge is all that remains. But besides Greek and Latin, other subjects enter into the curriculum of the schools in question. There are, of course, "all the usual branches of an English education." And which be they? History, as exhibited in the pages of Pinnock's Goldsmith; geography, according to some one or other of the popular manuals; and arithmetic, not now indeed "according to Cocker," but most likely according to Colenso. There are, besides, the *ologies*—smatterings of physical science, shreds and patches of information on a good many subjects; here a globule of chemistry, there a pittance of astronomy, a screw of botany at one time, a pinch of mechanical philosophy at another. To crown all, the department of taste is probably under the care of Enfield's Speaker, or some kindred work. Now, undoubtedly some of the subjects referred to here must be taught in schools of the class I am describing. History and geography are indispensable; but then they surely need not be taught exclusively through the medium of arid manuals, as free from warmth, colour, sentiment, as a table of contents? Again, physical science should not in these days of utility and progress be overlooked; teach it by all means, but select some one branch and teach it thoroughly. When, however, all this has been done, a great want still remains to be supplied. Nothing has so far been effected for the development of higher thought, for the culture of the imagination, for the expansion and elevation of the moral feelings. To accomplish this we want an educating element combining in itself thought, imagination, sentiment, expression. Such an element is the national standard literature, the utterance of the highest and most gifted minds of the nation. This then is my plea,—that the English classics are admirably fitted for purposes of education, and that it is very desirable to teach them systematically in our schools, and especially in those schools where it is impossible that the majority of the pupils can ever become good Greek or Latin scholars. Greek and Latin should not, indeed, be altogether banished from such schools; but they should be taught, not as they now are, in a shambling, purposeless sort of way, but expressly and distinctively with a view to their bearing on English—that is, for the sake of illustrating the constitution of our own language and the principles of universal grammar.

Now, when any one contemplates such an innovation upon existing systems of education as that involved in my propo-

sition, it is incumbent on him to spend some time and trouble in setting forth the practical advantages of the study he recommends, and in showing how it may be prosecuted to most advantage. It remains to do this, and it shall be done as fully as space will permit and consideration for the reader justify.

I. In the first place, I have already anticipated, in some degree, the argument from the merits of the national literature itself—the *argumentum ad pudorem* I may call it—which bids us remember that it is a shame to neglect the intellectual treasures we possess, and that to set aside our standard authors in favour of manuals and compendiums, and catechisms, is to teach the mental appetite to leave ambrosial food "and prey on garbage."

Then again the example of the ancients themselves may be urged. Though captive Greece captured in turn her fierce conqueror, and in some degree domesticated her literature and language on the banks of the Tiber, yet the education of young Rome was not the less carried on by the help of native authors. The expressive words of Juvenal tell us how well-thumbed were the Horace and Virgil of the Roman school-boy :—

> "quum totus decolor esset
> Flaccus, et hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni."

The value of English literature as an instrument of mental training will be more easily seen if people can be brought to admit that the young may be taught to *reason* and to *think*, not only by means of technical contrivances, such as Logic and Mathematics, but at least as well by converse with a thoughtful writer, and by the careful study and analysis of the arguments of a great reasoner.

Important indeed is the use of Geometry in the education of the reasoning powers. But what makes it so effective? It is the rigid and inflexible necessity with which one step is evolved out of another, and immediately follows it. By contemplating this sequence the mind is insensibly trained to discriminate between the relevant and the irrelevant in argument, and to recognise the proper relation between premises and conclusion, while it is disciplined to the habit of patient and concentrated attention. Now, without any intention of superseding geometry, it may safely be asserted that when, through its agency, some foundation has been laid, and the reasoning powers have been awakened into incipient activity, the process of their development may very well be carried on by means of standard works characterised by great closeness and strength of argument. Such a work, for instance, is "Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants." I mention it for its excellence in this respect, and not because it is in any other respect particularly adapted for an educational textbook. Nowhere can better examples be found of closely riveted chains of reasoning, of sophistries detected and exposed, of the refutation of fallacies dependent for their semblances of truth on ambiguity of language. A chapter or two of such a work, carefully dissected and thoroughly mastered, would do a great deal towards strengthening a pupil's reasoning powers, and would very materially enlighten him as to what reasoning actually is. So again, if you want to call forth and stimulate *thought*, what more suggestive than that household book, the Essays of Bacon, or than some of the prose works of Raleigh and Milton? If, on the other hand, the mind is to be directed to social and political questions, is to be aided in forming opinions on law and government, is to be made wise and prudent by the lessons of the past, it will be found that Clarendon, and Robertson, and Hallam, and Macintosh, and Macaulay are not bad substitutes for Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus, when the latter cannot be had, and that Burke and Adam Smith are competent to fill up, with fair credit, the hiatus made by the absence of Aristotle and Cicero. But our case seems strongest when we come to consider the use that might be made of the English poets in

the work of education. The culture of the imagination is an important element in the training of the young; its importance, indeed, appears in these days to be rather underrated than otherwise. Some people seem afraid of this faculty, as if it were—when viewed in connexion with the other children of Νοῦς—the spendthrift and prodigal of the family. "Young persons," say the grave and elderly, "are apt to be carried away by their imagination." True; it is not, however, the *strength* but the *irregularity* of the imagination that misleads. And, therefore, it is all the more necessary to train and educate it.

This is to be done not merely by ballasting it with solid and sober material, but also by giving it the choicest and purest varieties of that provision on which it delights to feed. Its aberrations and extravagancies will be best corrected by means of homœopathic treatment. To this end we must have recourse to poetry. In the long succession of our great poets, from the days of Chaucer to our own day, we have exhaustless nutriment adapted not only to invigorate and brighten the imagination, but also to give it a sound and healthy bias, and to store it with noble and elevated creations.

And it is not, let us remember, the imagination only that poetry of the higher kind educates; its influence extends to many of the intellectual and moral faculties; it pours into the soul, with the rich flood of song, the profoundest truths of divine philosophy itself. It is the expression of the purest and most generous emotions of the deep heart of man. It catches the manners living as they rise, and perpetuates the very form and pressure of the time. It mirrors the varied loveliness of nature, and ever and anon throws gleams of light into her infinite mysteries. Not vainly, therefore, did poetry bear so large a part in the education of the world when the world was young. Not vainly was old Homer the text-book for many a generation of the youth of Athens, and helped to form the warriors who defended, and the statesmen who governed, and the orators who fulmined over Greece. That subtle, busy, questioning, Attic mind, too, owed the activity of its play, and the brightness of its polish to contact with the highest type of poetry, when year after year the great theatre of Bacchus was vocal with the "mighty lines" of Æschylus, or witnessed the stately tread of the "Sophoclean cothurnus." And whatever Homer and the Dramatists could do for Greece, Shakspere and Spenser and Milton can do for the education of the youth of England. If these, our great national prophets, prophesy to us through a less polished and perfect organ, they are not, at all events, one whit behind the chiefest of the ancients in the sublimity of their sentiments, or the splendour of their imagery. Nay, compare sentiment with sentiment, and image with image, and it will be found, if partiality do not warp the judgment, that our moderns as much excel the ancients in the loftiness of their thoughts, as the latter surpass them in felicity of expression. It is to be suspected, indeed, that the excellence of the medium, in the case of Greek poetry, often, like perfection of taste in dress, gives a false air of beauty and dignity to a sentiment which is really very common-place.

Consider now what must have been accomplished for him who has been made thoroughly conversant with some of Shakspere's masterpieces, with Hamlet and Lear, with Macbeth and Julius Cæsar. He has been introduced to scenes calculated to awaken some of the strongest and deepest emotions of his soul; he has listened to the almost prophetic voice of "old experience;" he has gazed upon the swift and complicated action of the world's machinery; he has pored over the most graphic and life-like delineations of human nature; character, life, wisdom, feeling,—he has been in contact with them all; and surely his spirit must be "duller than the fat weed that rots on Lethe's wharf," if it is not stirred, and taught, and disciplined by the association.

And here it must be urged, that to

develop certain intellectual faculties, to improve the memory, to strengthen the reasoning powers, to cultivate the habit of abstraction, is not all the work that education has to do. Its province is of far wider range, and includes still more exalted aims. Its processes are as much moral as intellectual, embrace within their sphere all the tempers, habits, qualities, tendencies of the man, and are consummated by all possible appliances and influences that can act on every separate element of man's nature.

Now this consideration will enable us more decisively to contend for the educating power of our own English literature. For observe the society into which it introduces us! We are brought by it into contact with minds of the loftiest order. And what does more to form and fashion us than our companionship? Insensibly we become assimilated to those with whom we associate. Just as those minute insects which we may discover in the grass wear the livery of that green herbage on which they batten, so virtue is always passing out of great authors into their readers. Not only the sentiments, but the very soul and spirit are transfused. Thus the study of an elevated literature will silently and little by little take effect on the man's nature, and the various elements of character will grow in correspondence with the influences that act on them.

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber."

Catholicity of feeling and breadth of views will, in some measure at all events, result from such influences. The student will learn to appreciate the temper with which great minds approach the consideration of great questions; he will discover that truth is many-sided, that it is not identical or merely co-extensive with individual opinion, and that the world is a good deal wider than his own sect, or party, or class. And such a lesson the middle classes of this country greatly need. They are generally *honest* in their opinions, but in too many cases they are *narrow*. It must be remembered that there is a wide distinction between *narrowness* and *definiteness* of view. On this point people are apt to mistake. Those who complain of the narrowness of party views are very often regarded as advocating laxity and vagueness in matters of opinion. They are stigmatised as latitudinarian in a bad sense. No charge can be more unfair. The true latitudinarian does not disparage clearness and distinctiveness of opinion, but only one-sided dogmatism and overstrained compression of truth. Now the tendency of earnest middle-class Englishmen is to compress truth, to square and shape it into formulas and to confine it within party limits. The fact scarcely needs illustrating. Take the case of religion. The whole field of it is divided into petty enclosures, overgrown with an iron crop of shibboleths. Whenever an honest Englishman looks beyond the verge of his own circle and takes a peep into his neighbour's enclosure, he inevitably draws back his head with a grave shake and a subdued muttering, a few words of which, such as "unsound," "dangerous," "heterodox," are alone permitted to reach the ear. The same sort of thing exhibits itself with regard to social and political questions. The majority of fairly intelligent every-day people can only look at them from their own confined point of view. They base their opinions on the contracted foundation of the little sphere in which they move, and apply to the interests of an empire the maxims and rules which they draw from the experiences of the market and the shop. To this the use of English literature in education would, in some measure at least, supply a corrective. It would assist in the formation of deeper and broader views in religion and politics. It would do so, not so much because such views are to be found in the works of our standard writers—though this is necessarily true—but because it would strengthen and enlarge the mind's range of vision, and would breathe a loftier and more catholic spirit into the soul. Another and a

kindred result would be increase and extension of the sympathies. Large views help to generate large sympathies; and, by converse with the thoughts and utterances of those who are intellectual leaders of the race, our heart comes to beat in accord with the feelings of universal humanity. We discover that no differences of class, or party, or creed, can destroy the power of genius to charm and to instruct, and that above the smoke and stir, the din and turmoil of man's lower life of care and business and debate, there is a serene and luminous region of truth where all may meet and expatiate in common. A zealous monarchist and Stuart partizan may, while studying the political history of the great Civil War, come bitterly to dislike, and angrily to denounce the Secretary of Cromwell and author of the "Defensio Populi Anglicani;" but when he makes acquaintance with the rich and luxuriant poetry of "Comus," or when the solemn organ-like melodies of "Paradise Lost" are heard by him, his prejudice is disarmed, he is irresistibly taken captive, and he finds that the great political and ecclesiastical heresiarch and himself have a common heritage, and are citizens of one common city. It is, indeed, a good thing that men should be constrained to admire those with whom, in matters of opinion, they disagree; and high genius joined with high moral tone and purpose can enforce such admiration.

Yet again it may be contended that an education, based on the national literature, would assist in developing a spirit of enlightened patriotism. Englishmen, indeed, are anything but unpatriotic; they love their country, glory in its renown, are willing to die for its safety; but they do not always seem to understand wherein its chief nobility lies. They are fascinated by its historic renown, by its commercial enterprise, by its material resources; they are not sufficiently alive to the measureless importance of an elevated national character. They need to be taught to appreciate thoroughly those moral qualities traditionally regarded as distinctively English. Their education should be such as to inspire them with a love for manly sincerity, stainless faith, fearless advocacy of truth. These are doubtless in some sense national traits; the germs of them are latent in the unformed nature of the English boy; but they must be *drawn forth*, and the high, generous, and manly spirit that breathes in English literature is exactly the agency for *educing* them. Again, the English character is confessedly deficient in refinement. The *natural* Englishman is almost always coarse; his tendencies are somewhat animal, and his tastes incline to the boisterous and material. Now we have all known, ever since we first learnt our Latin syntax, that acquaintance with the liberal arts softens and refines. Assuredly then among the liberal arts that so humanize, standard literature occupies the first place. If anything will take coarseness and vulgarity out of a soul, it must be refined images and elevated sentiments. As a clown will instinctively tread lightly and feel ashamed of his hob-nailed shoes in a lady's boudoir, so a vulgar mind may, by converse with minds of high culture, be brought to see and deplore the contrast between itself and them, and to make an earnest effort to put off its vulgarity.

A reference to taste and refinement suggests the thought that an early introduction to really great writers would have the effect of improving the prevailing literary taste of future generations. A course of standard authors would be found a powerful corrective of any excessive liking for the feeble, shallow, ephemeral literature that is now so much in vogue. There is, however, yet another argument which I must ask leave to advance on behalf of the cause I plead. Thorough and accurate study of the English language and literature would supply what the great body of fairly educated people are grievously deficient in, viz. power of expression. It has never, I imagine, been ascertained, how large a percentage of the middle class of this country can write

and speak their own mother tongue with fluency and correctness. This is too delicate and subtle an inquiry for the machinery of the census; but, were such an inquiry possible, the results would not afford much gratification. As a matter of fact, the language is degenerating in the hands of professional writers; hybrid words, awkward and conventional phrases, daring anacoloutha, and extraordinary syntactical licences, are continually manifesting themselves in the current literature of the day. Much more then must we be prepared for maltreatment of the Queen's English among the trading and commercial classes. And we find it plentifully. To be able to tell a plain tale in plain words; to make a statement simply, clearly, concisely; to record the details of business in vigorous business-like terms—is an accomplishment that does not always appear in company with shrewd sense and sound business capacity. Now it would go far to remedy this defect, if the nascent hopes of the commercial classes were carried through a course of the strong nervous racy prose of the seventeenth century. Barrow and South may be voted somewhat dry reading; but the former helped to make Chatham an orator, and the latter can boast of a style, the mixed excellences of which adapt it for the use of the rhetorician on the one hand, and the practical man of business on the other.

It is surely not necessary to seek further arguments in favour of such a reform or modification of existing methods of education as shall more prominently and more effectually enlist in the cause the services of our National Literature. If that literature embody all the excellences for which we give it credit, if it be full of the living power of genius, if it be a rich store-house of thought and argument and imagery, if it breathe a manly, generous, liberal spirit, and be pervaded by a pure and healthy morality, it must, if rightly applied, act powerfully and benignantly on the opening faculties of our English youth.

II. It only remains to consider how it may be rightly applied, or, in other words, effectively taught.

To this end it must, above all things, be *thoroughly* taught. To run through a standard author in a cursory and superficial way is a mere waste of time and dissipation of mind. And in the study of an English writer there is some danger of being hurried and superficial, because the scholar does not at the outset encounter the same difficulties which he meets with when he enters on the examination of a Greek or Latin book. In the latter case he has, in order to get at the thoughts, to crack the shell of a foreign and unfamiliar language. This compels attention, research, deliberate weighing of words, so that the mind is at once invigorated by necessary effort and trained to habits of thorough and exhaustive inquiry. On the other hand, when the language is vernacular, the mind travels over it so easily and rapidly that the thoughts have scarcely time to imprint themselves on the understanding, and such impression as they do leave is faint and imperfect.

This, then, is the thing to be guarded against. It is an utter mistake to suppose that the study of English Literature, be it poetry or prose, belongs in any sense to the department of "light reading." It would be just as rational to consider gold-digging as simply a form of spade-husbandry. It is possible, of course, to content oneself with merely turning up the surface soil, but he who does so will never get possession of the treasure which lies hid beneath.

I contend, then, that, to be of any use for purposes of education, an English author must be studied as carefully and as deeply as a Greek one, and very much in the same way. It will not, I hope, seem pedantic if I venture to prescribe rules for such a study.

1. Take first the department of *language*.

This should be critically investigated. There is a notion that English cannot be taught scientifically on account of the want of definiteness and system in Eng-

lish grammar. We have not indeed in English that structural nicety which the predominance of inflected forms gives a language. Hence there is little scope for applying laws of syntax to our mother-tongue. But we have compensation in some other departments. The fact that the English language is composite opens out a very interesting and a very *educating* line of study in connexion with it—the study of words in their origin and in their variety and changes of meaning. Everybody knows how much literature owes to Dean Trench in connexion with this subject; he has indeed, as it seems to me, indicated a course which, rightly used, may be made fruitful of most precious results in education.

The school-boy then should, while learning his Latin grammar, which will help him to appreciate one element of his native speech, be allowed some insight into the more domestic and aboriginal element of that speech, as exhibited in its older and purely Saxon forms. He should be taught how the language has grown, and changed, and developed; how inflections have gradually dropped out; how new words and new idioms have as gradually slipt in; how old words have gotten for themselves new meanings; and how prevailing opinions, and shifting fashions, and national temperament affect the "jus et norma loquendi."

Again, when he comes to study an English author, he should be required to note every striking and important word and phrase; to discriminate the exact shade of meaning proper to the word in that particular connexion; to register such idioms as have become obsolete, or involve note-worthy grammatical peculiarities, and to make a collection of such forms and expressions as deserve to be treasured up for use in composition.

2. From the language we pass to the subject-matter, and here again there is scope for great and varied labour.

In the first place the general drift and tenor of the argument should be mastered. With this view the pupil should, after reading a certain portion of his author, be required to make an analysis or abstract of the portion read. He must be trained, in doing this, to seize and pick out the leading thoughts, to indicate the steps in the argument, and to bring into full relief the master-truth which the author wishes to exhibit.

Further, he must be made to "get up" a clear and full explanation of all classical, historical, and other allusions, and he must patiently and faithfully disentangle all involutions of language, and all intricacies of thought.

Yet again, in order to call into play his reasoning and reflective powers, he must be required (where the opportunity presents itself) to weigh in his own mind the force and soundness of some particular argument, the truth and falsehood of some particular position, and to form and express his opinion about them.

So too, according to the character of the work studied, certain points will require special attention. If the pupil is engaged on a historian, he must be led to consider the evidence on which the historical facts are based, and the validity of the inferences drawn from them. The study of a poem or drama will afford opportunity for another sort of culture. Character must be analysed, the propriety and beauty of the imagery illustrated, poetical forms of expression and figures of speech brought under notice.

3. In the last place, such a study as I am advocating must be accompanied by frequent and varied exercises in composition. A popular and useful exercise of the kind is what is called *paraphrasing*, which consists in expressing the thoughts of the writer in different but equivalent terms. This approaches in some measure to the practice of written translation from a foreign language, and to a certain extent supplies its place as an instrument of education. Another and still more valuable exercise is writing from memory the substance of a portion of an author after having carefully studied it some little time before. In this case, the original and the imitation should

afterwards be carefully compared. Original themes and essays should also be set on subjects suggested by the work in hand. It may be well sometimes to follow out a proposition barely suggested by the writer, sometimes to controvert one of his statements or positions, and sometimes to compose a critique on his general line of argument and style.

To pursue this subject further would be tedious. What has been said sufficiently indicates the direction that should be taken, and, I hope, also does something to prove what may be called the *capabilities* of English Literature as an instrument of mental training and discipline. In this hope I commend the subject to the fair and thoughtful consideration of all whom it may concern. And, in good sooth, it concerns everybody. We are all interested in the formation of the national character and the culture of the national mind. The tendencies of education are certainly just now in a purely utilitarian and scientific direction. Some partial reaction is wanted. Let the useful be duly honoured; let science occupy its own, and that a worthy place. But open the way also for moral influences, for the assimilation of high thoughts, and communing with great minds. Let England's immortal dead speak again in the Colleges and Schools of their country, and their voices will not fall vainly on the ears of England's children. Their burning words and breathing thoughts will stimulate and nourish our national manhood, and will help to maintain an exalted national character.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES; THEIR SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECTS.

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

Mr. Hallam, an historian whose accuracy cannot be questioned, has remarked—"I should find it difficult to "resist the conclusion, that, however "the labourer has derived benefit from "the cheapness of manufactured com-"modities, and from many inventions "of common utility, he is much inferior "in ability to support a family to his "ancestors three or four centuries ago."

In the time of the Tudors, the weekly wages of ordinary labourers would enable them to purchase twice as much wheat and meat as would the wages of a similar class of labourers at the present time. It therefore appears that improvement in the material condition of a large section of the community has not accompanied the great progress in the nation's wealth. For England's commercial progress is unparalleled; she accumulates capital for a great portion of the civilized world; by her aid railways are carried into the far West; her commerce has been developed by the greatest triumphs of mechanical genius; her exports have advanced in a few years from 50,000,000*l.* to 130,000,000*l.*; and yet no corresponding effect seems to have been produced in the material condition of her poorest classes.

Philanthropic institutions continue to unfold the same tales of dire distress. Needlewomen exhaust their strength and ruin their health for the most beggarly pittances; and labourers frequently cannot be provided with such food as the necessities of nature demand—for by many meat can now never be tasted more than once a week. It appears, therefore, quite evident that increased production does not insure a happier distribution of a nation's wealth. Yet there may be divers opinions as to how a more equable distribution is to be brought about.

I may be thought hard-hearted if I seek a remedy in the lessons which

political economy teaches. The remedy, however, which I shall describe has the advantage of having been tried and proved to be effectual.

The most characteristic feature in the social condition of this country is the fact that all classes of labourers depend for their remuneration upon the capital which has been accumulated by others. As long as our social relations continue thus, the remuneration of the labourer must be regulated by the same laws as at the present time. Wages are now determined by the relative rapidity with which the population and the accumulation of capital advance. The wage-fund of a country is a component part of its capital; if this increases with greater rapidity than population, wages will rise. We may regret that a labourer should only obtain ten shillings a week; but such wages are absolutely decreed to him by our existing social conditions, and cannot be raised by the mere desires of humane sympathy. We are thus able to discern the only effectual means by which wages can be raised, since they are determined by a ratio between population and capital; but there is a wide-spread opinion amongst our labouring classes, which comes out prominently in the agitation of strikes, that wages are reduced by a tyrannical fiat of the capitalist. When the labourers express enmity towards capitalists, they should remember that, as long as the labourers, as a class, do not save, they render capitalists, who do not labour with their hands, absolutely necessary. Capital is that portion of past produce which has been saved to aid future production; capital, in fact, sustains the labourer until the results of his labour become available for consumption. If the labourer will not save, he must look for others to sustain him, and a large portion of the produce of his labour must be devoted to compensate the capitalist for his accumulation, for his risk, and for the labour of superintendence. When, therefore, labourers become a saving class, there will have been secured the most important advance not only in their social, but also in their material condition, as they will then obtain from their own savings all those services for which they now have to pay the capitalist so heavy a price. This may appear an utopian expectation; and it will perhaps be objected, "What is the use of saying it is a good thing for the labourers to save? Every one knows that; the difficulty is, how to induce them to save." I recognise the difficulty, and will meet it with a remedy, which I believe may well impress us with its practical significance. All saving involves a present sacrifice for a future advantage. A sure sign of inferior education is the absence of foresight. The poor, therefore, will not generally be provident; and, of course, saving becomes much more difficult when it cannot be made from a superfluous abundance, but involves the sacrifice of some of the necessaries of life. We will recognise to the full all these obstacles to saving, for we shall then be better able to discern the manner in which saving can be most effectually encouraged. The first thing which is of special importance is to place distinctly before the labourer the advantage which his saving will bring him. It is not surprising that there should be an absence of saving amongst the poor at the present time. Few labourers would be able to accumulate 100*l.* without many a severe sacrifice. When this 100*l.* is accumulated, the labourer will not be in a different social position; the 100*l.* will be placed in the savings bank, and fifty shillings a year will be the only reward of his prudence. If, however, he could use this 100*l.* as capital to support him while labouring, he would then cease to pay the capitalist the heavy price he now pays him. The advantage to the labourer of being his own capitalist can scarcely be overestimated. He would be advanced to a different social grade; the whole produce of his labour would be his own; and, depend upon it, prudence amongst the labouring classes would not then be so rare a virtue as it is now. But how is this to be effected? The whole tendency of civilisation is against it; every year production is

carried on upon a larger scale; every year small capitalists and small producers find it difficult to compete with large commercial undertakings. Manufacturing on an extensive scale is more economical, and the small manufactories are being entirely absorbed by those marvels of commercial enterprise with which Lancashire and Yorkshire are studded. Large farms are gradually absorbing the small holdings; in a village there are now but three occupiers, where, perhaps, a few years since there were thirty; and this tendency will be found to increase in every department of industry, in proportion as the application of machinery is extended. It is therefore hopeless to expect that production will ever again be carried on by uncombined labourers, such as the peasant cultivators of India, or the artisans and artificers of bygone days. How, therefore, can a labourer in this country convert his savings into capital to support his own labour? This can be virtually done, and has been done, by a number of labourers putting their joint savings into one common fund, thus forming a capital sufficient to establish a large commercial undertaking. Those who have contributed this capital may act as labourers in the concern, thus becoming their own capitalists, and taking to themselves the whole of the profits which are now paid to the capitalist. If the savings of the labouring classes could be thus invested, it is quite evident that accumulation would be most powerfully stimulated. Fifty shillings a year received as interest from 100*l.* by the working man can make no perceptible change in his social condition; but if this 100*l.* would enable him to become a working partner in a thriving joint-stock concern, he is at once advanced into a different social grade. He is no longer a hired labourer, who toils on from year to year without prospect of advancement; but his career becomes cheered by the blessings of hope. Under these benign influences he will attain prudential habits, and all those industrial virtues which so pre-eminently distinguish the middle classes.

But, it may be objected, such combinations of labour for commercial purposes can never succeed. The requisite confidence will not be placed in the managers; there will be divided councils; and it will therefore be impossible to compete with the energy of the individual capitalist. Such objections appear theoretically to be unanswerable; they will, however, be completely refuted by the examples of success which I shall adduce.

I will now describe the extraordinary career of two Co-operative Societies at Leeds and Rochdale; and I would remark beforehand that I believe their success has been due to no exceptional causes. Working men originated them; every farthing of the capital has throughout belonged to working men; and, from the commencement, the management has been entirely in the hands of working men.

In 1844, the working classes of Leeds believed that they were compelled, in consequence of a combination of millers, to pay a high price for adulterated flower. They therefore determined to supply themselves with pure flour at the lowest market price. Three thousand pounds were raised by shares of 21*s.* each: no person being permitted to hold more than one share. As no suitable mill could be rented, one was purchased for 5,000*l.*,—part of the purchase-money remaining on mortgage. It was resolved to purchase the very best English wheat, and to sell no flour but that of the first quality; and, after a careful calculation, it was resolved that as many shillings per quarter as were paid for wheat, so many halfpence per stone should be charged for flour. Thus, if wheat was 40*s.* per quarter, flour would be 1*s.* 8*d.* per stone. In Leeds, flour had always been sold one penny or two-pence per stone above the price thus determined. But all the millers have now, by competition, been compelled to reduce the price to that charged at the cooperative mill. The members of the society and the public purchase upon the same terms; but each member receives a tin ticket to record the amount of each of

his purchases, and at the end of the year the profits are thus divided:—Five per cent. is paid as a uniform dividend upon the shares; and the remaining profits are divided amongst the members in proportion to the amount of their respective purchases, this amount being registered by the tin tickets.

In 1850, the capital was 3,925*l.*, business done 26,100*l.*, and profits 506*l.* The society steadily and rapidly progressed in prosperity. In 1857, taking an average of the preceding five years, the business done was 55,930*l.*, the capital 7,689*l.*, and the profits 1,786*l.* This indicates profits of 25 per cent. The management of the concern appears to have been admirable. No credit whatever is given. The retailers of the flour are remunerated by commission of 1*s.* 9*d.* per bag; and they are not allowed to give orders for less than 10*l.* at a time: this arrangement diminishes the cost of cartage from the mill. The economy and excellence of the management are proved by the fact, that the cost of retailing is reduced 50 per cent.; and the expense of grinding is 40 per cent. less than had before been charged in Leeds.

At Rochdale, a Co-operative Store is conducted on the same principles, and with equal success. It commenced in 1844, with a capital of 28*l.* At first, only grocery was sold; now, butchers' meat and clothes are also retailed; and within the last few years, a flour-mill, similar to the one at Leeds, has been established. In 1856, the number of members was 1,600, the amount of funds, 12,920*l.*; the business done was 63,179*l.*, and the profits made, 3,921*l.* In this society a member can hold any amount of shares less than 100*l.* The society also has the functions of a bank of deposit; for members can add or withdraw capital at their pleasure. Profits are divided on the same principles as at Leeds, with the exception that 2½ per cent. of the profits are put aside for the mutual improvement of the members: an excellent reading-room and a library are thus supported. All adulteration is most carefully avoided. The officers are elected by the members for a definite period. A box is kept, in which any member can lodge a written complaint, which is investigated at a quarterly meeting; but complaints are seldom made, for the management is as excellent as at Leeds. Thus the working expenses are not 2½ per cent. upon the returns. This is much less than half the average working expenses of similar businesses. The Pioneers' Co-operative Store, at Rochdale, and the Leeds' Co-operative Flour-mill, have, together, done transactions to the extent of more than 1,000,000*l.*; and they have not had to set off 10*l.* for bad debts. Professional auditors have examined the books of these two societies, and affirm that the manner in which the accounts have been kept might serve as a model to any commercial undertaking. As an offshoot of the Pioneers' Store, a Co-operative Cotton-mill was established at Rochdale in 1855. The Pioneers' Society has 5,000*l.* invested as capital in the undertaking. At first, a portion of a mill was rented; and, in 1856, 96 looms were at work: the profits of the capital were 13½ per cent. The labourers receive the wages current in the trade, and a uniform dividend of 5 per cent. is paid on capital. The remaining profits are divided into two equal shares; one of these is paid as an extra dividend upon capital; the other share is at the end of each year divided amongst the labourers. Each labourer's share is in direct proportion to the amount of wages he has received throughout the year. The most efficient workmen, therefore, not only receive, as in other employments, the highest weekly wages, but also obtain a corresponding advantage in the annual division of profits. The most skilled labour and the highest efforts of that skill are secured; and the concern, though in its infancy, is able to compete successfully in a business where commercial enterprise has been most particularly developed.[1] The great suc-

[1] These facts have been summarised from statements of accounts which I have obtained from Leeds and Rochdale.

Much valuable information is also contained

cess of this cooperative cotton manufactory induced a desire to extend the undertaking. As no mill of adequate size could be rented, it was resolved to build one. I can most fitly describe this remarkable undertaking by quoting a portion of a letter with which I have been favoured from the manager, Mr. Wm. Cooper:—

"The Rochdale Cooperative Manufacturing Society has now a capital of 55,000*l.* Its new mill, which, with the machinery and capital required to work it, will take 44,000*l.*, will begin to work almost immediately. The society decided at the last monthly meeting to lay the foundation this autumn of another mill. The mill contains 260 looms, 16 pairs of mules or 10,000 spindles, 46 throstles or 11,000 spindles, and carding, &c. in proportion, and will employ about 280 workpeople. The society has ceased to take more members six months ago, on the ground that money came in faster than the society could profitably work it. All this has been effected by the unaided efforts of the labouring classes, and they never perhaps achieved a nobler or more hopeful work. Numerous other co-operative societies exist in different parts of the country, and it has been calculated that these societies now possess an aggregate capital of 963,000*l.*"

It will be seen from the facts adduced that a desire to obtain unadulterated food first prompted these co-operative efforts, and that they were in no way connected with those social and political opinions which are attributed to communism. These societies have entirely freed themselves from the pernicious economical fallacies which were formerly propounded by the apostles of co-operation. Thus, both at Leeds and Rochdale, competition is fully recognised, and, far from there being any community of property, the co-operative manufactory at Rochdale is based upon the principle that the efficient workman not only receives higher wages, but also obtains a larger share in the ultimate division of profits. The remarkable results above stated will naturally prompt us to seek the causes which have tended to produce them. In the first place it will be observed, that no credit whatever is given; even if a workman has 50*l.* invested, he must pay ready money for the smallest article. The commercial prosperity of these societies, as well as the welfare of the workmen, are thus alike promoted. The facility of getting into debt is the great bane of the working classes. Not only is improvidence thus encouraged, but the workman is bound to deal with those tradesmen to whom he is indebted; who too often avail themselves of this opportunity to extort a large price for adulterated articles. These co-operative societies also render unnecessary a large portion of the present expense of distribution. Such a quantity of flour, for example, as is produced at the two mills at Leeds and Rochdale, would ordinarily be distributed through the agency of a vast number of small shops; whereas, in their case, the whole cost of distribution is covered by a commission of 1*s.* 9*d.* on each bag of flour. These are, no doubt, most important agents of prosperity, but I believe the chief cause of the success which has attended these co-operative efforts yet remains to be noticed.

An identity of interests between employer and employed, is a doctrine which many delight to repeat: let us inquire to what extent this identity of interest really exists.

The produce of labour is divided into two shares. One share forms the profits of the capitalist; the other the labourer obtains, and it is termed his wages. It is therefore quite manifest that each party is directly interested in securing as large a share as possible. The more the labourer receives, so much the less must there be left for the employer; and therefore, with our present social relations, the employer and employed have not identical interests, but are more accurately in the position of buyer and seller. Does not a railway contractor

in a paper read by Mr. John Holmes, of Leeds, at the meeting of the Social Science Association, at Birmingham.

take the same care to obtain labour on the best possible terms, as he does to buy materials at the cheapest rate? Does any large employer feel that his labourers will spontaneously put forth the full energy of their labours? Labourers have to be watched, and kept to their work, much in the same way as the unwilling schoolboy is coerced to his task; and do not employers of labour, from one end of the country to the other, complain that their labourers are more careless of their masters' interests than they were formerly—that they begin to show a more haughty independence, and that they now pass from one employer to another for the slightest advantage? The Trades Unions, which have increased so significantly within the last few years, are regarded by the labourers as combinations to defend their rights in opposition to the capitalists; and, far from the employers and employed being bound with the sympathy of mutual interest, every thoughtful mind must be impressed with the opposition growing up between these classes, which is every day more and more felt. It is evidenced by a widespread dissatisfaction, which occasionally gathers sufficient strength to convulse society with a strike. Many dislike to acknowledge these indications of an opposition between employer and employed, and wish to revive between master and servant those feelings of affectionate dependence which existed in days of yore. But you cannot have an effect when its cause is irrecoverably gone. This feeling of attachment had its source in the protection from danger which the labourer needed, and which his master extended towards him. But all this is changed; the relations of employers and employed are now purely commercial; and, if an attachment exists between them, it must be based upon some identity of pecuniary interests. At the present time, the labourer has seldom any motive to put forth his best exertions; if he is paid by fixed wages, he has no interest but to do as little work for his wages as possible. In some employments piece-work can be introduced, but even in this case it is the labourer's interest to concern himself simply with the quantity, and not with the quality of the work done. But in co-operation, the profits are shared amongst the labourers; each labourer therefore is directly interested, not only himself to work with full energy, but to see that every other labourer does the same. An efficient inspection is thus spontaneously created without any expense, and there grows up a certain *esprit de corps* which never exists amongst mere hired labourers. The mental powers of the workman are called forth to assist him as far as possible in his work, whereas it would be difficult to over-estimate the pecuniary loss which is connected with that mental apathy and inactivity which now so peculiarly distinguishes many of our labourers. In fact, as it has been well said, co-operation secures the highest and most skilled efforts of the workmen; and this is sufficient to explain the signal success which has attended these co-operative efforts, whenever the labourers have selected proper managers from amongst their own body, and placed the requisite confidence in them. So powerfully efficient is this principle of co-operation, that it has succeeded even under the most unfavourable circumstances. In France, many of these co-operative societies were started with borrowed capital, which the Provisional Government of 1848 was willing to lend. The career of these societies was cut short by dynastic changes; but the few years of their existence sufficed to pay off all the capital that was borrowed, and leave them a large accumulative fund of their own.

I do not wish in the slightest degree to conceal the difficulties and dangers against which these societies must contend. It is commonly assumed that joint-stock undertakings can never successfully compete in trade against the individual capitalist, because a manager paid by a fixed salary will not put forth the same active energy as the individual owner of a business. Co-operative societies, of course, rest under this disad-

vantage in common with other joint-stock undertakings; but the figures I have quoted demonstrate that this disadvantage can be more than compensated by some of the other conditions of co-operation. Thus, no credit is given, the expenses of distribution are diminished, and every labourer is directly interested in his work, and thus is acted upon by those same influences which are considered to evoke energy and skill from the individual tradesman or manufacturer. The selection of proper managers is, however, the great difficulty with which these co-operative societies will have to struggle. It cannot be doubted but that the managers at Leeds and Rochdale have been men whose talents and sterling worth would have earned success in any walk of life. Such men are, doubtless, to be found amongst every large body of workmen; if care is not taken to select them, co-operation must inevitably fail. A co-operative manufactory will meet with many difficulties which will not at all affect a co-operative shop. Such a shop need make no speculative purchases; and, as no credit is given, the risk is small indeed. But in a co-operative cotton manufactory, competition must be carried on with a class of men who at once avail themselves of the smallest advantage which is to be obtained, either by purchasing the raw material at a particular time, or by the introduction of the slightest improvement in machinery. As yet, this competition has been carried on with a success which could not have been anticipated. The question as to the ultimate extension of such co-operative undertakings is, as yet, however, only partially determined. The fluctuations in the cotton business are great. Will a body of workmen combined in a cotton manufactory be able to keep together during two or three years of low profits, and withstand the difficulties of a financial crisis? This is a problem which yet remains to be solved. If it is solved satisfactorily, the principle of co-operation will have become a national institution and one of the greatest of social achievements.

Several co-operative societies have not succeeded. Such cases of failure ought to be carefully considered, as in this manner the requisites of success may be more distinctly perceived.

I would for one moment direct attention to a very singular popular error connected with co-operation. These societies were first tried on a large scale in France, and many of the most eminent apostles of co-operation were leading members of the advanced republican party. Hence it was for a long time supposed, and I fear the error has not yet been completely exploded, that there was some democratic element involved in their constitution. These societies are not in any way directly connected with politics; in fact, at the present time, I believe they embrace men of the most opposite political opinions. Ultimately, however, they will have a tendency to spread a healthy and intelligent conservatism amongst the operatives. The restless and turbulent element of a nation is a class without property, and so impoverished that national disturbances cannot leave them worse off than they were before.

Co-operation cannot succeed without calling forth many of the highest qualities of man's intellectual and moral nature. It demands a just appreciation of the characters of others; it calls for an intelligent confidence associated with a judicious watchfulness; and it requires prudence on the part of those who have not been accustomed to foresight. The active business which exists at the present time in the manufacturing districts should be taken advantage of by the labourers to extend these co-operative societies. Periods of prosperity have hitherto left no record of permanent social advancement. A larger temporary consumption of luxuries by the working classes, and a great increase in the number of marriages, have generally been been the most prominent features of prosperous days. A rapid increase of population is thus stimulated, which, in a few years, again makes the labour-market redundant, and adds to the difficulties of those recurring periods of

distress, when trade is dull, and employment scarce.

The practical success of co-operation has been already sufficiently proved to warrant the establishment in every town and village of shops or stores similar to those at Leeds and Rochdale. A co-operative manufactory should be more cautiously undertaken. Permanent success in this case has not been as yet completely proved, and the capital which must be risked is very large. But a co-operative shop or store has been developed from the smallest beginnings. The Pioneers at Rochdale started with a capital of only 28*l*. The working classes are very generally impressed with the belief that they are somewhat imposed upon; that they pay high prices for bread and grocery; and often do not get a good or pure article for their money. They have the remedy in their own hands. Why don't they withdraw their deposits from the savings'-banks, and form a joint fund to establish a flour-mill, a bakery, or a grocery-shop? The workmen of Leeds and Rochdale did this, and they have obtained as their reward unadulterated articles, and a profit of more than twenty per cent. upon their capital. Why should the working classes be encouraged to place their earnings in the savings'-banks, where the interest is so remarkably small?

A few words contained in the letter from which I have already quoted, will most appropriately conclude these remarks—"Co-operation aims at giving to "the workers the fruits of their industry. "It is a kind of self-assistance, and yet "has no hostile feeling against capital."

NOTE.

After this paper was in the press I received a letter from Mr. Samuel Ashworth, one of the managers of the Pioneers' Society, which informs me that the two engines of 120-horse power in the Co-operative Manufactory at Rochdale were set to work on the 11th of August.

KYLOE-JOCK AND THE WEIRD OF WANTON-WALLS.

A LEGEND: IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND," "HINCHBRIDGE HAUNTED," &c.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE WAS ABSENT, AND IN HIS ABSENCE IT WAS BELEAGUERED.

On some errand of public duty or private business, Mr. Rowland soon had to leave home for the distant city. There he was to stay some days, which might be more numerous than he knew yet: and, as he much disliked to be long absent from the parish, or indeed to leave home at all for a single night, so as to lodge with strangers—thus might be explained the cloud of gravity that sat upon his serious forehead, while he parted from his household at the front door; mounting the new but docile horse, hight "Rutherford," to ride to the coach-town, only six miles off. No horse could more steadily have taken the road, than *Rutherford*, or more becomingly have sustained the dignified proportions of that figure after which Andrew looked, with a well-satisfied interest, from the open gate. The object of his complacency was borne away into a winter fog, that blended horse and master, dilating them grandly, like the chief of Centaurs; while at a sober trot it reached the brow of the frosty road; then gently vanished downwards, as over a depth of antique Fate. Still, for minutes onward, did the sound come regular and far from the iron-like

ground, through the keen, echoing air. Then the silence fell vast, like an augury of old.

Winter it was, without a doubt. The days were at the shortest; and the intense icy cold possessed the earth, binding the very sky, as it were in tyranny, from letting down any help to the strife. So vivid was the sense of life below, for all that, as to send up exhilaration through the gloom itself; at the very sight of those sharp hacks and cracks in the earth's old shape again, showing her merely wounded as before, with hard wrinkled ribs laid bare, fleshless arms and bony fingers, eyes all puckered and stony, veins empty and brittle as glass, fetters of steel and outspread covers of sealed iron—all to be changed immediately into fresh novelties, and some time or other be restored to the familiar state. Already, in fact, where the wet marsh had been a useless place in the hollow below the hill, icy enchantment had come upon it; making it worth the boy's pains to visit, if lesson-time had but allowed, in days so brief. Only the lessons with his father, indeed, had hindered the triumph it would have been for Hugh to be the first improver on that enchantment, as a conjuror of polished slides and gliding tracks, pushing alone into the centre of those rushy islands, and those sedgy quagmires, where the water-lily had been inaccessible before, where the water-hen had defied approach to her young, and where the flocks of white-maws had laid their precious eggs in vain. Nearer to Kirkhill, than to Etherwood and the parish-school, how just were Hugh's claims to the first pleasures of that place; and how easily could he have forestalled the vulgar but busy school-children in possession of it, had it not been for that ever-growing Latin, those too-swiftly rising Romans of Cornelius Nepos, which had detained him, a solitary pupil, under his father's concentrated eye! Even now when, in the troubled joy he felt in the removal of that eye for a space, strange hopes were whispered to him from behind—yet what possibilities of terror gazed from before! For had not his father ere he finally departed, reined in the horse Rutherford a moment at the gate, and called him to the horse's side, stooping down to remind him of the pages that were to be revised by himself, for fuller mastery; also of the rules from Ruddiman's Rudiments, that were to be committed to memory for complete use; in order that the regretted absence might not be altogether a loss? Then, as to the ice, Hugh knew, at any rate, how in the mean time its best charm had been already taken away. Etherwood school was not so busy or so bound to its set hours, but that children on the way to and from it had loitered long enough to find the secret of so tempting a sliding-ground; and they had snatched its delight in their play-time, till the bloom of the spot was soiled by many a smear or flaw. Yet, though the spot had been thus invaded before him, and he had lost the joy of first possession, there still remained for Hugh a private relish to be hastily gratified, now that his father was absent, in the safe hours of parish school-time, when he could have the ground to himself.

The first day of his release from his father's vigilance the boy found in his anticipated pleasure, by himself, in the icy hollow the new zest, not of watchfulness only, but of self-restraint as well. An influence hung over him, from the recent glimpse of a bliss unthought-of before, in the recent gracious approval of his teacher. The closer touch of paternal kindness, for a moment like that he had felt in childhood, warmly wrought about his heart, and moved him to study Cornelius Nepos unseen; nay, even, for the future's sake, to prepare the Rules of Ruddiman, though free from superintending vigilance. Moreover, Andrew had to walk the same day to the town, where the horse would have been left; and to come riding back at night. In this circumstance there was a check for Hugh till that day at least was over. For, had it not been heard of that coaches were missed, and that travellers

rather returned than awaited the next day under hospitable roofs; and so, if the ice tempted too long, then instead of Andrew at the stable-door by dusk, might not the parlour candle-light show a more awful form?

But Andrew went and returned duly, and all *that* was safe. New mornings brought new thoughts, new balances of virtue with pleasure. Again was the frosty air exhilarating, sometimes sparkling; and the distant marsh-ice, with its solitary glidings, its swift companionless exploits, triumphs, or discoveries, grew more entrancing than expectation had told; until Cornelius Nepos and his Romans were like to be outweighed. Nay, even through what had seemed most helpful to them, did they utterly lose substance and kick the beam, as when Brennus, leader of the hostile Gauls, threw his barbaric sword into the Roman scales. For, although Hugh Rowland knew well the parish school-hours, and in his shy solitude adhered to these only, if on no other account but a wild shrinking from strangers—nevertheless, suddenly a little troop of parish-scholars surprised him at that very time, and with a bound, a race, a hollow hum, and noiseless rush, flew forth upon the ice that kept him spell-bound, mingling their slides with his. What wonder, indeed that they should be there in school-hours, when he saw them headed by little Will, the sly glebe cow-herd—considering how idly that urchin was inclined! There, at their head, was this school-hating imp of mischief with smaller imps behind him, not so ignorant as he. But this was not the chief surprise. Most wonderful of all was it to behold amongst them *Kyloe*-Jock and his dog Bauldy. For, though they both had left the hill—whence, at this season, the very kyloes had departed to some shedded camp, with vast store of turnips—yet both were now punctually each Sabbath at the church; both were well known to be busily at school, under Andrew's careful supervision, and under the very eye of that schoolmaster who was at once elder, precentor, and Kirk-session clerk. Did Jock fear no penalties for playing truant from school; did Bauldy entertain no prudent forethought; or could they both be led away by such an inferior creature as little Will, who slunk with deference from the very shyness of Hugh Rowland?

Truly a most unaccountable pair were *Kyloe*-Jock and Bauldy. To see them in broad day-light again, severed from any imposing charge of wild cattle, away from all labyrinthine obscurity of stack-yard or *Bogle*, was fascination more than ever. Hovering apart, unmixed with them, sliding or practising the incipient skates in independence of their boon or bane, their fear or favour—to be within view of them was yet to be of their circle and company. Bauldy remained a stedfast mark upon the shore, now dim but magnified, now distinct though dwindled back; and for the most part sat on end, to gaze imperturbably, whatever his master's seeming destiny. Luckless might that destiny have been supposed. For, big as was *Kyloe*-Jock, wearing a shortened tail-coat, that flew behind him as he ran, there were little ones in pinafores, who belonged to his class at school, and who hurried at last away in fear. Even Will the cow-herd boasted over him, that he was "*Dults*" (*i. e.* the blockhead of his class), though without angering him; and, but for Jock's heedlessness of all this, doubtless Will himself would have gone away. Not that *Kyloe*-Jock, like little Will, cast any sly glance at the boy Rowland then, as if claiming secrecy from a new accomplice in higher quarters; nor did he laugh at all, like Will; but only with a deep enjoyment rushed again upon the slide, that glittered with him into a length beyond belief, until he well might hoot, and give a yell, turning slowly round—to show Bauldy, perhaps, that he had not utterly vanished. Then, departing farther for another race, back did he come steadily, as if shot forth from a gun, his form a giant's, his breath like smoke, his face bright-red, shooting with incredible speed into ordinary view; yet was not the smooth ice swift enough for him, but he must post up and down

upon it marvellously faster, as on horseback, then fly with his arms along it as with wings like an ostrich; inevitably overtaking in a moment the eagerest effort of that cowherd, whose silly presence could be no more than a stumbling-block and pillow to his magical career. Yet, for all his magical effect, most unassuming was *Kyloe*-Jock. In some imperceptible natural way he grew familiar to the mere spectator, and took hold upon acquaintance without ceremonies of introduction; so that ere long, neither seeking it nor sought, the boy was *with* him. Sharing, joining, sliding and shouting too, he seemed to have been familiar with *Kyloe*-Jock for years before; not now even excluded by the dog Bauldy.

Thus did they glide, float, or whirl into a dizzy unison of recklessness, alike superior to the hungry instinct or the trivial fear that took the cowherd home, whether at the sight of the quick darkening of the afternoon, or when the ice gave a crack and a weltering groan, as if to thaw beneath them. As for Jock, *he* had no fear: *he* could tell, merely by peering up, that it was not so late as it looked, nor would it thaw, but snow. And, when the boy at last misgave himself too greatly to stay longer, though Jock and Bauldy would still have sat or slid on contented, as beings without a home, a dinner, or a dread—they both, nevertheless, forsook their own satisfaction to convoy him on the right way; perhaps at view of a sudden uncertainty that had terrified him—since the right way proved to be of their choosing, so that, if he had not turned when they turned, he would have found himself high upon an unknown hill in the dark. Then Hugh, as they left him alone in the same abrupt unceremonious fashion, still gazed bewildered for home, on the wrong side; till, like a dog himself, he recognized a scent the other way, of the kitchen-cookery that spoke volumes to him out of the fog, and, next moment, there broke out a part of the house, with roof lost in uncertainty, and endless wall—the bare branch dripping by the dim gable, the smoke from the chimney striving against a pressure from the viewless sky, and one fire-lit window, hanging in the air, disclosing its inner spectacle of shadows. A sight too changefully dubious still on the brightest background, sometimes too colossal, to be trusted without caution! So he skirts around to reconnoitre like an Indian, to circle in upon it from a corner, ere finally stealing upstairs. He has seen, in the passage, that the hat and great-coat are absent as before! The snow that had been prophesied, too, has begun to fall. It is falling faster; falling to make the night earlier; falling and showering and whirring down, to cover the ground deep as of old, to fill the roads, to block the house in, to sever it from the world, and towns, and travellers. Then safely, with book in hand, out of his little new bedroom, he comes down at leisure, and seems by his undisturbed aspect to have been some time in; if at all too late, then seeming not to have heard the dinner-bell, which Nurse Kirsty rang outside; nor to have known, in his studious absorption, that her harsh voice had searched for him beyond, prompted by a fonder anxiety than *hers*.

It snowed a day or two together, but as yet only to brighten the earth and clear the sky. In the soft radiant intervals, what augmented pleasure! Innocent satisfaction comes even to little Hannah and lesser Joey, brushing the snow from their brief track, to the wheel-ruts outside the gate; enterprizing farther along the road, past the very barn and stable, to smooth by dint of patience one icy groove—even to venture on the ditch below the fleecy elm-tree in the powdered hedge, so tiresomely well known through all disguises from that weary old nursery-window which still keeps the children in sight. For Nurse Kirsty, with her toothachy face in flannel, stands within, ironing or plaiting, sewing or crimping. She could not see over to the marsh: she knew nothing of Cornelius Nepos; still less than the mistress herself, who might at least hear her eldest boy repeat those rules of Ruddiman, to make sure that

he observed his father's grave injunction. Surely neither of them knew anything at all of *Kyloe*-Jock; and, if *any* one watched in secret, to lay up a store of new power, or to vindicate the old, it certainly was not the mother, whose chidings were so open at the sharpest, whose purposes were so transparent, however eager. It surely mattered not, besides, that in the shoes of Jock there were holes, and but ill-patched fragments of other cloth on his corduroy; while through the cap he wore—a blue one with a red knob upon the top, even as a lid over something strange—there came up tufts of his hair like dry grass; nor were the hues of his face less vivid by comparison, but even with a more life-like glow went kindling out to his projected ears, which mocked all inclemency of weather. Not that the frost or snow altered him, but he lifted up to them the standard of their measurement; and shoes were to him not for clothing, but of swiftness to slide; caps were as mere adornment, not covers; a coat or plaid less for garment than for pockets or for covering in sleep. Nay, if he were one who could not learn at school, he threw a great light upon it himself, explaining why he was said to be only half-witted. Though with a look askance, suggesting deeper knowledge, well did he inquire—rather as if from Bauldy than from Hugh—why then did the folks want him to know the catechism? why turn him back to the Second Primer? why be angered if he had played the truant for one afternoon? Whereat Hugh wondered equally with Bauldy. Not that *Kyloe*-Jock was going any more to play truant in order to be on the ice! It was now only between times that he hurried there, or on the Saturday afternoon. For the master had made his palms so thoroughly to remember his duty of being at school that he still writhed as he showed forth the reminding method. He did so not in mockery of the master, but only earnestly to prove why he must not delay again behind the rest, so long as ice and snow remained. Moreover, with his mittenless hands, as he clapped them in the frosty weather, he had found out a local secret which he made that an occasion for confiding at the same time. Taking a piece of frosted sedge, and standing solemnly, with tails uplifted to the lurid sunset that glowed behind him like a fire upon the snow, he exhibited himself as the schoolmaster, burning one end of that mimic *tawse* in silence at the school fire, and coughing as he fixed his eye upon the distance. Then on tiptoe did Jock walk to a stump of paling by the edge where Bauldy sat, and begin to lay successive strokes majestically upon the wood, pausing to cough loud between, till even Bauldy whimpered, drawing back, like to utter a yell—though Hugh, shuddering within, would have laughed. But the frosty air was all echoes then; and from the distant brae, through some change of the snow, came back a new echo, so deliberate, distinct, and grave, repeating everything more awfully, that for once did the uncouth dog take fright. It fled away with an actual yell; swifter, indeed, than the elsewhere-muffled hill deigned to record. But when Bauldy's master stopped, indignant at him, and summoned him vainly back—it was too much to hear the spectral halloo, the ghostly whistle, the very rustling and roar of phantom-Kyloes that returned. Hugh himself then also fled in terror; nay, when the *Kyloe*-herd, not the least aghast himself, would have checked the boy's flight in turn, he only quickened it: for back again came graver ejaculations from above, and the hill shouted solemnly Hugh's own name. Then, seeing more need to overtake Bauldy, did Jock take but a sudden step or two to a long glassy path, that bore him smoothly and swiftly, with both hands in his pockets, towards Etherwood school.

Back to school must even Bauldy have retreated. Back to school went *Kyloe*-Jock after him. Hugh Rowland alone was masterless, wild, and free. And still gently fell the intermittent snow, to separate and shut them in.

CHAPTER IV.

DESTINY MARKS OUT KYLOE-JOCK.

THE snowy country was but sheeted by degrees; field, hedge, and hill only lost their shapes imperceptibly by fairy-like changes to one shrouded mould, under a sky that seemed azure above it all, or amber, or vast with stars. The people could still come with ease to church on that Sabbath when the stranger preached; that tall, and gaunt, and elderly Probationer—with one limb mysteriously different from the other, leaving a round print beside each single footstep to the church-door—who stayed two nights, and went upstairs to bed with an iron sound, depositing but one giant shoe outside the best-bedroom door. A preacher whom, it was said, mysterious powers had bewildered; ever since that day when the gipsies captured him, marking him out to the glance of a great Magician who lived near! On former occasions, in Mr. Rowland's absence, had that memorable "Dominie" come to fill his pulpit, with abstracted mien, and wandering, dream-like habit; and had stood poring into a stray book by the hour, as he did now, and been heard strangely in his chamber, stamping to and fro, and rehearsing his sermon before unseen attentive audiences, or holding dialogue with fancied Co-Presbyters—never destined, poor man, to enjoy the dignity of either. But he had never before so delightfully accorded his sympathy to Mrs. Rowland's concern for the progress of Hugh as he now did snuffing up, at the names of Ruddiman and Cornelius Nepos, an air of inspiration; examining the boy with a pedagogic zeal, and with a technical keenness discovering his errors, which alarmed while it aided. Fain would the *Dominie* have revelled longer in a congenial delay which the mother pressed, in order that the relentless exercise might have helped his victim. But the snow warned the good Mr. George Simson to betake himself homeward, and Hugh Rowland inwardly rejoiced. The preacher swung his inflexible wooden limb over the back of his small pony, as if he had walked forward upon it; and, as Andrew with a demure gravity disposed the skirt of Mr. Simson's great coat above the creature's tail, Mr. Simson waved a hand with dignity, to let the bridle go, and to bid farewell to all. Thereupon, less like a Colossus than the old disproportionate forms in Christmas revel, or Abbots of Unreason upon pictured hobby-horses—one foot avoiding the snow—he was borne away into the wastes. Borne away toward his paternal Manse, which stood hard by the ruined Monastery of "Kennaquhair," near where the deathless Enchanter abode in his late days. *He*, also, the Dominie, was borne away immortal; although at that time giving place in Hugh Rowland's mind to hopes of freedom with *Kyloe*-Jock.

Still was the hoary church distinguishable (and the flaky end-aisle that belonged to Wanton-Walls), beside the furry trees, from the hooded corn-stacks and the fleecy hay-rick with one end cloven; where Andrew from the stable would yet mount the ladder, to slice it down with his trenchant blade, under the hanging icicles, past the ice-sheathed props. The horse Rutherford was champing at his stall, though for the most part idly; and his hollow stamping could be sometimes heard, if but in token of impatience. Hard the times were already, indeed, for all wild creatures without stall or herd; and the shepherd, though at home, sought the unfolded sheep on the braes when they wandered. Birds of all kinds put off their shyness, as if sorry to have been wayward and secret; the hare and rabbit trespassed on the shrubbery, invading the garden by tracks that betrayed a piteous urgency in their boldness; while poisonous berries, alike with culinary roots or precious barks of fruit-trees, were turned to *their* vital uses. Sweet it was, too, even yet, to see the parlour-window opened, at the violet shadow of little Robin-red-breast on the feathery sill, that Hannah and Joey might feed him, as Hugh could have done once, with crumbs from the snug table near the fire—disturbing though

Robin's visits were now to those forced efforts upon Ruddiman and his despotic rules, which alone brought a shiver at the letting in of the cold. For the others, they could afford to hold their breath, not even whispering lest Robin might take fright: each peck he made, they could be delighted; till, at the triumphant clapping of their hands, he fluttered back from the very curtain within, away to the snow outside. Then with old stories of Babes in the Wood, of children rescued from the snow, of brothers that came back in time, of merchants hurrying home with gifts and packages, and the avalanche that buried the cottage for a time—might Mamma console them when the window was shut, and the curtains drawn. But oh! why for *one*, had there been Latin rules invented, harder than Draconic, more deserving the sleepy oblivion that often strove against them? Why had there been any Romans, why such an officious recorder as Cornelius Nepos? Why, indeed, any parents except mothers—who were so easily convinced that tasks had been got by heart, when they were repeated fresh from the book? *They* might carefully hear over the rules and the exceptions, but demanded no practical application; and they could see that Cornelius was revised, with dictionary and syntax at hand, yet not know if the meaning grew clearer in retrospect, or only deeper, darker, more confused. Maternal anger itself, how simply appeased, how soon relaxed! It could be talked into conviction of integrity, and argued back to complacent trust in progress. Under such soft supervision the books might, after a little, be put away; and, with lifted face and ready tongue, the gossip might be joined in—the little trivial children's gossip which the servants raise even in snow-time; which spreads about the small neighbourhood, more eagerly as it closes smaller in.

Such matter of gossip there was for the little household world of Kirkhill Manse, during the absence of its head in that season of deep winter. The hen-roost had been suffering. Now a chicken, and now a duck, had gone; till at length the favourite hen, speckled and crested, that had laid eggs so long, was suddenly missing before the dusk of the afternoon. This was after Andrew, speaking of polecats from the planting, or weasels from the dykes, had closed the hutch at night. That precaution had evidently been in vain; it could not, therefore, be weasel or polecat that had done the harm. Nurse Kirsty hinted then at poor old Lucky Wood, the glebe-boy's grandmother, who was on the parish, and would often be coming to the Manse in her old cloak, with stick and basket, to hang about the kitchen for old bones, old rags — perhaps even, as Kirsty hinted, for better things. Was she not all the oftener coming in that weather; and were there not foot-steps in the morning toward the hen-house door? Yet Andrew said openly that the steps might be Nurse Kirsty's own: on which supposition of his, clearing away suspicion where it had unduly fallen, little Will had come back, to sleep by Andrew's leave in the barn close by, with a rusty gun all loaded—Will firmly believing with Andrew now, as a greater authority than both of them had agreed, that the real evil-doer was no other than a fox from the firwoods on the hill. No less, in fact, was this great authority than *Kyloe*-Jock himself with Bauldy. Tracing the marks, scenting the very track, they were aware by what ways the robber had come, lain in ambush, and departed. Yet to no purpose had Will kept guard two nights. The third, as *Kyloe*-Jock declared, he might watch till morning and hear no sign; but more hens would be taken away, till all were done, or till the snow was melted! Nevertheless had Nurse Kirsty risen to higher scorn, and, speaking of *Kyloe*-Jock for the first time, had vowed like an oracle that the culprits were Jock himself, and his dog Bauldy. She told of his idle doings at Halloween, and suspected a truth in the report that at Hogmanay he had led the profane guizards. She nodded her head more darkly yet,

shaking it more ominously, when, to Mrs. Rowland, before the boy Hugh, she hinted that *Kyloe*-Jock was on the parish too—more starved than Lucky Wood herself; nay, but a half-natural in wits, by birth even something worse—an evil example and a bad companion, of whom the Minister ought to hear when he came home! These things, in greater privacy, did the boy, roused to resistance by Kirsty's dark insinuations, explain and reconcile to the maternal judgment. He even extolled *Kyloe*-Jock, and used cunning eloquence to show him to be the only help in this case worthy of being depended on;—thus, at least, paving the way for security against Kirsty, should she say, before a higher bar, that *Kyloe*-Jock's first appearance about the manse had been developed farther in secret than the supreme law allowed. He did not, however, disclose the full knowledge which he already possessed of *Kyloe*-Jock's purpose to constitute himself, unsolicited, the protector of the Manse, and to bring the true depredator to justice by a competent exercise of his own energy in defence of his own credit.

How suddenly had Hugh's sensitiveness to the touch of strangers left him! That very evening in secret, in the dark back-court behind the peat-stack, did he even crouch in company with the glebe cow-herd, to await the coming of *Kyloe*-Jock and Bauldy on their mystic purpose. Neither were their plans made clearly manifest when they came. No sooner on the household premises, indeed, than Bauldy took up the ground as Jock's own, to be sentinelled against the most customary frequenter or settled occupant. Yet Bauldy followed at a whisper, to consider alone with Jock those places *he* examined—to peer forth with him from that opened shrubbery-wicket, where he looked toward the dark hill; and, even when *he* would apparently have left it open, to counsel in some unaccountable way, that it should be shut again. This was a wicket which the thoughtless cow-herd had purposely opened. So opening it, each fruitless night he had watched, in order that no barrier might interrupt the approach of Reynard. At that did *Kyloe*-Jock uncouthly shrug his shoulders up. Turning to Will the cowherd, he eyed him with an eldritch grin; and there was something weirdly in the silence wherewith he put aside that glebe-boy's advices, stepping back to the sheltered nook of the peat-stack, as if to muse alone in a warm place. Notwithstanding which, when Bauldy curled himself satisfied to his master's feet, and Will leant deferentially by, with little Rowland at hand, Jock condescended to spend a certain interval in easy colloquy, as if to await the time for action in leisurely discourse. Compared with the knowledge he imparted, what was that of letters? Without parents, it seemed, or effect of teaching, what uninherited lore was his—as if to claim obeisance from patriarchs before a Druid not anointed! He seemed even about to perform some sacrifice, rather than to slay. Meanwhile he turned his thoughts aside—reasoning of adders, how to deal with them in contest, how to prize their cast-off skins; of the water-rat, that would defy the weasel; of the toad, and of that dreadful creature from whose touch no mortal survives—the *Ask* or Eft, which like a tiny crocodile is seen amphibious about lonely pools; also concerning the horse-hairs which in water can be converted, through certain observances, into living eels. Of Bauldy he spoke—how Bauldy intercepted rabbits from their holes; nay, how in the course of that last summer Bauldy had been tempted to seize a full-grown hare. For it had lain staring close at him; and was so strong, squealing so loud, that it proved all the dog could do to hold her; and Jock had been terrified, thinking maybe it might be auld Ailie Mathie from Boon, that was reckoned to be uncanny in her disguises. "Megsty, man—Aih, Wull!" he said, with a fresh emotion, "Wasna I put to 't that time—but gin I hadna done something quick, the keeper might hae been in the plantings and hear't

her, it was siccan a clear simmer-day—then a' owre wi' Bauldy, puir falla'. So I just down wi' my staff, and up wi' a palin' stab, and fair felled her wi' the sharp side o't ahint the lugs o' her, till she was quiet. Hoo! hoo! hoo! what think ye I thocht that time?" chuckled he wildly: "geyan fear't though I was?" But when Will could not answer, Jock pursued. "Man, I thocht the hare's ee' gat a look o' auld Ailie's, the vera gait au'd see't her sleepin' i' the Kirk, aetime I was there—wi' her mooth an' her ee' open, though the Minister was thrang ca'in' at the De'il an' her! Weel, what did I do, but I buiry't the hare in-under a whin buss, an' I set Bauldie to watch the kyloes his 'lane—an' me awa' owre the hills to Boon, for nae ither errant but to ken gif auld Ailie was to the fore yet. Man, Wull, wasna I glad when I seed the auld donnart body sittin' i' the ingle like her ordinar', thrang at the stockin'-needles, an' girnin' at the neebors' bairns? The very minute I was gotten back to the hill, didna I howk the hare up in a jiffy, an' skinned her, and kennelt a bit fire, down by the burn in a lown spot, and pits her birlin' roond atowre't to roast, on three sticks like a tinkler's. I eatit her. At ony rate, Bauldy an' me eatit her, stoop and roop. Aih! what wad the Laird hae said? or Maviswud o' Maviswud? or auld Jock Murray o' Wanton-Wa's hissel', even? Hoo, hoo, hoo!" And more eldritch and weirdly still was the laughter of Jock, than his solemnity.

Suddenly Jock rose, and, with him, Bauldy uncurling himself sat up on end. They looked up into the dark, as at the sound of a hushing whisper that passed above; where the wan half-face of the moon had ceased to strive with the moving blackness, but downward from her place came wavering some great stray snow-flakes, that lighted here and there upon the peats, the ground, and the bristling hair of Bauldy. It was as if they saw in these the scattered feathers of some ravaged fowl in the upper world, and looked at each other with significance accordingly. Then the Kyloe-herd took a handful of the former snow, pressing it together without effect, but nodding conviction at this sign that it was frosty still, so that the shower which now fell scantily and slowly would not long continue. Thereafter he asked to see the old iron rat-trap, which, as Will had admitted, was in the barn; and took it silently, going off with it alone, while his sentinel dog remained. This was to the end that he might set down the trap in some particular spot, beyond the corner of the wall, near a spreading fir-shrub there, which stood like an ambush toward the back-yard. He came back from thence, stooping along the wall, below the ivy and below the barn-eaves, into the gutter close by, where the hen-house door stood close, with its hutch half-raised as usual. It was seen then, that from his pocket he had been sowing upon his way some mysterious seed; the last grains of which he sprinkled out carelessly by that place of egress for the fowls at dawn, and returned thoughtfully to his former shelter. Faster the snow fell for a little, and wavered and floated again, till it came to a close, and there was through the dusk a soft hoary bloom again, with the white tops of things more discernible than before, and the woolly fibres of the trees reaching at the wan marblings of the sky. A sigh might have been thought to come in the stillness from the breast of *Kyloe*-Jock. It was the glebe cow-herd, however; who doubted, with a shiver, that the fox would ever come in so cold a night.

"Nicht? *Nicht!*" responded that herd of greater creatures, staring at him sidewise. "Is't *nicht* ye say? An' div ye think he wad ralely come, the third time, at nicht ava'? Weel—oo' dark folk canna but whiles wonder at you weiss yanes, daft though ye may ca' *huz!* It's easy to be seen ye haena enter't into the gaits o' foxes. The third nicht *is* canny, nae doo't—but it's no till the dead part o't's weel owre, that he'll e'en sae mickle as slip out o' his den by the fir-plantin,—an' no till life has begoon to steer again, when ye think a's safe, that he'll loup in upon the prey, an' awa' wi't ayont the dyke

an' the stank an' the whins, ben intil his hole. There's nae less nor nine holes o' them up bye. Though ye maunna think they're to be countit by holes. Na—they hae aye a front door, an' a back door, an' may be a bit side air-winnock or a keek-hole—an', when the t'ane door's here, t'ither's maist likely a quarter o' a mile ben the wud. I'm thinkin' there's just aboot three auld grown-up he-foxes a'thegither, the 'noo, on this side the big plantin'—there's ane a broon colour, anither red, an' there's anither sandy. I wadna wonder gin it's the sandy ane. An', gif it's *him*, man, he'll juist come, and come, an' better come, though there wasna nae need for't—as lang as the scent winna lie, an' the hunt isna out. Mony a time has *he* been huntit, too! Man! oo've seen aboon twa-score dowgs a' efter him full cry, an' Maviswud o' Maviswud, an' the Laird himsel', and Baillie o' Mellerstain, an' sweerin' Jock Murray o' Wanton-Wa's like a vera deevil, as they'd been dragoons efter yae auld covvenannter, as they ca'd it lang-syne—an' in a moment they lost scent o'him till a' was dumb, ilka yowlin' tyke lickit-back, ilka red-coat glowerin' at the other, till at last they rade hame in the darkening to drink, as toom an' fushionless as bourtree whistles. An' efter a', gif he *did* come, what could ye *do wi' him?*" Almost dreadfully did Jock ask that question, which none could answer. Mournfully he went on, scoffing down the paltry purposes of glebe-Will.

"Gun? Na, na. As for yon bit ratton-trap, he'll juist awa' wi't, an' the chucky forbye, like a teegger doon the brae, aff to the neist-hand cover for hame. An', but for what's said at the Manse here—it wadna been Jock, far less Bauldy, that wad hae made or meddle't wi' auld Saunders, wha has gotten faes eneuch, puir lad. Man, couldna ye hae pitten yersel' in *his* place, withoot help o' *huz* twa that kens him sae weel! Ye've comed oot o' yeer hole, oo'll say, doon by the pailin', across the bog, and up the dyke side—no haein' pykit a bane this twal' hours and mair, in siccan yaupish weather, sin' ye fand the last deed craw i' the ditch—an' what div ye see first, when ye skirt ahint the hen-houses? A yett wide open, that uised for to be aye steekit close. Oo'll say ye e'en gang through, for a' that. What see ye neist, on the vera spot ye're to pass, or e'er ye win to the hen-house door—or whaur the first hens boo't to come scartin' oot by day-break, as ye lig in wait aneth the mirkest bield o' a fir-buss—*what* but the hatch-hole lifted like a trap itsel', and the grund or the snaw steered an' smuithed again, like 's Ann'ra the Bethral' hissel' had howkit a grave inunder? Houts! ye're no sic a gowk an' a gomeral as juist to gang loupin' in! Na, I'se warrant ye see a heap glegger, ma man Wull, nor ye *div* the' noo—ye see ilka track ye've made in the snaw yersel, an' ilka spot that's *withoot* a track. The lee'-lane thing ye dinna see—it's hoo the snaw's sel' can hae the hairt to work against ye!"

Finally did the uncouth speaker grow silent, plunging his hands deep from the cold, which made the cow-herd's teeth chatter, till he urged their departure to the barn. There even the dog burrowed into the straw, as if heedless of further watching; while his master drew the doors as close behind them, as if the soundest sleep were the best; and the boy himself hurried gladly back within the house, to forget the ineffectual sight of their conclave, that seemed idle after all, in warmth and sleep.

Coldly, silently did the morning break, to no apparent consequence but that of troubled recollections about other things. The blue light dawned on Ruddiman's dull boards, where the book had been last thrown before the bedroom window-blind; and the first demand was by its early warning to repair past neglect. For the first voice was that of Andrew at the back gate, mounting on the horse Rutherford; which neighed and stamped as Andrew left brief word with Nurse Kirsty, how he was off to Thirlstane post-office for the expected letter, but would bring the groceries, the merceries, and what wares besides were wanted.

It was only as a dream that the earlier cock-crow had been followed by alarms and noises, back into roost, stable-yard, byre, and stye, with Rutherford already neighing at his stall. All this was a something that had relapsed to the usual sounds, and had turned on the other side, as it were, to repose again—by no means courting the new daylight. And, even now that the daylight had come, the barn doors were still snugly closed, as if on sluggards—so that Hugh had to conclude that the night's enterprise had failed. As he listens, however, it ever and anon grows plainer that Bauldy by fits was barking within the barn—a signal which seems to have some meaning, and which tells Hugh to make haste.

When they came out, and gathered again in private, *Kyloe*-Jock even stretched his arms and yawned. It was Bauldy that had sprung round the corner of the wall, and came sniffling along from it to the still-closed wicket, scraping there eagerly, making the snow fly behind him, to get through, or to creep under. Those marks of paws, of dragging—might indeed be his. But at the end of the train of barley-seed which Jock had sowed, round the corner, near the shelter of the young spruce-fir, what scattered feathers, and stray bird-down amongst the snow! Some specks of blood in it, too—and the trap, the buried trap, is there no longer—and, the moment that the gate is opened, like an arrow loosed from the bow did Bauldie dart away across the snowy paddock, by the white churchyard, down the stile, down the brae toward the hollow below the hill!

Away after him, shouting at the fox's traces confused with his, flew scarce less swift the two herds, scarce less eager the single boy. So singular were those traces, that they soon passed beyond mistake. First scuffling on, over the snow, then plucking it crisp from bare ground in patches with long bounds between, they plunged into the deeper places, as from a force that had bounded still on, indeed, and had sprung up again in desperate energy, but lifted whole loads away with them, tearing out the very earth and pebbles in their course. At length had they struggled; till they had rolled like a ball altogether, and gone rolling till they vanished. Here lay the ravished chicken, and there ran Kyloe-Jock, and Will; while in the distance below, round a knoll of purest white, still snuffed and searched and hovered the disappointed Bauldy. A snow-wrapped block of stone it seemed, or some miniature of an avalanche, that rested there as a centre of the dog's bewildered barking, of his circling, of his retreating for aid. All else but his own marks was spotless; save where along the hill above, with a hoary sprinkling on the upper plumes, gloomed the dark of the pine-wood behind its far-ranged columns. But *Kyloe*-Jock spurned the fleecy ball with his foot, and Will the cow-herd smote it into a powdery cloud, while through the powder rushed in Bauldy, snapping, struggling, yelling painfully in the struggle with a form more savage than himself. Fettered as was the fox, half-enveloped in a wreath around the snow-ball that clogged his hind-foot, his wicked eye gleamed out, as he gnashed his sharp muzzle into Bauldy's throat. Nay, Bauldy was so vanquished that he turned, dragging both with a convulsive spring upon his master, whose blow from a mighty bludgeon was imminently required. Blows rained upon the enemy then; a cow-cudgel wreaked its revenge upon him; there were stones from the nearest dyke that mauled him, out of mere frantic impulse; Bauldy, taking fresh courage, ran in again, and bit and shook the motionless hind-leg of the helpless foe. He was silent still—dying, as it seemed, in grim silence; stretching himself out; muffling himself in his white mantle, as it were, and heaving the last breath, quite dead: so that the others would then have taken him up in triumph, had not *Kyloe*-Jock pushed them back. He even gave Bauldy a kick away, as the dog shook the carcass. Yet raising a hedge-stake he had pulled close by, he came down with it one mighty stroke behind the

head, like an executioner, and for a moment, as the blow descended, that small yellow eye might have been seen to open. It quivered, it shrank: but never closed again. It stared out wide, from the attitude of a last snarling turn. Then a second time the blow fell, even a third: but all was quiet.

Kyloe-Jock looked grim at the others, leaning on the hedge-stake. He drew the cuff of that tail-coat across his face, as it manifestly had often been drawn before, and surveyed the slain; not unheroically.

"It's the sandy ane," he said. "Aih man! But he's been teugh. He juist grippit-on to life like roots o' trees. Ye'd hae thocht the haill feck o' us was to dee, afore he wad dee; an', efter a', it wasna *huz* that could hae trickit the likes o' him. It was the snaw, man! I'se warrant he had ten times the gleg-ness, an' the kenninness, o' the haill heap o' us—Bauldy an' a'. Trap, quo' ye! Hoo! what was a ratton-trap to him? My certy, *hit* wadna lang hae been a fash to Sanders.—Oot o' that, Bauldy, I tell ye, ye vicious brute! I'm thinkin', callants, the less oo' say aboot this, the better. For Maviswud an' the Laird, an' a heap mae, 'll miss him geyan sair!"

Doubtless the fox was safely deposited away, by him and Will. As for the boy—whether or not there came on him from those words a chill remembrance of very different speeches in Cornelius Nepos—he hung his head even as he told at home, in part, how accused innocence had been vindicated. Ere long, Andrew came riding back from Thirlstane, and brought the expected letter. It appointed the day when Mr. Rowland would certainly return home.

To be continued.

THE DUNGEON KEY.

"I GIVE this key to the kelpie's keeping,"
He cried, as the key smote the deep lake's breast;
He left her kneeling, in rueful weeping,
A rayless cell's despairing guest.

Away rushed the steed, and the crow that was winging
Its flight to the distant wood was passed;
When morning dawned keen spurs were stinging
The courser's flanks like a frosty blast.

For knight and lady are vassals calling;
No voice replies from garden or bower;
Again round the castle is darkness falling,
But search is vain in turret and tower.

Year after year rolled by without telling
The fearful deed one cell could disclose;
Her bones lie white in the dungeon dwelling
The knight for his lovely lady chose.

That key is yet in the kelpie's keeping;
He faithfully grasps that iron trust;
He heard her rueful cries and weeping,
But said to himself, "What I must, I must."

THE CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS OF TURKEY.

THE events which have recently taken place in Syria have again brought the eastern question prominently into public notice, and in such a manner as to draw attention to the position of the Christians in Turkey. It is, therefore, not so much our object to discuss the eastern question in its present aspect, as to consider the social and political condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. The investigation is attended with peculiar difficulty on account of the

absence of much information which it would be of great advantage to possess. Travellers often ignorant of the language, and seldom able to speak it fluently, cannot, in passing hastily through a country, form an accurate opinion of the condition of the people. They cannot expect to be told of the wrongs endured by the inhabitants. Still less can the agents of Governments allied to Turkey, accompanied by official attendants, learn the true state of affairs. This circumstance is of itself sufficient explanation of the discrepancy which appears to exist in the reports received by different Governments of what is taking place, although in all these reports we can trace the obvious desire of official agents to frame them so as to meet the real or supposed opinions of their superior authorities.

The condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte has been improved in many respects in late years. The tax termed Haratch which was imposed on the non-Mussulman population was formally abolished in 1855. Distinctive dresses and other marks of subjection and insult which they were compelled to wear or conform to have fallen into disuse. Offensive epithets in legal and other documents are no longer employed by the officers of the Porte. And more freedom is allowed with respect to the erection of churches. Such are the chief reforms which have been actually carried out.

If the proclamations of the Sultan were acted up to in their letter and spirit we should have to add to the preceding many other important reforms. In theory all classes of Turkish subjects are supposed to be equal in the sight of the law, and to be equally eligible for Government employment. But not even the most strenuous defender of the Ottoman administration would venture to assert that these provisions have ever been put in force.

In places where there are European residents the authorities are obliged to exercise moderation, but it is far otherwise in the interior. There, Christians who are not under foreign protection have little security for either life or property. When they prosecute Mahometans, a decision is rarely given in their favour, and yet more seldom is it that the sentence when obtained is carried out. The first grievance therefore from which the Christians suffer is—

I. *The State of Turkish Law.*—The only recognised code is contained in the Koran. There the judges have to find the principles which are to serve for their guidance both with regard to points of law and their application. But it has become so apparent that the laws of the Koran cannot be fully acted up to in the present relative position of the Ottoman Empire and Christian Europe, that the Sultan has issued various "Hatts" or special decrees which his "governors and slaves" are enjoined to observe in the administration of the Government and of justice. In this manner a sort of equity has been introduced to moderate the strict letter of the law. It is obvious that much is thus left to the discretion of the court. Besides, it often happens that both the court and people are ignorant of the very existence of these Hatts. They are not distributed in the provinces; nor are any effective measures adopted to put them into execution. The Mussulman authorities either covertly or openly oppose their enforcement; while on the other hand the Christians do not, as a general rule, understand the language in which they are written; for all decrees are promulgated in Turkish—accompanied, indeed, occasionally by a French translation, but never by one in the vernacular tongue.

The next grievance which we have to consider is—

II. *The Imperfect Administration of Justice.*—In Turkey business of every kind is transacted by a Medjlis or council. If peace or war is to be determined, the Sultan holds a Medjlis on the subject. If a thief is to be caught, the inspector of police holds a Medjlis of his subordinates. Every department of the Government has its Medjlis, and nothing is ever done without the sanc-

tion of the proper council. Each village has its Medjlis; from its decisions appeal lies to the Medjlis of the district, then to that of the province, and ultimately to Constantinople. In criminal matters the police superintendent has his Medjlis, as court of first instance; and from him the appeal lies to the Pasha of the district. There is also a Medjlis for commercial cases, and often other Medjles exist for special purposes. But when we come to inquire into the organization of the Medjles, their defects become apparent. In every place which Mahometans and Christians inhabit together the majority of the Medjlis invariably consists of Mussulmen who represent local prejudices and jealousies, and can gratify their own private feelings without incurring personal responsibility. The Christian members thus become mere cyphers. Too often they follow the example of the others and take what bribes they can get. If they have the firmness and principle, which is indeed rarely the case, to resist unjust decisions, they are of course outvoted; and instances are known when assassination has been the means of removing a troublesome colleague. The composition of the Medjlis is the immediate cause of the next source of wrong which we have to mention, namely—

III. *Fiscal Oppression.*—It is impossible to imagine greater confusion to exist in the finances of any state than that shown in the present condition of the Turkish treasury. The revenue of the empire is derived chiefly from Vekouf property, customs duties, and tithes. With respect to the two former we have no occasion to offer any remarks, as they press on all Turkish subjects alike. With regard to tithes, however, the case is far different. Suppose the Porte requires 1,000,000*l.* The Finance Minister asks some capitalist to advance that sum, and offers to assign to him the tithe of such an article in such provinces. The capitalist procures the money. He has to obtain repayment of the sum with interest, to incur all the risks and expenses of collection, and to pay the Pasha and the members of the Medjlis for the assistance they render him. If such a Government as that of Turkey attempted to collect the revenue by means of a Government department, the expense of collection would certainly not be less than 10 per cent. on the amount raised; but, under the present system, *at least* twice as much as the nominal sum is paid by the people, and often nearly three times the amount. Thus, to enable 1,000,000*l.* to be paid into the treasury, between 2,000,000*l.* and 3,000,000*l.* is extorted from the tax-payers. If this oppression, heavy as it is, affected all classes of the subjects of the Sultan alike we should not have occasion to refer to it. But in practice, land and property belonging to Christians is assessed generally a third higher than that of Mahometans, and under the present constitution of the Medjles no redress is to be obtained. Nor is this all. Farmers of taxes are not noted for just dealing. The most cruel means are resorted to to compel the payment of the assessments, with the sanction of the Medjles, and by the assistance of the troops. Bosnia and the neighbouring districts have suffered most in this respect in late years. Several deputations have been sent to Constantinople to lay a statement of these grievances before the Sultan, but in no case has relief been obtained; and the members have often been imprisoned and fined on their return.

IV. *Evils arising from the Truck System.*—In agricultural districts the Medjles enforce the truck system when it would operate in favour of Mahometan landowners and against the Christian peasantry. In this manner a state of things which amounts to practical slavery exists in many parts of Turkey. In the Spanish colonies in the West Indies, when an estate is to be sold, the price depends not on the land, but on the negroes living on it. So in many districts in Turkey, when an estate is sold, the price is determined by the number of bonds in the hands of its possessor. We do not say that the truck system is in force in all rural districts in Turkey, but only that it is very prevalent.

V. *Military oppression.*—When a Turkish military force is on the march, the country through which it passes undergoes all the suffering which the presence of a hostile force occasions. When the pay of the army is one or two years in arrear, the commissariat could not under any circumstances be expected to be in proper order. But what must the case be when the army is unpaid, and there is no commissariat at all? The inhabitants have to feed the soldiers, to repair or complete their equipment, and to forward them on their way; compensation is of course unthought of, and any complaints would be met with derision, if they did not lead to further ill-usage.

When it is known that a military force is in motion, the villagers often desert their huts and retire to woods and caves, taking with them what articles they can conceal. When they return they find their huts destroyed and their churches desecrated. The hardships thus occasioned fall chiefly on the Christians. Every man seeks to save himself from loss as far as possible; and Mahometan rulers and soldiery cannot be expected to supply their wants impartially from their co-religionists and the giaours.

In the rural districts the police are exclusively quartered on Christian families, who have to provide for all their wants. Travellers and Government officers when passing through the country are also lodged at the expense of the Christians, and it is scarcely necessary to add that no repayment is ever made. Closely connected with this grievance is that which we have next to consider, the most cruel of the many wrongs which afflict the Christian population; we mean,

VI. *The systematic abduction and ill-treatment of Christian women.*—It is only in Turkey that outrages of this description either meet with no punishment or are actually rewarded. Some years ago, considerable attention was excited by the case of Saleh Pasha, Governor of Varna. He caused to be removed to his harem the daughter of one of the chief men at Toulcha. Some time elapsed before the father discovered what had become of his child. When he attempted to procure her release, he was arrested, and his property confiscated. But Varna was then garrisoned by an English force, and the case was so notorious that our authorities are understood to have remonstrated. The result was that the dead body of the girl was found some days afterwards. An inquiry took place respecting Saleh Pasha's concern both in the abduction and in the murder. He was removed from his post and sent to Constantinople to be formally tried; and the father was released. But we believe that we are perfectly correct in stating that Saleh Pasha was at once set at liberty, and has been since living in the capital, not having undergone even the semblance of a trial; and that the father's property has been retained by the Government. Outrages of this description are extremely frequent in the rural districts in Europe, and are never punished.

It is not uncommon to quarter troops on houses only inhabited by female Christians. In these, as well as in other instances, seldom does a male relative, who interferes on their behalf, escape alive.

Forcible abduction is encouraged by the following means. In Albania the prestige which it confers leads to personal advancement in Government employment. In Bulgaria it is facilitated by placing the relatives of a Christian girl who becomes a Mahometan on the same footing as Mahometans with respect to protection from fiscal oppression. In Monastir, and we believe elsewhere, a Turk who carries off a Christian girl and causes her to become a Mahometan, is exempted from military service.

The conduct of the Ottoman authorities in this respect is most reprehensible. The theory is that, on any case of abduction being made known, the girl is to be placed under the care of the chief of the religious sect to which her parents belong, at the place where they reside, until the case is decided. This is done at large commercial ports where a European element compels the observance of

some form of law and justice. In the interior another mode of procedure is adopted. Such cases are declared by the Government of Constantinople to be religious and civil cases, not criminal ones. The girl is brought before the Medjlis and asked what her religion is. If she replies Mahometan, the case is of course at an end. If she declares herself a Christian, the result is the same. The Medjlis quotes the Hatti-Humayun of 1856. In this much-vaunted edict, which has everywhere and in every respect proved to be a "delusion, a mockery and a snare," it is only provided that Christian evidence shall be received in commercial, correctional, and criminal cases.[1] The Medjlis decides that the case before it is a civil question. It consequently refuses to hear the girl's statement or that of her relatives; and unless a Mahometan comes forward to give evidence against his co-religionist in a matter which his creed regards as meritorious—an extremely rare occurrence—the Medjlis decides against the Christian plaintiff. This shows the nature of the next grievance, which demands our consideration, viz.—

VII. *The non-admission of Christian evidence in civil suits.* It would, we imagine, scarcely be believed that in the year 1860 the whole Christian population of a country should be placed below the level of convicted criminals by the existence of a law, or a custom having the force of law, by which their testimony is refused acceptance in a court of justice on account of their religion. Yet such is the case in Turkey. In criminal cases, where Christian evidence is admitted, little attention enough is paid to it; but it is not creditable to England and France to have permitted this distinction to be perpetuated in civil suits. The influence which the Western Powers possessed when the Hatti-Humayun of 1856 was promulgated was undoubtedly powerful enough to have induced the Porte to decree that the evidence of Christians should be received in all cases equally with that of Mahometans. The consequence is that Christians must produce Mussulman witnesses in civil suits in which they are interested; and this leads to a most frightful amount of perjury. A regular class of false witnesses live by this means, and are ready to swear to any case. The result is not so injurious to the Christians as might have been expected, but it requires no proof to show what the effect to a state must be when perjury becomes a profession.

VIII. *Insecurity of property.* Christian evidence not being received, the property of Christians is necessarily rendered much less secure than it otherwise would be. Oral testimony is always preferred to documentary evidence, and in this manner Christians are often dispossessed of an estate by the weight of evidence given by perjured witnesses. While such a state of things exists improvement of any kind is not to be looked for.

IX. *Religious intolerance.* The powerful protection which the Greek and Roman Catholic communities enjoy prevents the Mahometans from perpetrating those disgraceful outrages in churches which they are wont to indulge in when it can be done with impunity. Religious intolerance evinced by rules of service, opposed, we will not say to good feeling, for *that* we could not expect to find, but to sound policy, prevents the entrance of Christians into the army. Forcible conversions of males are rare. They are generally accompanied with

[1] *Extract from Hatti-Sherif of* 1856.

Toutes les affairs commerciales, correctionnelles et criminelles entre des Musulmans et des sujets Chrétiens ou autres non-Musulmans, ou bien des Chrétiens ou autres de rites différents non-Musulmans, seront déférées à des Tribunaux Mixtes (*i.e.* the Medjles).

L'audience de ces tribunaux sera publique; les parties seront mises en présence et produiront leurs témoins, dont les dépositions seront reçues indistinctement, sous un serment prêté selon la loi religieuse de chaque culte.

Les procès ayant trait aux affaires civiles continueront d'être publiquement jugés, d'après les lois et les réglements, par devant les Conseils Mixtes des Provinces, en présence du Gouverneur et du Juge du lieu.

Civil suits are thus to remain on the same footing as before; consequently Christian evidenc e isinadmissible

such a public breach of the peace as to enable the ambassadors at Constantinople to make representations, and are therefore inconvenient.

The Ottoman Government is ready enough to afford every facility to European missionaries, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. It is well aware that, while it can play off one sect of Christians against another, it increases existing differences between them, and perpetuates a state of things from which it alone can derive benefit.

Few Mahometans are ever converted to Christianity. There are many reasons against it; but the only one to which we need refer here is the law of the Koran, which condemns to death a Mussulman who renounces his faith. The present practice is to imprison and banish these converts; but so late as November, 1853, when the English and French fleets were at anchor in the Dardanelles, a Christian convert was tortured and executed at Adrianople, almost within sound of the guns of the allied fleet. No attempt was made to save his life, or to obtain reparation. Hatti-Sheriffs may be issued to satisfy the demands of European nations; but the people can entertain no very high opinion of the sincerity either of the Ottoman or of other Governments when they see on every side a systematic disregard of these laws evinced by the Turkish authorities, and can perceive no efforts on the part of the Christian Powers to compel their enforcement.

Such were the chief grievances from which the Christians suffered in the spring of 1860. No arguments are required to prove the accuracy of the Russian declaration that their condition had become intolerable. So much weight was felt at Constantinople to be attached to this declaration that a change of ministry ensued, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Mahometan party. Kabrisli Pasha—almost the only honest Turkish statesman, and the only man we believe who, after filling the highest offices of the State, is still poor—was reappointed Grand Vizier; from which post he was dismissed last year for urging on the Sultan the necessity of economy. He was immediately sent on a mission of inquiry into the European provinces, unaccompanied, however, by delegates from the embassies. We imagine that his real report will not be very different from the foregoing statement. But the public version will probably maintain that these grievances have been much exaggerated. Few Christians have come forward to show their wrongs, and the most will be made of this circumstance. Kabrisli would have protected them; but, after his departure, they would have suffered severely for having given evidence. Several officials have been removed chiefly on account of offences against the Government, and due stress will be laid on this point; and, finally, the general aspect of the provinces will be declared highly satisfactory. But a report of this nature, unsubstantiated by the concurrent testimony of European commissions (the absence of whom we consider would be fatal to any report), will deceive no one. Nor will it be regarded by the Russian Government, who will probably avail themselves of the first opportunity to repeat in Roumelia the precedent afforded by the French intervention in Syria.

We believe, moreover, that the Russian Government is fully aware that the feeling formerly entertained towards Russia by the Greeks has undergone a considerable change. Centuries of the severest oppression had produced their inevitable effect. Nothing more debasing than Ottoman rule can be imagined. Debarred from the profession of arms, subjected to degrading distinctions, and exposed unarmed to the tyranny of a cruel and heartless dominant race, it is not to be wondered that the Greek character deteriorated. Nor was this all. Every year their most promising children were seized by the Moslems, and brought up in the Mahometan faith. In this state of insecurity with respect to all that was most dear to them, the Greeks lived for the present moment and became regardless of the future. In this manner a community soon degenerates

into utter barbarism. If, as the most eloquent historian of modern times has shown, the excesses of the French Revolution are to be palliated because they were directly attributable to the misgovernment of the monarchy, much more should the shortcoming of the Greeks be excused. It is remarkable that they have done so well.

It is to the influence of the Church that they owe their present position. During the long period of persecution (for such has been its normal character) which has continued since the Moslem conquest in the East, each individual Christian has had the strongest worldly inducement to abandon his faith, while to be a priest has been a special cause for personal insult. Yet very few Christians have ever apostatized, even to save their lives, notwithstanding the low moral standard to which the oppressions they have undergone unavoidably gave rise. Little sympathy have they received from Christian Europe, and still less assistance. Without exception each nation has sought to weaken the national Church, and to obtain adherents to its own form of Christianity. Russia has endeavoured to substitute the authority of the Archbishop of Moscow for that of the Patriarch of Constantinople. Roman Catholic powers have made every possible effort to increase the number of their community; and Protestant nations have tried to obtain converts from the other sects. The Turkish Government made the appointments to bishoprics depend on the bestowal of bribes among its officials, and generally took measures to confide the direction of ecclesiastical affairs to unworthy persons. But, notwithstanding all these calamities and drawbacks, the Church held its ground, and kept alive in the minds of the people the recollection of the glory of their ancestors. They were thus prevented from sinking into despair, and have now emerged from the fiery ordeal to which open enemies and false friends had subjected them. The Greek Revolution brought the dawn of better times. Thousands, indeed, fell during the contest by the sword, by pestilence, and by famine, and thousands more were sold into hopeless slavery; and, although Europe could at last no longer abstain from interfering, yet even then the jealousy of the several powers prevented a state from being constituted which should by its extent and resources be able to satisfy the requirements of its subjects.

Unsatisfactory, however, as the settlement of Greece has proved, it has caused much eager longing on the part of the less fortunate Greeks who are still subject to the Sultan, to form at some happier time part of a great and a united nation. In England much misconception exists with regard to the state of Greece. The inhabitants of the Ionian islands can freely compare their almost independent national existence under British protection with the Government of Greece, and yet, except in the official class, there are few who would not prefer to join the Hellenic kingdom. What, then, must be the feelings of the Christians in Turkey?

Greece occupies to the latter the same position which Sardinia holds with respect to Italian patriots. But the Governments of Modena and Naples were not more oppressive than that of the Ottoman Porte is at this present time with regard to its Christian subjects. Should an insurrectionary movement take place in consequence of massacres by the Turks, or should treachery, as in Syria, lead to corresponding atrocities, the Greek Government would either be compelled to interfere by the force of popular pressure, or would be as powerless to resist the unanimous efforts of the people as Sardinia has been to prevent the departure of volunteers from its ports. The Western Powers have encouraged the progress of the union party in Italy; can they do less in the East, where so much reason for such a movement exists?

Russia is well aware of these sentiments of the Greek population. Turkish oppression caused them to seek the protection of the Czar, but there never was any cordial agreement between them. What could there be in common be-

tween the despotism of Russia, and the love of personal freedom inherent in the Greek race—between the form of Government which does not admit of even any expression of opinion contrary to the views of the administration, and the passion for political intrigue and popular discussion which often approaches to the excess of democratic license? A nation, like an individual, rarely sacrifices its higher principles and cravings to the mere desire of prolonged existence. A bond of union afforded by religion formed the connecting link between the Greeks as persecuted for their faith, and the Russian Government and people as its defenders. Since the era of Greek independence the opposite tendencies of the two parties have been developing; and this is one reason why Russia has of late so perseveringly sought to attach to her the Slavonic population of Bulgaria and the Principalities.

With regard to the amelioration of the social and political condition of the Christians, we consider that the welfare, or the existence even, of the Ottoman empire depends on the immediate introduction of some degree of order into the finances. A Financial Council has been recently instituted; but its functions are only deliberative, and the ministers decide what questions are to be submitted to it. It is needless to say more respecting it than that it is another contrivance to relieve the ministers from personal responsibility. The plan which we would recommend is, that a mixed commission, formed of the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia—the course lately adopted at Athens—should inquire into the whole question. They might be assisted, as at Athens, by competent officers, and the Turkish Government should be compelled to carry out their recommendations. We see no obstacle to the establishment of the Turkish finances on a sound basis, if confidence could be inspired. The debt is small—not more than 50,000,000*l.* The revenue and expenditure are nearly equal, and amount to about 10,000,000*l.* The former, in a few years, might be doubled, by developing the resources of the country; and if the expenditure was wholly employed for purposes of public utility, instead of being wasted in personal extravagance, great benefits would be conferred on the community. The debt might be paid off in a few years without any extra taxation. Half the land in Turkey is *vakouf*, or the property of the charity department. This is now administered by the Government. Each tenement is held on a tenure similar to copyhold, and the Government derives a considerable revenue from fines and escheats. This land should, with special exceptions, necessary for the charitable purposes originally intended—for which a tenth of the whole would abundantly suffice—be converted into freehold, by a money payment. The *vakouf* property in and about Constantinople alone is valued at upwards of a million sterling. But the Porte knows that Christians or foreigners would buy the land, and therefore refuses to sell a single acre of this vast accumulating property. We think it should be gradually sold—half the proceeds to be applied to paying off the debt, and the other half to the construction of roads, &c.

If the finances were placed on a satisfactory footing, the next thing to be done is to appoint competent governors. Almost every Pasha is in debt. When his creditors will no longer wait for the settlement of their claims, he tells them that he cannot pay them unless they get him appointed governor of a province. No great length of time elapses before the Porte has recourse to the capitalists, who, in advancing money, ask the little favour of the nomination in question—which is granted at once. What can be expected from such a man? The subordinate functionaries in the provinces, almost without exception, have been domestic servants at Constantinople.

While the finances are so disorganised and provincial authorities are appointed in this manner, while the most terrible oppression is practised by the officers of the State, while corruption pervades every branch of the public service, and

while the crimes which we have referred to are committed with impunity, it is worse than useless to look for any improvement in the empire. But if the Sultan could be persuaded to undertake measures that would remedy this state of things, the rest would be easy, and the Turkish empire might resume its place among the nations of Europe.

The Christians could then entertain some good hope of relief. More offices, especially important ones, should be conferred on them, including several seats in the Great Council at Constantinople. Many places, in the islands chiefly, are wholly inhabited by Christians; yet a Turk is invariably sent as governor. He is always ignorant of their usages, and often bigoted. Not only have the inhabitants to supply the means for the repayment of his debts, and to provide him and the other Turkish authorities with means for the future, but they have likewise to endure the insults and tyranny in which such men generally indulge. In such localities a Christian should be appointed Pasha.

The special measures which we recommend for the amelioration of the condition of the Christians are:—

I. The immediate establishment of a general penal code, to be at once translated into the different languages of the empire; and that justice should be strictly and impartially administered.

II. The Medjles should be composed of members belonging to the different religious sects in each locality, *in proportion* to their number; but, wherever practicable, the Medjlis should be abolished, and a responsible judicial officer appointed as judge.

III. The Government should take the collection of the revenue into its own hands.

IV. The truck-system should be legally abolished, and all claims arising from it declared to be null and void.

V. The army and police, and all matters connected with them, should be conducted in accordance with the rules observed by civilised nations.

VI. All cases of abduction of females should be recognised as offences to be dealt with by the criminal law.

VII. Christian evidence should be admitted in every court, in all cases, on the same footing as the evidence of Mahometans.

VIII. Documentary evidence, in matters where it is reasonably admissible, should be properly received.

IX. All instances of religious intolerance ought to be severely punished; and, lastly, the various Hatti-Sheriffs which have been issued in favour of the Christians should be consolidated into one, which should be ordered to be publicly read before each Medjlis, in the language of the place, twice in each year, and copies of which should be circulated in the provinces.

We will, in conclusion, offer a few remarks respecting the recent events in Syria.

The mountainous region of the Lebanon is, or rather was, inhabited by two different sets of people, the Maronites and the Druses—the former a sort of Roman Catholics, the latter a kind of heretical Mahometans. From the beginning of this century to 1832, the Lebanon was ruled by a Christian Prince of the Schahab family. In that year the forces of Mahomet Ali conquered Syria. They occupied the country till they were expelled by the English in 1839. Under the Egyptian rule the country flourished, the Christians were protected, trade revived, and internal tranquillity was maintained. But it has hitherto been the policy of England to make everything give way to the paramount question of the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, and Syria was therefore again replaced under the Sultan's sway. A new arrangement, in opposition, however, to the wishes of the Turkish Government, which sought to establish its own direct authority, was made with regard to the Lebanon: the Maronite and Druse districts were placed under native chiefs, who were to have the title of Kaimakam, and to be directly subject to the Pasha of Beyrout.

The establishment of two rival petty

states was certainly not a measure calculated to maintain the public peace, and acts of violence continually occurred which sometimes led to actual hostilities.

What orders Khoorshed Pasha may have had on this subject we do not pretend to say, but he was undoubtedly well aware of the wishes of the Porte. He succeeded in setting race against race, and class against class. The Christians were encouraged to complain of their chiefs, while the chiefs were finally upheld; and thus thorough disunion was spread among the Maronites, and he and his subordinates afforded active assistance to the Druses.

The accounts of the late events in Syria which have appeared in the newspapers and in the papers laid before Parliament, fully prove the complicity of the Turkish local authorities in all that has taken place. It remains to be seen how far the Government at Constantinople is implicated in these transactions. Its conduct with respect to the following points will in our opinion be decisive whether its professions of regret at those atrocities are sincere.

The result of Khoorshed Pasha's trial will be of the utmost importance. Ahmed Pasha, Osman Bey, and the other ruffians who have disgraced the Turkish uniform have acted too recklessly to leave the result of their trial doubtful. With regard to the chief culprit the case is otherwise. Although he is the immediate author of all the misery which has been occasioned, he acted with too much caution to afford direct evidence of his guilt. Circumstantial evidence there is, and enough to warrant his conviction; but a partial tribunal, which would not even dare to acquit the others, might venture to make an attempt in his favour.

The steps which will be taken with regard to the Christian women who have been carried off by Mahometans will be the next measure which will test the sincerity of the Turkish Government, whose civil and military authorities have everywhere distinguished themselves by taking a most active part in these outrages. They must comprise the condign punishment of the offenders, the release of their victims, and a provision for their future maintenance.

Whole villages have been compelled to embrace the Moslem belief. We have stated above the Turkish policy with regard to cases of conversion to Mahometanism. What course will be pursued in Syria?

Besides the punishment of those guilty of acts of violence towards Christians, of the destruction of their property, and the desecration of churches, fines should be levied on the towns which have been the scenes of these outrages, and of a nature to cause the consequences attendant on the commission of such crimes to be remembered; and, lastly, the remaining Christians should be maintained while in their present state of destitution, and relieved from taxation for two years at least.

After reparation for the past, guarantees for the future are to be considered. We presume it will be the duty of the European commission which has proceeded to Syria to determine what these shall be, as well as to insist on full and satisfactory redress.

The Turkish plan for the future government of the Lebanon will be undoubtedly the establishment of their own direct rule in both the Maronite and Druse districts. But France would never consent to this. French gold enabled the Maronites to attain to that degree of civilisation which the Druse outrages have just brought to an abrupt and sudden termination. In return for French capital advanced to them they sold their silk produce at a fixed price to the merchants of Marseilles and Lyons. The country was covered with homesteads, and abounded with mulberry trees. Now there is scarcely a house belonging to a Christian which has not been burnt; almost all their trees have been destroyed; and about 2,000,000*l.* French capital, which had been invested in this manner, has been lost. We feel sure that the Emperor will insist on steps being taken so as to effectually prevent a recurrence of Druse atrocities and of Turkish misgovernment. The best course

would be to invest the Viceroy of Egypt with the Pashalic of Syria. If his offer to send at once 10,000 troops into Syria had been accepted, not half the mischief which has happened would have taken place. If the Turkish rule continues, we do not see a possibility of the return of the French troops for some time. It would have been well if an English force had also been sent to Syria; but our Government and merchants seem to leave that part of Turkey entirely to French enterprise.

The punishment to be inflicted on the Druses must depend on the evidence which Khoorshed Pasha's trial brings to light. If it is true that their chiefs acted by his orders, the punishment of these chiefs, especially Mahomed Nasur and of a few others, and the imposition of fines, would suffice; but, if the Druses acted spontaneously, a much sterner measure of retribution should be inflicted. The Porte was much annoyed at the turn affairs took when the massacres extended beyond the Lebanon. The Government of Constantinople had nothing to do with *that*, and hence the severity to Ahmed Pasha, who after all was not so bad as others: his misconduct was confined to permitting acts of murder, violence, and plunder; he did not take an active part in, or derive benefit from them himself. The Porte would have been well pleased if the Maronites and Druses had facilitated their desire for supremacy in both districts by mutual destruction, and had no wish that massacres should occur on such a scale as to lead to European intervention. The events in the Lebanon might have passed off with comparative impunity, owing to the jealousy of the great powers; it was the news from Damascus which led to the French expedition.

It is impossible to imagine greater dangers to threaten any state than those which now menace the Turkish empire. The Sultan is weak, extravagant, and most unpopular. The officers of the Government are, with scarcely an exception, corrupt; and the Ministers are universally distrusted. The treasury is empty, and efforts have been made, with little success, to raise another loan. The army is unpaid and dissatisfied, and all classes of the community are discontented. The Mahometans are indignant that the Christians have been so far placed, nominally even, on a level with themselves, and at the loss of their former prestige. The Christians are almost reduced to desperation by their miserable condition and by repeated disappointments with regard to measures for their relief. The papers on the state of Syria from 1858 to 1860, recently laid before Parliament, show the normal state of the remoter provinces. In Bosnia and the Herzegovine, an insurrection may take place at any moment, and great excitement everywhere prevails. Such being the state of things the slightest incident may produce the impending catastrophe. Where one sees on every side the circumstances which indicate and would bring about the downfall of even the most powerful monarchy, we may ask what ought to be the policy of Great Britain.

Our first duty is, laying aside all sectarian prejudices, to take measures for the welfare of our fellow-Christians. In the last few months thousands have suffered *merely because* they were called Christians, for Jews have in no case been molested. Great Britain has the power to prevent a recurrence of these events, and will incur great responsibility and guilt if that power is not properly exercised. If another trial can be given to the Ottoman Empire consistently with this object, it should be done; if not, its existence must terminate, or be so circumscribed as to place no obstacles to the *bonâ fide* fulfilment of this primary duty. It is true that Great Britain, France, and Austria have guaranteed the maintenance of the Turkish Empire; but that treaty is not binding if the Porte cannot enforce the first principles of civil society.

In the reign of William the Third, the great question of the day was the future of the Spanish monarchy: the line of policy which England then took up arms to maintain was directly at

variance with the wishes of the people of Spain. The result, however, of the war of the Spanish succession was the triumph of the cause England had opposed; notwithstanding which, none of the dreadful consequences that had been anticipated ensued. This is a striking illustration of the danger of acting against the unanimous desires of a nation, and should be an additional inducement to us, in dealing with the eastern question, to pay due regard to the wishes of the people, especially of the Christian population, of Turkey, and not to attach too much importance to remote and improbable contingencies.

THE AMMERGAU MYSTERY; OR SACRED DRAMA OF 1860.

BY A SPECTATOR.

Most travellers who have passed during this summer through the neighbourhood of Munich, or of Innsbruck, will have heard of the dramatic representation of the history of the Passion in the village of Ober-Ammergau, which, according to custom, occurred in this the tenth year from the time of its last performance. Several circumstances have, in all probability, attracted to it a larger number of our countrymen than has been the case on former occasions. Its last celebration, in 1850, has been described in the clever English novel of "Quits." Its fame was widely spread by two Oxford travellers who witnessed it in that same year. It forms the subject of one of the chapters in the "Art Student of Munich." There is reason, therefore, to believe that many Englishmen who will have frequented the spot in this year will not be unwilling to have briefly recalled to their thoughts some of the impressions left on one who, like themselves, was an eye-witness of this remarkable scene. These reflections shall be divided into those suggested by the history of the spectacle, and those suggested by the spectacle itself.[1]

I. Ober-Ammergau is, as its name implies, the *upper*most of two villages, situated in the *gau*, or valley of the *Ammer*, which, rising in the Bavarian highlands, falls through this valley into the wide plains of Bavaria, and joins the Isar not far from Munich. Two or three peculiarities distinguish it from the other villages of the same region. Standing at the head of its own valley, and therefore secluded from the thoroughfare of Bavaria on the one side, it is separated on the other side from the great highroad to Innsbruck by the steep pass of Ettal. Although itself planted on level ground, it is still a mountain village, and the one marked feature of its situation is a high columnar rock, called "the Covel," apparently the origin of its ancient name, "Coveliaca." At the head of the pass is the great monastery of Ettal, founded by the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, which, though dissolved at the beginning of this century, exercised considerable influence in giving to the secluded neighbouring village its peculiarly religious or ecclesiastical character. The inhabitants of the village have been long employed on the carving and painting of wooden ornaments, toys, and sacred images, which, whilst it required from them a degree of culture superior to that of mere peasants, also gave them a

[1] Three printed works have been used for this description, over and above the personal observation of the writer:—

1. The Songs of the Chorus, with the general Programme of the Drama, and a short Preface.

2. "The Passion Play in Ober-Ammergau." By Ludwig Clarus. 2d Edition. Munich, 1860.

3. A similar shorter work, by Devrient, published at Leipsic in 1851.

There was a short but complete account of the representation this year in the *Guardian* Newspaper of July 25, 1860, which renders unnecessary any further consecutive description.

familiarity with sacred subjects[1] beyond what would be felt even amongst the religious peasantry of this part of Germany. Half the population are employed in these carvings. Half the houses are painted with these subjects.

In this spot, in consequence of a pestilence which devastated the surrounding villages, apparently in the train of a famine which followed on the ravages of the Thirty Years' War, a portion of the inhabitants made a vow, in 1633, that thenceforth they would represent every tenth year the Passion of Christ in a sacred play. Since that time the vow has been kept, with the slight variation that in 1680 the year was changed, so as to accord with the recurring decennial periods of the century.

Its date is important, as fixing its rise beyond the limit of the termination of the Middle Ages, with which, both in praise and blame, it is sometimes confounded. These religious mysteries, or dramatic representations of sacred subjects, existed, to a certain extent, before the Middle Ages began, as is proved by the tragedy of the Passion of Christ, by Gregory Nazianzen. They were in full force during the Middle Ages, in the form of "mysteries," or "moralities." But, almost alone of the ancient representations of sacred subjects to the outward senses, they survivd ethe Middle Ages and the shock of the Reformation. This very vow which gave birth to the drama at Ammergau was made, as we have seen, in the middle of the seventeenth century. Through the whole of that century, or even in the next, such spectacles were common in the South of Germany. They received, in Northern Germany, the sanction of Luther. "Such "spectacles," he is reported to have said, "often do more good, and produce more "impression, than sermons." The founder of the Lutheran Church in Sweden, Archbishop Peterson, encouraged them by precept and example. The Lutheran Bishops of the Danish Church composed them down to the end of the seventeenth century. In Holland, a drama of this kind is ascribed to the pen of no less a person than Grotius. Even in England, where they were naturally checked by the double cause, first, of the vast outburst of the secular drama, and then of the rise of Puritanism, they were performed in the time of the first Stuarts; and Milton's first sketch of the "Paradise Lost," as is well known, was a sacred drama, of which the opening speech was Satan's address to the sun. There was a period when there seemed to be a greater likelihood of the retention of sacred plays in England, than of the retention of painted windows, or of surplices. Relics of these mysteries, of which the sacred meaning, however, has long past away, still linger in the rude plays through which, in some parts of England, the peasants represent the story of St. George, the Dragon, and Beelzebub.

The repugnance, therefore, which has, since the close of the seventeenth century, led to the gradual suppression of these dramatic spectacles, is not to be considered a special offspring of Protestantism, any more than their origin and continuance was a special offspring of the Church of Rome. The prejudice against them has arisen from far more general causes, which have affected, if not in equal degree, yet to a large extent, the public opinion of Roman Catholic as well as of Protestant countries. If in the Protestant nations the practice died out more easily, in Roman Catholic nations it was more directly and severely denounced by the hierarchy. In 1779 a general prohibition was issued by the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, whose high authority in the country which was the chief seat of these performances gives to his decree a peculiar weight and interest. All the objections which most naturally occur to the most refined or the most Protestant mind find expression in the Archbishop's manifesto—"The mixture "of sacred and profane"—"the ludi-

[1] There is one other locality in Tyrol where the inhabitants are similarly employed—the Grödner Thal near Botzen.

"crous and disagreeable effect of the "bad acting of the more serious actors, "or of the intentional buffooneries of "others"—"the distraction of the minds "of the lower orders from the more "edifying modes of instruction by "sermons, Church services, and revivals" "—"the temptations to intemperance "and debauchery, encouraged by the "promiscuous assemblages of large "numbers of persons"—"The scandal "brought on the Church and religion "by the exposure of sacred subjects to "the criticism and ridicule of free-"thinkers." All these and other like objections stated by the greatest prelate of southern Germany were followed up, in 1780—1790, by vigorous measures of repression on the part of the Bavarian government and police.

Amidst the general extinction of all other spectacles of this nature, that at Ammergau still held its ground; partly from the special nature of its origin, more from the high character and culture of its inhabitants, arising out of the causes above specified. In 1810, however, the recent withdrawal of its natural protectors by the secularization of the Abbey of Ettal, and the increasing alienation of public opinion from any such religious exhibitions, induced the ecclesiastical and civil authorities at Munich to condemn its further celebration, as "being in its very idea a gross indecorum." Upon this a deputation of peasants from Ammergau went to plead their cause in the capital. The ecclesiastics were deaf to their entreaties, and bade them go home, and learn the history of the Passion not from the theatre, but from the sermons of their pastor in church. At this last gasp, the Ammergau spectacle was saved from the destruction to which the Church had condemned it by the protection of a latitudinarian king. The deputies procured an interview with Max-Joseph, the monarch whose statue in the square at Munich, which bears his name, rests on a pedestal characteristically distinguished by a bas-relief of the genius of Humanity endeavouring to reconcile a Roman Catholic prelate and a Lutheran preacher. He received them kindly, and through his permission a special exception was granted to the Ammergau Passion Play.

As a just equivalent for this permission, the directors of the spectacle undertook to remove from it all reasonable causes of offence; and it is to this compromise between the ancient religious feelings of the locality and the exigencies of modern times that we owe the present form of the drama. Three persons are named as having contributed to this result. Weiss, an ex-monk of Ettal, and afterwards pastor of Ammergau, rewrote the dialogue and recast the plot. To him are ascribed the strict adhesion to the Biblical narration, and the substitution of dramatic human passions and motives, especially in the case of Judas, for the ancient machinery of devils, and also the substitution of scenes or tableaux from the Old Testament for the allegorical personages who filled up the vacant spaces in the older representations. The music was composed by Dedler, the schoolmaster and organist. According to competent judges, though for the most part inadequate to the grandeur and elevation of the subject, it is much beyond what could be expected from so humble a source. The prologue was written by an ecclesiastical dignitary (Dom-Provost), apparently of the rank of archdeacon or rural dean, Alliani, known as the Roman Catholic translator of the Bible into German.

It is evident from this account, that, as a relic of medieval antiquity, the Ammergau representation has but a very slight interest. It is on more general grounds—namely, of its being a serious, and perhaps the only serious existing attempt to reproduce in a dramatic form the most sacred of all events—that the spectacle can challenge our sympathy and attention.

But before proceeding to enlarge on these grounds, a few words must be devoted to the form and conditions under which the representation exists, and which can alone render its continuance justifiable or even practicable.

It is perhaps the strongest instance

that could be given of the impossibility of transferring an institution from its own sphere to another. There cannot be a doubt that the same representation in London, in Paris, in Munich, would, if not blasphemous in itself, lead to such blasphemous consequences as to render its suppression a matter of absolute necessity. But, in fact, it would not be the same representation. It would be something the very opposite of that which it is. All that is most peculiar in the present performance would die in any other situation. Its whole merit and character lies in the circumstance that it is a product of the locality, nearly as peculiar to it as the rocks and fruits of the natural soil.

The theatre almost tells its own story. Although somewhat more akin to ordinary dramatic representations than when the play was performed[1] actually in the churchyard, it still retains all that is essential to divide it from a common stage. It is a rustic edifice of rude planks and benches, erected on the outskirts of the village. The green meadow and the circle of hills form the background—its illumination is the light of the sun poured down through the long hours of the morning on the open stage. Its effects of light and shade are the natural changes of the advancing and declining day and of the passing clouds. The stage decorations and scenery, painted in the coarsest and simplest style, as well as the construction of the theatre and the dresses of the actors, are the work of the villagers. The colours of the dresses, the attitudes of the performers, are precisely the same as the paintings and sculptures along the waysides, and on the fronts of the houses in Ammergau and the surrounding country. The actors themselves, amounting nearly to 500, are all inhabitants of Ammergau, and exhaust a large part of the population of the village. How far they are led to look upon their calling as an actually religious service—in what spirit they enter upon it—how far the parts are assigned according to the moral characters of the performers—are questions to which, under any circumstances, an answer would be difficult, and on which, in fact, the statements are somewhat contradictory.[2] The only inference which a stranger can draw is from the mode of performance, which will be best noticed as we proceed. The completely local and unprofessional nature of the transaction is further indicated by the want of any system for the reception of the influx of strangers. Nothing can exceed the friendliness and courtesy of the villagers in accommodating the guests who seek shelter under their roof—but the accommodation itself is of so homely a kind as to be sure of repelling the common sight-seer or pleasure seeker. For a similar reason, apparently, there is no possibility of procuring either a printed text of the performance, or any detailed pictorial representation of the scenes. Lastly, the spectators are equally unlike those of whom an ordinary theatrical audience is composed. Although a few of the very highest classes are present, as for example, on one occasion this year, the Queen and Crown Prince of Bavaria, with their attendants—and although the covered seats are mostly occupied either by travellers or persons above the rank of peasants, yet more than three-fourths of those present must be of the humbler grades of life, who have come on foot, or in waggons, from localities more or less remote, to witness what, it cannot be doubted, is to them (whatever it may be to their superiors in station) an edifying and instructive spectacle. From them is derived the general atmosphere of the theatre. There is no passionate display of emotion or devotion. But their demeanour is throughout grave and respectful. Only in one or two passages, where the grotesque is evidently intended to predominate, a smile or "sensation" of mirth may be observed to run down the long lines of fixed and attentive counte-

[1] As was the case till 1830.

[2] It is said that great care is employed in the selection of the best characters for the chief actors; that they are consecrated to their work with prayer; and that a watch over their conduct is maintained by the Committee.

nances. Almost every one holds in his hand the brief summary of the drama, with the choral songs, which alone are to be purchased in print. Every part, even the most exciting, is received in dead silence; the more solemn or affecting parts, with a stillness that can be felt.

II. In such an assemblage of spectators there is a contagion of reverence, which, at least on the spot, disarms the critical or the religious objector. What is not profane to them, ought not to be profane to any one who for the moment casts his lot with them. If he has so far overcome his prejudices or his scruples as to come at all, there is nothing in the surrounding circumstances to revive or to aggravate them. He may fairly hope to receive from the spectacle before him without hindrance whatever instruction it is calculated to convey beyond the circle of those for whom it is specially intended.

(1.) The first impression which an educated man is likely to receive, is one which, as being most remote from the actual scope or intention of the spectacle, shall be mentioned at starting, the more so as it is suggested in the most forcible manner at the very beginning of the performance. In that vast audience of peasants, seated in the open air, to witness the dramatic exhibition of a sacred story, bound up with all their religious as well as local and national associations, and represented according to the traditional types most familiar to them, is the nearest approach which can now be seen to the ancient Athenian tragedy. Precisely such a union of rustic simplicity and high wrought feeling—of the religious with the dramatic element—of natural scenery with simple art—was exhibited in the Dionysian theatre, and, as far as we know, has been exhibited nowhere since, through all the numerous offspring of dramatic literature which have risen from that great original source. The very appearance of the proscenium is analogous. Instead of the palace of Mycenæ, or the city of Thebes, before which the whole action of a Greek tragedy was evolved, is the palace of Pilate and of Annas, and the streets of Jerusalem, remaining unchanged through the successive scenes. And the spectacle is opened by a sight, which, if not directly copied from the one institution peculiar to the Greek drama, is so nearly parallel, as to convey an exact image of what the ancient chorus must have been. From the opposite sides of the stage advance two lines of solemn figures, ascending from childhood up to full grown age, who range themselves, eight on each hand, at the sides of a Coryphæus, who in a loud chant announces to the audience the plan of the scene which is to follow, and then, in conjunction with his companions, sings an ode, precisely similar to those of the Athenian chorus, evoking the religious feeling of the spectators, recalling to their minds any corresponding events in the ancient Jewish history, and then moralising on the joint effect of the whole. It would be interesting to know how far this element of the sacred drama is a conscious imitation of the Grecian chorus, or how far it is the spontaneous result of parallel circumstances. That it is, in essential points, of indigenous growth, may be inferred from the fact that its part was in earlier times performed by a personage called "the Genius of the Passion." And such a personage appears in other religious solemnities of Southern Germany. In a quaint picture preserved at Landek (in the Tyrol) of the jubilee of the consecration of the village church, the "Genius," draped in a gay court costume, marches at the head of the procession of sacred banners and images which passes through the town and neighbourhood.

(2.) In one respect, this chorus of guardian spirits is less directly connected with the religious element of the drama, than was the case with their Pagan prototypes, who actually performed their evolutions round the altar erected in front of the stage. But this difference is compensated by the uniformly sustained elevation of their choral odes, and the stately stillness with which they

stand during their recital, and yet more by the curious device which the framers of the Ammergau drama have adopted to throw life into these moralising allusions to the ancient preludes of the Christian history. As they touch on the events of the Old Testament, which appear to bear more or less nearly on the evangelical incident about to be represented, they open their ranks—the curtain of the theatre draws up, and discloses at the back of the stage the event to which the recitation refers, exhibited in a *tableau vivant*, composed of the peasants, who, down to the smallest children, remain fixed in their attitudes till the curtain falls over them, again to rise and disclose another of like kind, arranged with incredible rapidity, again expounded, and again withdrawn from view, whilst the chorus proceeds with its task of didactic exposition.

These *tableaux*, which thus form an integral part of the choral representation, are repeated at the beginning of each scene, and, though often so remotely or fancifully connected with the main action of the drama as rather to clog its progress, yet powerfully contribute towards the variety and the continuous flow of the performance. They are of the most unequal interest. Some—such as the rejection of Vashti, corresponding to the rejection of Jerusalem; the insult of Hanun to David's ambassadors, corresponding to the mockery of Christ; and the elevation of Joseph in Egypt, contrasted with the mock elevation of Christ in the hall of Pilate—are tame both in conception and execution. But others—such as the appearance of Joseph to his envious brethren, Adam labouring in the sweat of his brow, the gathering of the manna in the wilderness, and the carrying of the grapes, corresponding respectively to the councils of the Sanhedrim, the Agony, the Last Supper—are at once touching and graceful, even when most childlike in ideas. In all, the immobility of the figures, sometimes consisting of hundreds, is most remarkable. In all, the choral odes derive from them a combination of pictorial and poetical representation as singular as it is effective. The fine passage in which, after the false kiss of Joab by the rock of Gibeon, the rocks of Gibeon, and through them the surrounding rocks of the Ammergau valley, are invoked to avenge the treachery of Judas, is a stroke of natural pathos, which whilst it exactly recalls the analogous allusions in the choral odes of Sophocles, could be reproduced nowhere but on a scene such as that which is here described.

(3.) After the first prologue, and the first tableau (which represents the expulsion from Paradise), begins the regular action of the drama, which, alternating with the choral odes and tableaux, proceeds with unflagging continuity (only broken by one hour's rest in the middle of the day) from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon. This untiring energy of action is, no doubt, a powerful element in sustaining the interest, and reproducing the animation of the actual story. The first part begins with the Triumphal entry, and closes with the capture in the garden of Gethsemane.

(1) The first scene introduces us at once to the Chief Figure in the sacred story. The wide stage, with the passages approaching it, is suddenly filled with the streaming multitude of the Triumphal entry, of all ages, chiefly masses of children, mingled together in gay costume, throwing down their garments in the way, and answering, with jubilant shouts, to a spirited ode, which, in this instance rising above the ordinary music of the rest of the lyrical pieces, is sung by the exultant chorus.[1]

Hail to Thee! hail! O David's Son!
Hail to Thee! hail! thy Father's throne
Is thine award.
In God's great name Thou comest nigh,
All Israel streams with welcome cry
To hail its Lord.

Hosanna! He who dwells in heaven
Send from above all help to Thee!
Hosanna! He who sits on high
Preserve Thee everlastingly!

[1] This and the following literal translations are given as specimens of the lyrical parts of this rustic drama.

Blessed be the life that springs anew
In David's house, in David's race;
To glorious David's glorious Heir,
All nations, bring your songs of praise!

Hosanna! to our King's own Son,
Sound through the heavens far and wide!
Hosanna! on his Father's throne
May He in majesty abide!
Hail to Thee! hail!

It is amidst this crowded overflow of human faces, that there appears seated on the ass, the majestic Figure, known at once by the traditional costume of purple robe and crimson mantle, but still more by the resemblance to the traditional countenance of the Redeemer. Of this appearance, a gifted eye-witness in 1850 wrote that, from that moment, in her imagination, "This "living representation would take the "place of all the pictures and statues she "had ever seen, and would remain indel- "ibly impressed on her mind for ever." In every such representation, of whatever kind, the Ideal Person will still, to every religious and every cultivated mind, remain unapproached, and therefore unprofaned. But each will, in proportion to its excellence, exhibit some aspect of the Divine Original, in a form more impressive and more intelligible than has been obtained by any previous study or reading. That which, in the character now brought forward, most strikes the spectator as with a new sense of the truth of the Gospel narrative, is the dignity and grace with which the Christ moves, as it were, above the multitude and above the action of the drama, although bearing the chief part in it. It is felt that from this one character is derived the true tragical interest attaching to every other person and incident in all the subsequent scenes. On the common mass of the audience the same impression appears in a less conscious, but a still more certain, form, through the increased stillness which pervades the theatre whenever this Figure appears. But this pre-eminence is maintained, not by any acting, rather by the absence of acting. The clear distinctness of the words which are uttered makes them heard and felt, without the slightest approach to declamation. Every gesture implies a purpose, and yet there is not a shade of affectation. The disciples, the priests, the money-changers, the children, press around, and yet the figure of the Christ remains distinct from them all. Few have ever read the sacred narrative without a sense of the difficulty of conceiving how He, who is there described, could have passed through the world, as in it, and yet not of it. It is one advantage of the Ammergau representation that it gives us, at least, a glimpse of the possibility of such a passage through, yet above, the world.

To dwell on all the details in which this idea is carried out would be superfluous to those who have seen the spectacle, and unintelligible to those who have not. It is enough here to say, that amidst all the changing scenes which follow, and of which some notice will be taken as we proceed, the identity of character in the first appearance is never lost.

(2) As the Christ is the character in the drama, where the effect is sustained by the absence of all art and the independence of all the agitations of human passion, so the next most important character is that on which most effort has been bestowed, and in which the play of imagination and dramatic invention has been allowed the freest scope. It would be a curious inquiry to ascertain how far the conception of Judas Iscariot is traditional, or how far derived from the fancy of the last revisers of the drama. It is a certain and an instructive fact, that in the modernisation of the spectacle this internal development of motives has taken the place of the demons which the earlier machinery reproduced in outward shape as Judas's companions. This accommodation to what may have been thought modern prejudice is in every sense as it should be: it is not only a more refined, but a more scriptural representation of the history of the Traitor; and the coincidence of the two, as thus brought out in the drama, is well worthy

of the attention of the theological student. But the particular mode in which the motives of Judas are conceived is peculiar, and must be stated at length.

He is conspicuous amongst the Apostles, not only from the well-known red beard and yellow robe (as of envy), with which he always appears, but from his prominent position, always pressing forward, even beyond Peter himself, the restless, moving, active, busy personage of the whole group. The scene of the breaking of the box of precious ointment is worked to the utmost. The silent profusion of the Magdalene and the eager economy of Judas are contrasted from the two sides of the stage in startling opposition. From this moment a monomania, a fixed idea of replacing the 300 pence, takes possession of his mind. He shakes his empty money-bag. He recurs to the subject with a pertinacity bordering, and apparently meant to border, on the ludicrous. The thirty pieces of silver are represented as an equivalent for the loss. He is filled with nervous apprehensions as to the destitution of himself and his companions, if their Master should imperil Himself at Jerusalem. In this state he is left alone to his own thoughts, and, in a scene perhaps too elaborately drawn out, he rushes to and fro between the distractions of his worse and better nature; until the balance is turned by the deputation from the chief priests suddenly entering, playing on his delusion, getting round him, and entrapping him into the fatal compact. The absorbing passion is brought out forcibly once more, when, with a greediness of the actual coin, truly Oriental, and (if not suggested by some travelled or learned prompter) wonderfully resembling the Oriental reality, he counts over the silver pieces in the presence of the high priests. But the compunctions of conscience are never wholly repressed. The deadness of the grasp with which he takes the hands of his accomplices in the compact is very expressive. The shuffling agitation during the Last Supper; the outbreak of remorse before the Sanhedrim; the frenzy into which he is goaded by their calm indifference; the fury with which he offers back the money to each, and with which he finally flings the bag behind him and rushes out, all have the effect of exhibiting in strong relief the return of a better mind recovering from a dreadful illusion. With this is mingled something of the ludicrousness as well as of the horror of insanity; and when, at the last, he clambers up the fatal tree, tearing off the branches as he reaches the top, and the curtain falls[1] to veil his end, it is probably as much from this admixture of the grotesque, as from a sense that the villain has got his due, that the commoner part of the audience is roused for once to an incongruous expression of derision. In one instance, at least, of a more thoughtful German Catholic of the middle classes, the representation of the strength of Judas's repentance left the impression that "we have no right to say that Judas was lost."

No other personage is so lifted above the incidents of the drama as to claim a separate notice. But if none of them rise above the general action, none of them fall below it, with the exception of the female characters. In former times, as in the ancient classical drama, these characters were all sustained by men; and the failure of the present practice well illustrates the reasonableness, almost the necessity, of the ancient usage. Not to speak of the inferiority of the conception of their parts — perhaps in themselves more difficult—the inadequacy of any ordinary female voice to fill the immense theatre in the open air is painfully felt; and the fulness and distinctness of the speeches of the men brings out forcibly the contrast of the thin, shrill voices of

[1] It is a curious fact, and confirms the remarks made above, that the circumstances of Judas's death have been, and are gradually being, softened down in the representation. First, the devils who carried him off were dropped; then the swine devouring his entrails; next, in 1850, his death was indicated only by a piercing shriek as the curtain fell; now, in 1860, the curtain falls, and the shriek is not heard.

the women who have to act the parts, happily less prominent in the drama than might have been expected, of the Virgin Mary, the Magdalene, and Martha. Possibly, the peculiar accent of German women, especially in the lower classes, may conduce to this result on English ears, beyond what would be the case with their own countrymen.

(3) In accordance with this prominence of the character of Judas, the one event round which the whole of this portion of the drama revolves, perhaps out of proportion to its place in the sacred narrative, is the Betrayal. The first preparation for it occurs in the first scene of the entry into the Temple, through the intervention of an element, the importance of which must be ascribed to the fancy of the framers of the drama. It would almost seem, as if with a view of bringing home the moral of the sacred history to the minds of the humbler classes, for whom the representation is chiefly designed, an intentional emphasis had been given to the incident of turning the buyers and sellers out of the Temple. The incident itself is brought out with much force in the loud and solemn utterance of the words, "My house is called a house of prayer"—the sudden overturning of the table of the money-changers—the live pigeons flying off into the open air above the heads of the spectators—the wild confusion and dispersion of the traffickers themselves. Immediately afterwards are heard their cries of "Revenge, revenge!" and throughout the subsequent scenes they are made the malignant and ingenious agents between the Sanhedrim and Judas.

(4) A large proportion of this part of the drama is occupied by the debates in the Sanhedrim. In these debates, a larger scope for the dialogue is given than in any other part; and from this circumstance, as well as from the difficulty of following in a foreign tongue arguments not founded on familiar facts, or couched in familiar language, the length to which these debates are carried is perhaps the only part of the spectacle which produces an impression of wearisomeness. But for the common spectators this interlude, as it may be called, of ordinary life and speech may be a seasonable relief; and to the stray visitor there are two or three points exhibited in these scenes too remarkable to escape notice. He cannot fail to be struck by the prominence (not indeed beyond the strict warrant of Scripture) given to the fact that the catastrophe of the Passion was brought about by the machinations of the priesthood; that Christ was the victim of the passions, not of the people, or of the rulers, but of the hierarchy. The strange costume, as well as the vehement and senseless reiterations of the arguments and watch-words of the leaders, present (unintentionally, it may be, but if so, the more impressively), the appearance of a hideous caricature of a great ecclesiastical assembly. The huge mitres growing out into horns on the heads of the high priests present a grotesque compound of devils and bishops. The incessant writing and bustling agitation of the scribes are like satires on high dignitaries immersed in official business and intrigue. What may be the parts assigned to the lesser personages in the Sanhedrim it would be impossible to describe without the opportunity of more closely following the thread of the dialogue. But Annas and Caiaphas stand out distinct. Caiaphas is the younger, more impetuous, more active conspirator. Annas, clothed in white, and with a long white beard, represents the ancient, venerable depository of the Jewish traditions. He "rejoices that he has lived to see this "day, when the enemy of the customs "of his fathers will be cut off. He "feels himself new-born." He gives to the traitor the assurance "that the "name of Judas shall be famous for "ever in the annals of his country." The whole scene suggests, in its own strange fashion, that of the Council in Milton's Pandemonium. But, as by the great poet in the fallen archangels, so in the apostate priests, there is kept up by the simple dramatist and performers of

Ammergau, something of the dignity and grandeur of a former and higher state.

(5) The scenes which represent the Feast in the house of Simon, and the Journey from Bethany to Jerusalem, require few remarks. The solemn, and, in a manner, regal appearance of the Christ, surrounded and fenced off by the constant circle of the Twelve, each with his staff in his hand, recalls what doubtless was one main peculiarity of the journeys recorded in the Gospel narrative. The parting from the Virgin mother and the friends of Bethany on the way to Jerusalem, is touching and simple. It forms one of the few exceptions to the failure of the female parts before noticed, and it is accompanied by one of the most affecting of the choral odes, on the search of the beloved one in the Canticles.

Where is my love departed,
The fairest of the fair?
Mine eyes gush out with burning tears
Of love, and grief, and care.

Ah! come again! ah! come again!
To this deserted breast.
Beloved one! oh! why tarriest thou
Upon my heart to rest?

By every path, on every way,
Mine eyes are strained to greet thee;
And with the earliest break of day
My heart leaps forth to meet thee!

"Beloved one! ah! what woe is me!
My heart how rent with pain!"—
"O friend beloved—oh, comfort thee,
Thy friend will come again.

"Soon to thy side he comes once more
For whom thy soul awhile must yearn;
No cloud shall ever shadow more
The joy of that return."

(6) The scene of the Last Supper is the one of which the effect on the audience is the most perceptible, and of which every detail most firmly rivets itself in the memory. From the first appearance of the band of sacred guests at the table in the upper chamber, till its dispersion after the joint recitation of a prayer or hymn, the whole multitude of spectators is hushed into breathless silence, deepening into a still profounder stillness, at the moment when the sacred words, so solemn in the ears of any Christian audience, introduce the institution of the sacrament. There is probably no point in the spectacle where a religious mind would naturally be more shocked than by this imitation of the holiest of Christian ordinances. There is none, however, where this feeling is more immediately relieved, both by the manner of the imitation, and by the demeanour of the spectators. To a critical eye, two or three points of special instruction emerge from this strange mixture of dramatic and devotional interest. Although the aspect of the actual historical event is in this, as in all pictorial representations, marred by the substitution of the modern attitude of sitting for the ancient one of reclining, yet the scene reproduces, with a force beyond many doctrinal expositions, the social character of the occasion out of which the Christian sacrament arose. Nor is there anything (or hardly anything) in the form in which that first origin of the sacrament is represented, which attaches itself peculiarly to the special tenets of the particular Church, under whose auspices this drama has been preserved. The attitude of the Apostles in receiving, and of their Master in giving, the bread and wine of the supper, far more nearly resembles that of a Presbyterian than of a Roman Catholic ritual. The cup is studiously given, as well as the bread, to all who are present. The dignity and simplicity of the Chief Figure suffices to raise the whole scene to its proper pitch of solemnity. One only slight interruption to the complete gravity of the transaction, is the sudden flight of Judas from the supper, which, like most of the details of his character, blends, as has been already observed, something of the grotesque even with the most sublime and tragical parts of the story.

(7) The wild and touching prelude of the chorus to the scene of the capture in the garden of Gethsemane has been already noticed, and is, with its living accompaniments, amongst the most expressive parts of that class of representation in the spectacle. The scene itself

is, and, perhaps, must of necessity be, unequal to that which it endeavours to reproduce. The slow and painful ascent of the rocky side of the garden, the threefold departure, and the threefold return, is a faithful attempt to recall the heaviness and the sorrow of that hour. But of the remainder of the scene it is difficult not to feel that it would have been better if all had been left, as some parts are left, merely to the imagination of the spectators, however welcome to a rude taste may be the literal exhibition of what is in fact incapable of being exhibited. Not so, however, the sudden change of the stillness of the scene by the entrance of the armed troop. This, with the gradual closing in of the soldiers on their Victim, and the melting away of the disciples on the right hand and on the left, leaving their Master alone (for the first time from the beginning of the action) in the centre of armed strangers, makes the fitting, as it is the truly historical, climax to this first act of the drama.

(4.) As the first part of the spectacle converges to the Betrayal, so the second part, with more unquestionable propriety, converges to the Crucifixion. The whole action of the representation changes with the change of the position of the Chief Character; and, in this respect, it may be said that its dramatic interest is lessened. That Character, although still the centre of the movement, is now entirely passive. The majesty is sustained, even more remarkably than in the first part, but it is almost exclusively the majesty of endurance, and probably the fact of the gospel narrative which the representation here most deeply impresses on the spectator, is that of the long, immovable, almost unbroken silence, which, with very few exceptions, is the only expression, if one may use the word, of the Sufferer, in all the various scenes through which He is hurried, driven, insulted, tortured. This immobility of the Central Figure, added to the circumstance that the groups which follow are often directly copies either of well-known pictures, or of the sculptured representations on Calvaries, gives to this second part much more the appearance of a succession of scenes in painting or sculpture than of actual life. For this reason, there are fewer points than in the former part requiring remark. Such as there are shall be briefly noticed.

(1) The long and constant bandyings of the trial to and fro from court to court are powerfully delineated. How much the brief narrative of the gospel gains by some such development of its meaning may be best understood by reading the admirable attempt at such a literal development in Dean Milman's "History of Christianity." What that distinguished poet and scholar has achieved by the art of his pen, the drama of Ammergau has, in its rude way, attempted in its living actions and figures.

(2) A new class of actors is here introduced, in whose part it is more difficult than elsewhere to imagine the feasibility of maintaining a proper reverence of sentiment, namely, the soldiers and executioners. Nothing can be more natural than their roughness and insensibility; but of all the scenes of the transaction, these are the most painful to witness. The chief possibility of reconciling them to the devotional feelings of the audience and the actors must be found in the pictorial character of these latter scenes, which has just been noticed. To the critical observer they have the merit of exhibiting in the most graphic forms the way in which the hard realities and brutalities of life must on this occasion, as always, have come into the most abrupt and direct contact with the holiest and tenderest of objects, which, by a stretch of imagination, we usually contrive to keep apart from them.

(3) Of these scenes one of the most effective, and (from the absence of the Christ during the chief part) the least offensive, is that in the hall of Caiaphas, where the soldiers and the maids of the palace light the fire and interchange rude jests with each other about the recent events; whilst Peter and John are seen stealing in and mixing them-

selves with the crowd. Then comes the gradual absorption of Peter into the conversation round the fire; the manner in which he is entangled by his own forward obtrusiveness; the quick succession of questions, rejoinders, retorts, and denials; the sudden pang as his Master enters, and turns directly upon him a fixed silent look before passing on with the armed band, leaving Peter alone on the stage. The rapid passage across the stage of the two successive solitary penitents—Peter and Judas—is full of instruction even to those who have heard the contrast drawn out in hundreds of sermons.

(4) A character now appears, which, as it is conceived by the Ammergau dramatists, is, in dignity and gravity, though in no other particular, second only to that of the Christ. This is Pilate. There are many of the more subtle traits of the Governor's character, as they appear in the Gospel narrative, —his perplexity, his anxiety, his scepticism, his superstition, — which the spectacle has failed to reproduce. The dialogue is less impressive than it should be; the question, "What is truth?" is cut short by the entrance of a messenger who calls him out, as if by an external cause to account for his discontinuance of the conversation. But it is remarkable to observe the true historical tact of nature with which these half-educated peasants have caught the grandeur of the Roman magistrate. Every movement of himself, and even of his attendants, is intended to produce the impression of the superiority of the Roman justice and the Roman manners, to the savage, quibbling, vulgar clamours of the Jewish priests and people. His noble figure, as he appears on the balcony of his house, above the mob—his gentle address—the standard of the Roman empire behind him—the formal reading of the sentence—the solemn breaking asunder of the staff to show that the sentence has been delivered—are bold, though not too bold, delineations of the better side of the judge and of the law, under which the catastrophe of the sacred history was accomplished.

Herod, on the other hand, is depicted as a mere Oriental king, furious at the silence of his prisoner, and at his own inability to make anything out of the case.

(5) The chief priests still continue to take the leading part in the transaction, which they have sustained through its earlier stages. One element in their conduct is brought out with considerable truth of nature as well as of history; namely, the spirit and zeal with which, as fanatical ringleaders, they conspire, and then disperse in various directions to rouse the Jewish populace, which is represented as then, and by these means, turned for the first time into the course of furious hostility which demanded the Crucifixion.

In this part of the story immense stress is laid on the preference of Barabbas. In the choral ode which precedes the scene of the choice between the two prisoners, there is a striking combination of the choral and dramatic elements of the representation. The cries of the populace for Barabbas are heard behind the scenes, to which the Chorus replies with a mixture of irony and remonstrance.

People. Let Barabbas be
From his bonds set free.
Chorus. Nay, let JESUS be
From his bonds set free.
Wildly sounds the murderers' cry!
People. Crucify Him! crucify!
Chorus. Behold the man! behold the man!
Oh! say what evil hath He done?
People. If thou settest this man free
Cæsar's friend thou canst not be.
Chorus. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! woe, woe to thee!
This blood, O Israel, God shall claim from you!
People. His blood on us and on our children be!
Chorus. Yea! upon you and on your children too.

In the actual release of Barabbas, the contrast is heightened by the assignment of the part of Barabbas to a person who is, or is made to look, the image of a low vulgar ruffian; and as the two stand side by side, the majesty and patience of the one is set forth by the undignified, eager impatience of the

other, shuffling to be released at the earliest moment.

(6) As the plot advances, the reproduction of the well-known paintings on the subject becomes more apparent. The "Ecce Homo" is an evident imitation of the picture of Correggio. The Crucifixion, without perhaps specially resembling any one representation, is so much more like a picture than a reality that its painful effect is thereby much diminished. The Descent from the Cross is an exact copy of Rubens' famous painting.[1] Whatever living action is carried on through these last scenes lies almost entirely in the rough by-play, already described, of the soldiers and executioners. Only when the motionless silence of the Central Figure is broken by the few words from the Cross, is the illusion dispelled which might make us think that we were looking on a sculptured ivory image. The actual appearance of the Crucifixion is produced by mechanical contrivances, through which the person is sustained on the Cross with no further effort than that (which is no doubt considerable) of the extension of the arms. The apprehension or the knowledge of this effort gives a sense of real anxiety to the scene, which lasts for upwards of twenty minutes—and also of real care, to the mode in which the arms are gradually released from their outstretched position, and the body is slowly let down from the Cross by the long drapery with which, as in Rubens's picture, it is swathed and suspended as it descends. A breathless silence, succeeded by a visible relief, pervades the vast audience through the whole of this protracted representation.

(7) With the entombment, the dramatic portion of the spectacle properly ends. The scene which follows, and which is intended to represent the Resurrection from the tomb, in the presence of the watching soldiers, is, as might be expected from the nature of the subject, wholly incongruous. And the brief scenes of the disappointment of the Chief Priests, of the arrival of Peter and John at the tomb, and of the appearance to the Magdalene, are unequal to the magnitude of the interest with which they are charged, and are evidently felt to be so by the audience, who, though still retaining their respectful demeanour, now begin very gradually to disperse. There is still, however, the impressive conclusion, when the chorus, laying aside the black robes, which they had assumed during the previous scene of the Crucifixion, come forth, and in the presence of a final tableau, embracing a vast mass of figures, in a representation of the heroes and saints of both Old and New Testament united in one, close the spectacle with a hymn of triumph.

Conquering and to conquer all
Forth He comes in all His might;
Slumbering but a few short hours
In the grave's funereal night.

Sing to Him in holy psalms!
Strew for Him victorious palms!
Christ, the Lord of life, is risen!
Sound, O heavens, with anthems meet!
Earth, with songs the conqueror greet!
Hallelujah! Christ is risen!

Praise Him who now on high doth reign!
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain!
Hallelujah!
Praise Him who, glorious from the grave,
Comes forth triumphantly to save!
Hallelujah!

Praise be to Him who conquers death,
Who once was judged on Gabbatha!
Praise be to Him who heals our sins,
Who died for us on Golgotha!

Let Israel's harp with gladdening sound
Joy through every spirit pour;
He with the conqueror's crown is crown'd,
Who died and lives for evermore.

O praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven!
To Him all praise and glory be!
Praise, glory, honour, power, and might,
Through ages of eternity!

III. So ends the Ammergau spectacle. Its fourteenth and last representation was on the 16th of September, and it will not recur till 1870.

What may be the religious or devotional feelings awakened by this spectacle, in the various classes who are present, it would be impossible to determine. What they were intended to be

[1] The engravings of these pictures in the inns, even of remote parts of the Tyrol, render the knowledge of these pictures less remarkable than it would otherwise be.

is well expressed in the close of the short preface to the choral songs, which almost every spectator held in his hand:—

"May all who come to see how the Divine "man trod this path of sorrows, to suffer "as a sacrifice for sinful humanity, well "consider that it is not sufficient to "contemplate and admire the Divine "original; that we ought much rather "to make this Divine spectacle an "occasion for converting ourselves into "His likenesses, as once the saints of "the Old Testament were His fitting "foreshadowers. May the outward re-"presentation of His sublime virtues "rouse us to the holy resolution to "follow Him in humility, patience, "gentleness, and love. If that which "we have seen in a figure, becomes to "us life and reality, then the vow of "our pious ancestors will have received "its best fulfilment; and then will that "blessing not fail to us, with which "God once rewarded the faith and the "trust of our fathers."

But it may be worth while to sum up the reflections of a more general and intellectual character, which arise in the mind of an educated stranger who may have been present.

(1.) He can hardly fail to have an increased idea of the dramatic nature of the sacred story, which, amidst all the imperfections of this rustic spectacle, is brought out in so unmistakeable a form. It is a saying, quoted from Lavater, that as there is no more dramatic work than the Bible, so the history of the Passion is the Drama of dramas. That this characteristic peculiarity of the sacred narrative should thus stand the test, is one of the many proofs to those who will receive it rightly, of the all-embracing power and excellence of the Bible itself.

(2.) Again, if he be a sound Protestant, it cannot but be a matter of theological instruction and gratification, to have observed how entirely Scriptural, and even in a certain sense unconsciously Protestant, is this representation of the greatest of all events. The biblical account controls the whole spectacle. The words of the Bible are studiously used. Only one of the numerous tableaux —(that of Tobias and his parents)—is drawn from the Apocrypha. Only one slight incident, (that of the woman offering the handkerchief on the way to Golgotha,) is taken from ecclesiastical tradition. Even in cases where the popular sentiment of the Roman Catholic Church would naturally come into play, it has not penetrated here. The Virgin appears not more prominently or more frequently than the most rigid Protestant would allow. In the scenes after the Resurrection, the biblical account of the appearance to the Magdalene, not the traditional one of the appearance to the Virgin, is carefully preserved. The forcible representation of the predominant guilt of the Jewish hierarchy, and of the simplicity of the Last Supper, (as already noticed,) are directly suggestive of the purest Protestant sentiments.

(3.) Nor are there wanting further indications how a natural representation of the sacred history rises into a higher and wider sphere than is contained within the limits of any particular sect or opinion. The exhibition of the sacrifice on Calvary, whether in the actual representation, or in the didactic expositions of the chorus, is (with the possible exception of a very few expressions) the ancient Scriptural, orthodox view, not deformed by any of the more modern theories on the subject.

The philosophical as opposed to the medieval conception of human character in the case of Judas has been already noticed. Of the two great virtues which find so little favour with sectarian polemics, the praise of *truth* is the special subject of one of the choral odes; and the need of *justice*, especially justice in high places, forms the special theme of another.

There are those, it may be hoped, to whom it is a pleasure and not a pain to reflect that a representation of such a subject should not contain what is distinctive of any peculiar sect of Christendom; but, as if by a kind of necessity, should embrace and put forward what is common to all alike.

(4.) Again, any person interested in

national religious education must perceive the effect of such a lifelike representation of the words and facts of the Bible in bringing them home to the minds, if not the hearts, of the people. To those who believe that the Bible, and especially the Gospel history, has a peculiarly elevating and purifying effect, beyond any other religious or secular books, it will be a satisfaction to know that thousands of German peasants have carried away, graven on their memories, not a collection of medieval or mythological legends, but the chief facts and doctrines both of the Old and New Testament, with an exactness such as would be vainly sought in the masses of our poorer population, or even, it may be said, with some of our clergy. We may fairly object to the mode of instruction, but as to its results we must rejoice that what is given is not chaff but wheat. Nor need the most fastidious taste reject the additional light thrown by this representation on the most sacred page of the book which all Christians are bound to study, and which every clergyman is bound to expound to his flock, though by totally different means from those employed at Ammergau.

(5.) For, finally, any intelligent spectator at this scene will feel it to be a signal example of the infinite differences which, even with regard to subjects of the most universal interest, divide the feelings and thoughts of nations and Churches from each other, and of the total absurdity and endless mischief of transposing to one phase of mind what belongs exclusively to another. We Englishmen are not more reverential than an audience of Bavarian or Tyrolese rustics. Probably we are much less so. But, from long engrained habit, from the natural reserve and delicacy of a more northern and a more civilized people, from the association of those outward exhibitions of sacred subjects with a Church disfigured by superstition and intolerance, we naturally regard as impious what these simple peasants regard as devout and edifying. The more striking is the superstition, the more salutary its effect on those for whom it is intended; the more forcibly we may be ourselves impressed in witnessing it, so much the more pointedly instructive does the lesson become, of the utter inapplicability of such a performance to other times and places than its own. Sacred pictures, sacred sculpture, sacred poetry, sacred music, sacred ritual, must all be judged by the same varying standard. The presence or the absence of any one of these is reverent or irreverent, according to the intention of those who use it, and the disposition of those for whom it is intended. An organ would be as shocking a profanation of worship in Scotland or in Russia as a crucifix in England, or as the absence of a crucifix in the Tyrol or in Sweden. Every one knows what disastrous consequences have flowed from the attempt of certain High Church clergy to force upon the population of Wapping a ritual which, to those who introduced it, was doubtless symbolical of reverence and devotion, but in those who were to receive it, awakened only a frenzy of ribaldry, fanaticism, and profaneness. The case of the Ammergau mystery decisively proves the futility of all such forced and incongruous adaptations. This, beyond all dispute, is an institution which cannot be transplanted without provoking sentiments the exact opposite of those which it excites in its own locality. Even an extension or imitation of it in the country of its birth would go far to ruin its peculiar character. The Archbishop of Salzburg was probably as right in his general prohibition of such spectacles in southern Germany, as the King Max-Joseph in his permission of this particular one. Its inaccessible situation, its rude accompaniments, its rare decennial recurrence, are its best safeguards. Happily the curiosity which the representation of this year may have roused will have been laid to rest long before its next return; and the best wish that can be offered for its continuance is, that it may remain alone of its kind, and that it may never attract any large additional influx of spectators from distant regions or uncongenial circles.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF THE FRESHMAN'S YEAR.

On the morning after Commemoration, Oxford was in a bustle of departure. The play had been played, the long vacation had begun, and visitors and members seemed equally anxious to be off. At the gates of the colleges groups of men in travelling dresses waited for the coaches, omnibuses, dog-carts, and all manner of vehicles, which were to carry them to the Great Western railway station, at Steventon, or elsewhere to all points of the compass. Porters passed in and out with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and baggage of all kinds, which they piled outside the gates, or carried off to the Mitre or the Angel, under the vigorous and not too courteous orders of the owners. College servants flitted round the groups to take last instructions, and, if so might be, to extract the balances of extortionate bills out of their departing masters. Dog-fanciers were there also, holding terriers; and scouts from the cricketing grounds, with bats and pads under their arms; and hostlers, and men from the boats, all on the same errand of getting the last shilling out of their patrons—a fawning, obsequious crowd for the most part, with here and there a sturdy Briton who felt that he was only come after his due.

Through such a group, at the gate of St. Ambrose, Tom and Hardy passed soon after breakfast time, in cap and gown, which costume excited no small astonishment.

"Hullo, Brown, old fellow! ain't you off this morning?"

"No, I shall be up for a day or two yet."

"Wish you joy. I wouldn't be staying up over to-day for something."

"But you'll be at Henley to-morrow?" said Diogenes, confidently, who stood at the gate in boating coat and flannels, a big stick and knapsack, waiting for a companion, with whom he was going to walk to Henley.

"And at Lord's on Friday," said another. "It will be a famous match; come and dine somewhere afterwards, and go to the Haymarket with us."

"You know the Leander are to be at Henley," put in Diogenes, "and Cambridge is very strong. There will be a splendid race for the cup, but Jervis thinks we are all right."

"Bother your eternal races; haven't we had enough of them?" said the Londoner. "You had much better come up to the little village at once, Brown, and stay there while the coin lasts."

"If I get away at all, it will be to Henley," said Tom.

"Of course, I knew that," said Diogenes, triumphantly; "our boat ought to be on for the ladies' plate. If only Jervis were not in the University crew! I thought you were to pull at Henley, Hardy?"

"I was asked to pull, but I couldn't manage the time with the schools coming on, and when the examinations were over it was too late. The crew were picked and half trained, and none of them have broken down."

"What! every one of them stood putting through the sieve? They must be a rare crew, then," said another.

"You're right," said Diogenes. "Oh! here you are at last," he added, as another man in flannels and knapsack came out of college. "Well, good bye all, and a pleasant vacation; we must be off, if we are to be in time to see our crew pull over the course to-night;" and the two marched off towards Magdalen bridge.

"By Jove!" remarked a fast youth, in most elaborate toilette, looking after them, "fancy two fellows grinding off to Henley, five miles an hour, in this sun, when they might drop up to the metropolis by train in half the time? Isn't it marvellous?"

"I should like to be going with them," said Tom.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Here's our coach."

"Good bye, then;" and Tom shook hands, and, leaving the coach to get packed with portmanteaus, terriers, and undergraduates, he and Hardy walked off towards the High Street.

"So you're not going to-day?" Hardy said.

"No; two or three of my old schoolfellows are coming up to stand for scholarships, and I must be here to receive them. But it's very unlucky; I should have liked so to have been at Henley."

"Look, their carriage is already at the door," said Hardy, pointing up High Street, into which they now turned. There were a dozen post-chaises and carriages loading in front of different houses in the street, and amongst them Mr. Winter's old-fashioned travelling barouche.

"So it is," said Tom; "that's some of uncle's fidgettiness; but he will be sure to dawdle at the last. Come along in."

"Don't you think I had better stay down stairs? It may seem intrusive."

"No, come along. Why, they asked you to come and see the last of them last night, didn't they?"

Hardy did not require any further urging to induce him to follow his inclination; so the two went up together. The breakfast things were still on the table, at which sat Miss Winter, in her bonnet, employed in examining the bill, with the assistance of Mary, who leant over her shoulder. She looked up as they entered.

"Oh! I'm so glad you are come. Poor Katie is so bothered, and I can't help her. Do look at the bill; is it all right?"

"Shall I, Katie?"

"Yes, please do. I don't see anything to object to, except, perhaps, the things I have marked. Do you think we ought to be charged half-a-crown a day for the kitchen fire?"

"Fire in June! and you have never dined at home once?"

"No, but we have had tea several times."

"It is a regular swindle," said Tom, taking the bill and glancing at it. "Here, Hardy, come and help me cut down this precious total."

They sat down to the bill, the ladies willingly giving place. Mary tripped off to the glass to tie her bonnet.

"Now that is all right!" she said, merrily; "why can't one go on without bills or horrid money?"

"Ah! why can't one?" said Tom, "that would suit most of our complaints. But where's uncle; has he seen the bill?"

"No; papa is in his room; he must not be worried, or the journey will be too much for him."

Here the ladies'-maid arrived, with a message that her father wished to see Miss Winter.

"Leave your money, Katie," said her cousin; "this is gentlemen's business, and Tom and Mr. Hardy will settle it all for us, I am sure."

Tom professed his entire willingness to accept the charge, delighted at finding himself re-instated in his office of protector at Mary's suggestion. Had the landlord been one of his own tradesmen, or the bill his own bill, he might not have been so well pleased, but, as neither of these was the case, and he had Hardy to back him, he went into the matter with much vigour and discretion, and had the landlord up, made the proper deductions, and got the bill settled and receipted in a few minutes. Then he and Hardy addressed themselves to getting the carriage comfortably packed, and vied with one another in settling and stowing away in the most convenient places the many little odds and ends which naturally accompany young ladies and invalids on their travels; in the course of which employ-

ment he managed to snatch a few words here and there with Mary, and satisfied himself that she bore him no ill-will for the events of the previous day.

At last all was ready for the start, and Tom reported the fact in the sitting-room. "Then I will go and fetch papa," said Miss Winter.

Tom's eyes met Mary's at the moment. He gave a slight shrug with his shoulders, and said, as the door closed after his cousin, "Really I have no patience with Uncle Robert; he leaves poor Katie to do everything."

"Yes; and how beautifully she does it all, without a word or, I believe, a thought of complaint! I could never be so patient."

"I think it is a pity. If Uncle Robert were obliged to exert himself it would be much better for him. Katie is only spoiling him and wearing herself out."

"Yes, it is very easy for you and me to think and say so. But he is her father; and then he is really an invalid. So she goes on devoting herself to him more and more, and feels she can never do too much for him."

"But if she believed it would be better for him to exert himself? I'm sure it is the truth. Couldn't you try to persuade her?"

"No, indeed; it would only worry her, and be so cruel. But then I am not used to give advice," she added, after a moment's pause, looking demurely at her gloves; "it might do good, perhaps, now, if you were to speak to her."

"You think me so well qualified, I suppose, after the specimen you had yesterday. Thank you; I have had enough of lecturing for the present."

"I am very much obliged to you, really, for what you said to me," said Mary, still looking at her gloves.

The subject was a very distasteful one to Tom. He looked at her for a moment, to see whether she was laughing at him, and then broke it off abruptly—

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit?"

"Oh, yes, so very much. I shall think of it all the summer."

"Where shall you be all the summer?" asked Tom.

"Not so very far from you. Papa has taken a house only eight miles from Englebourn, and Katie says you live within a day's drive of them."

"And shall you be there all the vacation?"

"Yes, and we hope to get Katie over often. Could not you come and meet her; it would be so pleasant."

"But do you think I might? I don't know your father or mother."

"Oh, yes, papa and mamma are very kind, and will ask anybody I like. Besides, you are a cousin, you know."

"Only up at Oxford, I am afraid."

"Well, now you will see. We are going to have a great archery party next month, and you shall have an invitation."

"Will you write it for me yourself?"

"Very likely; but why?"

"Don't you think I shall value a note in your hand more than—"

"Nonsense; now, remember your lecture—Oh, here are Uncle Robert and Katie."

Mr. Winter was very gracious, and thanked Tom for all his attentions. He had been very pleased, he said, to make his nephew's acquaintance again so pleasantly, and hoped he would come and pass a day or two at Englebourn in the vacation. In his sad state of health he could not do much to entertain a young man, but he could procure him some good fishing and shooting in the neighbourhood. Tom assured his uncle that nothing would please him so much as a visit to Englebourn. Perhaps the remembrance of the distance between that parish and the place where Mary was to spend the summer may have added a little to his enthusiasm.

"I should have liked also to have thanked your friend for his hospitality," Mr. Winter went on. "I understood my daughter to say he was here."

"Yes, he was here just now," said Tom; "he must be below, I think."

"What, that good Mr. Hardy?" said Mary, who was looking out of the window; "there he is in the street. He

has just helped Hopkins into the rumble, and handed her things to her as if she were a duchess. She has been so cross all the morning, and now she looks quite gracious."

"Then I think, papa, we had better start."

"Let me give you an arm down stairs, uncle," said Tom; and so he helped his uncle down to the carriage, the two young ladies following behind, and the landlord standing with obsequious bows at his shop door as if he had never made an overcharge in his life.

While Mr. Winter was making his acknowledgments to Hardy and being helped by him into the most comfortable seat in the carriage, Tom was making tender adieus to the two young ladies behind, and even succeeded in keeping a rose-bud which Mary was carrying when they took their seats. She parted from it half-laughingly, and the post-boy cracked his whip and the barouche went lumbering along High-street. Hardy and Tom watched it until it turned down St. Aldates towards Folly bridge, the latter waving his hand as it disappeared, and then they turned and strolled slowly away side by side in silence. The sight of all the other departures increased the uncomfortable, unsatisfied feeling which that of his own relatives had already produced in Tom's mind.

"Well, it isn't lively stopping up here when everybody is going, is it? What is one to do?"

"Oughtn't you to be looking after your friends who are coming up to try for the scholarships?"

"No, they won't be up till the afternoon by coach."

"Shall we go down the river, then?"

"No, it would be miserable. Hullo, look here, what's up?"

The cause of Tom's astonishment was the appearance of the usual procession of University beadles carrying silver-headed maces and escorting the Vice-Chancellor towards St. Mary's.

"Why, the bells are going for service; there must be a University sermon."

"Where's the congregation to come from? Why, half Oxford is off by this time, and those that are left won't want to be hearing sermons."

"Well, I don't know. A good many men seem to be going. I wonder who is to preach."

"I vote we go. It will help to pass the time."

Hardy agreed, and they followed the procession and went up into the gallery of St. Mary's. There was a very fair congregation in the body of the church, as the college staffs had not yet broken up, and even in the gallery the undergraduates mustered in some force. The restless feeling which had brought our hero there seemed to have had a like effect on most of the men who were for one reason or another unable to start on that day.

Tom looked steadily into his cap during the bidding prayer, and sat down composedly afterwards; expecting not to be much interested or benefited, but comforted with the assurance that at any rate it would be almost luncheon time before he would be again thrown on his own resources. But he was mistaken in his expectations, and, before the preacher had been speaking for three minutes, was all attention. The sermon was upon the freedom of the Gospel, the power by which it bursts all bonds and lets the oppressed go free. Its burthen was, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The preacher dwelt on many sides of these words; the freedom of nations, of societies, of universities, of the conscience of each individual man, were each glanced at in turn; and then, reminding his hearers of the end of the academical year, he went on—

"We have heard it said in the troubles "and toils and temptations of the world,[1]

[1] This quotation is from the sermon preached by Dr. Stanley before the University on Act Sunday, 1859 (published by J. H. Parker, of Oxford). I hope that the distinguished professor whose words they are will pardon the liberty I have taken in quoting them. No words of my own could have given so vividly what I wanted to say.

" 'Oh that I could begin life over again ! " oh that I could fall asleep, and wake up " twelve, six, three months hence, and " find my difficulties solved !' That " which we may vainly wish elsewhere by " a happy Providence is furnished to us " by the natural divisions of meeting and " parting in this place. To every one of " us, old and young, the long vacation on " which we are now entering, gives us a " breathing space, and time to break the " bonds which place and circumstance " have woven round us during the year " that is past. From all our petty cares, " and confusions, and intrigues; from the " dust and clatter of this huge machinery " amidst which we labour and toil; from " whatever cynical contempt of what is " generous and devout; from whatever " fanciful disregard of what is just and " wise; from whatever gall of bitterness " is secreted in our best motives; from " whatever bonds of unequal dealing in " which we have entangled ourselves or " others, we are now for a time set free. " We stand on the edge of a river which " shall for a time at least sweep them " away; that ancient river, the river " Kishon, the river of fresh thoughts, " and fresh scenes and fresh feelings, and " fresh hopes: one surely amongst the " blessed means whereby God's free and " loving grace works out our deliverance, " our redemption from evil, and renews " the strength of each succeeding year, " so that 'we may mount up again as " eagles, may run and not be weary, may " walk and not faint.'

" And, if turning to the younger part of " my hearers, I may still more directly " apply this general lesson to them. Is " there no one who, in some shape or " other, does not feel the bondage of " which I have been speaking? He has " something on his conscience; he has " something on his mind; extravagance, " sin, debt, falsehood. Every morning in " the first few minutes after waking, it is " the first thought that occurs to him: he " drives it away in the day; he drives it " off by recklessness, which only binds it " more and more closely round him. Is " there any one who has ever felt, who is " at this moment feeling, this grievous " burthen? What is the deliverance? " How shall he set himself free? In what " special way does the redemption of " Christ, the free grace of God, present " itself to him? There is at least one " way, clear and simple. He knows it " better than any one can tell him. It " is those same words which I used with " another purpose. 'The truth shall " make him free.' It is to tell the truth " to his friend, to his parent, to any one, " whosoever it be, from whom he is con- " cealing that which he ought to make " known. One word of open, frank dis- " closure—one resolution to act sincerely " and honestly by himself and others— " one ray of truth let into that dark corner " will indeed set the whole man free.

" *Liberavi animam meam.* 'I have " delivered my soul.' What a faithful " expression is this of the relief, the " deliverance effected by one strong effort " of will in one moment of time. 'I will " arise and go to my father, and will say " unto him, Father, I have sinned against " Heaven and before thee, and am no " more worthy to be called thy son.' So " we heard the prodigal's confession this " morning. So may the thought well " spring up in the minds of any who in " the course of this last year have " wandered into sin, have found them- " selves beset with evil habits of wicked " idleness, of wretched self-indulgence. " Now that you are indeed in the literal " sense of the word about to rise and go " to your father, now that you will be " able to shake off the bondage of bad " companionship, now that the whole " length of this long absence will roll be- " tween you and the past—take a long " breath, break off the yoke of your sin, of " your fault, of your wrong doing, of your " folly, of your perverseness, of your " pride, of your vanity, of your weak- " ness; break it off by truth, break it " off by one stout effort, in one stedfast " prayer; break it off by innocent and " free enjoyment; break it off by honest " work. Put your 'hand to the nail and " your right hand to the workman's " hammer:' strike through the enemy " which has ensnared you, pierce and " strike him through and through.

"However powerful he seems 'at your "feet he will bow, he will fall, he will "lie down; at your feet he will bow and "fall, and where he bows, there will "he rise up no more. So let all thine "enemies perish, O Lord; but let them "that love Thee be as the sun when he "goeth forth in his might.'"

The two friends separated themselves from the crowd in the porch and walked away, side by side, towards their college.

"Well, that wasn't a bad move of ours. It is worth something to hear a man preach that sort of doctrine," said Hardy.

"How does he get to know it all?" said Tom, meditatively.

"All what? I don't see your puzzle."

"Why, all sorts of things that are in a fellow's mind—what he thinks about the first thing in the morning, for instance."

"Pretty much like the rest of us, I take it: by looking at home. You don't suppose that University preachers are unlike you and me."

"Well, I don't know. Now do you think he ever had anything on his mind that was always coming up and plaguing him, and which he never told to anybody?"

"Yes, I should think so; most of us must have had."

"Have you?"

"Ay, often and often."

"And you think his remedy the right one?"

"The only one. Make a clean breast of it and the sting is gone. There's plenty more to be done afterwards, of course; but there's no question about step No. 1."

"Did you ever owe a hundred pounds that you couldn't pay?" said Tom, with a sudden effort; and his secret had hardly passed his lips before he felt a relief which surprised himself.

"My dear fellow," said Hardy, stopping in the street, "you don't mean to say you are speaking of yourself?"

"I do though," said Tom, "and it has been on my mind ever since the beginning of Easter term, and has spoilt my temper and everything—that and something else that you know of. You must have seen me getting more and more ill-tempered, I'm sure. And I have thought of it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; and tried to drive the thought away just as he said one did in his sermon. By Jove, I thought he knew all about it, for he looked right at me just when he came to that place."

"But, Brown, how do you mean you owe a hundred pounds? You haven't read much certainly; but you haven't hunted, or gambled, or tailored much, or gone into any other extravagant folly. You must be dreaming."

"Am I though? Come up to my rooms and I'll tell you all about it: I feel better already now I've let it out. I'll send over for your commons, and we'll have some lunch."

Hardy followed his friend in much trouble of mind, considering in himself whether with the remainder of his savings he could not make up the sum which Tom had named. Fortunately for both of them a short calculation showed him that he could not, and he gave up the idea of delivering his friend in this summary manner with a sigh. He remained closeted with Tom for an hour, and then came out, looking serious still but not uncomfortable, and went down to the river. He sculled down to Sandford, bathed in the lasher, and returned in time for chapel. He stayed outside afterwards, and Tom came up to him and seized his arm.

"I've done it, old fellow," he said; "look here;" and produced a letter. Hardy glanced at the direction, and saw that it was to his father.

"Come along and post it," said Tom, "and then I shall feel all right."

They walked off quickly to the post-office and dropped the letter into the box.

"There," he said, as it disappeared, "*liberavi animam meam.* I owe the preacher a good turn for that; I've a good mind to write and thank him. Fancy the poor old governor's face to-morrow at breakfast!"

"Well, you seem to take it easy enough now," said Hardy.

"I can't help it. I tell you I haven't felt so jolly this two months. What a fool I was not to have done it before. After all, now I come to think of it, I can pay it myself, at least as soon as I am of age, for I know I've some money, a legacy or something, coming to me then. But that isn't what I care about now."

"I'm very glad though that you have the money of your own."

"Yes, but the having told it all is the comfort. Come along, and let's see whether those boys are come. The Old Pig ought to be in by this time, and I want them to dine in Hall. It's only ten months since I came up on it to matriculate, and it seems twenty years. But I'm going to be a boy again for to-night; you'll see if I'm not."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LONG VACATION LETTER-BAG.

"*June* 24, 184—.

"My dear Tom,—"Your letter came to hand this morning, and it has of course given your mother and me much pain. It is not the money that we care about, but that our son should have deliberately undertaken, or pretended to undertake, what he must have known at the time he could not perform himself.

"I have written to my bankers to pay 100*l.* at once to your account at the Oxford Bank. I have also requested my solicitor to go over to Oxford, and he will probably call on you the day after you receive this. You say that this person who holds your note of hand is now in Oxford. You will see him in the presence of my solicitor, to whom you will hand the note when you have recovered it. I shall consider afterwards what further steps will have to be taken in the matter.

"You will not be of age for a year. It will be time enough then to determine whether you will repay the balance of this money out of the legacy to which you will be entitled under your grandfather's will. In the meantime I shall deduct at the rate of 50*l.* a year from your allowance, and I shall hold you bound in honour to reduce your expenditure by this amount. You are no longer a boy, and one of the first duties which a man owes to his friends and to society is to live within his income.

"I make this advance to you on two conditions. First, that you will never again put your hand to a note or bill in a transaction of this kind. If you have money, lend it or spend it. You may lend or spend foolishly, but that is not the point here; at any rate you are dealing with what is your own. But in transactions of this kind you are dealing with what is not your own. A gentleman should shrink from the possibility of having to come on others, even on his own father, for the fulfilment of his obligations as he would from a lie. I would sooner see a son of mine in his grave than crawling on through life a slave to wants and habits which he must gratify at other people's expense.

"My second condition is, that you put an end to your acquaintance with these two gentlemen who have led you into this scrape, and have divided the proceeds of your joint note between them. They are both your seniors in standing, you say, and they appear to be familiar with this plan of raising money at the expense of other people. The plain English word for such doings is, swindling. What pains me most is that you should have become intimate with young men of this kind. I am not sure that it will not be my duty to lay the whole matter before the authorities of the College. You do not mention their names, and I respect the feeling which has led you not to mention them. I shall know them quite soon enough through my solicitor, who will forward me a copy of the note of hand and signatures in due course.

"Your letter makes general allusion to other matters; and I gather from it that you are dissatisfied with the manner in which you have spent your first year at Oxford. I do not ask for specific confessions, which you seem inclined to offer me; in fact I would sooner not

have them, unless there is any other matter in which you want assistance or advice from me. I know from experience that Oxford is a place full of temptation of all kinds, offered to young men at the most critical time of their lives. Knowing this, I have deliberately accepted the responsibility of sending you there, and I do not repent it. I am glad that you are dissatisfied with your first year. If you had not been I should have felt much more anxious about your second. Let bygones be by-gones between you and me. You know where to go for strength, and to make confessions which no human ear should hear, for no human judgment can weigh the cause. The secret places of a man's heart are for himself and God. Your mother sends her love.

"I am, ever your affectionate father,

"JOHN BROWN."

"*June 26th*, 184—

"MY DEAR BOY,—I am not sorry that you have taken my last letter as you have done. It is quite right to be sensitive on these points, and it will have done you no harm to have fancied for forty-eight hours that you had in my judgment lost caste as a gentleman. But now I am very glad to be able to ease your mind on this point. You have done a very foolish thing; but it is only the habit, and the getting others to bind themselves, and not the doing it oneself for others, which is disgraceful. You are going to pay honourably for your folly, and will owe me neither thanks nor money in the transaction. I have chosen my own terms for repayment, which you have accepted, and so the financial question is disposed of.

"I have considered what you say as to your companions—friends I will not call them—and will promise you not to take any further steps, or to mention the subject to any one. But I must insist on my second condition, that you avoid all further intimacy with them. I do not mean that you are to cut them, or to do anything that will attract attention. But, no more intimacy.

"And now, my dear boy, as to the rest of your letter. Mine must indeed have failed to express my meaning. God forbid that there should not be the most perfect confidence between us. There is nothing which I desire or value more. I only question whether special confessions will conduce to it. My experience is against them. I almost doubt whether they can be perfectly honest between man and man; and, taking into account the difference of our ages, it seems to me much more likely that we should misunderstand one another. But having said this, I leave it to you to follow your own conscience in the matter. If there is any burthen which I can help you to bear, it will be my greatest pleasure, as it is my duty to do it. So now say what you please, or say no more. If you speak, it will be to one who has felt and remembers a young man's trials.

"We hope you will be able to come home to-morrow, or the next day, at latest. Your mother is longing to see you, and I should be glad to have you here for a day or two before the assizes, which are held next week. I should rather like you to accompany me to them, as it will give me the opportunity of introducing you to my brother magistrates from other parts of the county, whom you are not likely to meet elsewhere, and it is a good thing for a young man to know his own county well.

"The cricket club is very flourishing you will be glad to hear, and they have put off their best matches, especially those with the South Hants and Landsdown, till your return; so you are in great request, you see. I am told that the fishing is very good this year, and am promised several days for you in the club water.

"September is a long way off, but there is nothing like being beforehand. I have put your name down for a licence; and it is time you should have a good gun of your own; so I have ordered one for you from a man who has lately settled in the county. He was Purdy's foreman, with whom I used to build, and, I can see, understands his business thoroughly. His locks are as good as any I have ever

seen. I have told him to make the stock rather longer, and not quite so straight as that of my old double with which you shot last year. I think I remember you criticised my weapon on these points; but there will be time for you to alter the details after you get home, if you disapprove of my orders. It will be more satisfactory if it is built under your own eye. If you continue in the mind for a month's reading with your friend Mr. Hardy, we will arrange it towards the end of the vacation, but would he not come here? From what you say we should very much like to know him. Pray ask him from me whether he will pass the last month of the vacation here coaching you. I should like you to be his first regular pupil. Of course this will be my affair. And now God bless you, and come home as soon as you can. Your mother sends her best love.

"Ever your most affectionate,
"JOHN BROWN."

"ENGLEBOURN RECTORY,
"*June 28th*, 184—.

"DEAREST MARY,—How good of you to write to me so soon! Your letter has come like a gleam of sunshine. I am in the midst of worries already. Indeed, as you know, I could never quite throw off the fear of what might be happening here, while we were enjoying ourselves at Oxford, and it has all turned out even worse than I expected. I shall never be able to go away again in comfort, I think. And yet, if I had been here, I don't know that I could have done any good. It is so very sad that poor papa is unable to attend to his magistrate's business, and he has been worse than usual, quite laid up in fact, since our return. There is no other magistrate—not even a gentleman in the place, as you know, except the curate, and they will not listen to him, even if he would interfere in their quarrels. But he says he will not meddle with secular matters; and, poor man, I cannot blame him, for it is very sad and wearing to be mixed up in it all.

"But now I must tell you all my troubles. You remember the men whom we saw mowing together just before we went to Oxford. Betty Winburn's son was one of them, and I am afraid the rest are not at all good company for him. When they had finished papa's hay, they went to mow for farmer Tester. You must remember him, dear, I am sure; the tall gaunt man, with heavy thick lips, and a broken nose, and the top of his head quite flat, as if it had been cut off a little above his eyebrows. He is a very miserly man, and a hard master; at least all the poor people tell me so, and he looks cruel. I have always been afraid of him, and disliked him, for I remember as a child hearing papa complain how troublesome he was in the vestry; and except old Simon, who, I believe, only does it from perverseness, I have never heard anybody speak well of him.

"The first day that the men went to mow for farmer Tester, he gave them sour beer to drink. You see, dear, they bargain to mow for so much money and their beer. They were very discontented at this, and they lost a good deal of time going to complain to him about it, and they had high words.

"The men said that the beer wasn't fit for pigs, and the farmer said it was quite good enough 'for such as they,' and if they didn't like his beer they might buy their own. In the evening, too, he came down and complained that the mowing was bad, and then there were more high words, for the men are very jealous about their work. However, they went to work as usual the next morning, and all might have gone off, but in the day farmer Tester found two pigs in his turnip field which adjoins the common, and had them put in the pound. One of these pigs belonged to Betty Winburn's son, and the other to one of the men who was mowing with him; so, when they came home at night, they found what had happened.

"The constable is our pound-keeper, the little man who amused you so much: he plays the bass-viol in church. When he puts any beasts into the pound he

cuts a stick in two, and gives one piece to the person who brings the beasts, and keeps the other himself; and the owner of the beasts has to bring the other end of the stick to him before he can let them out. Therefore, the owner, you see, must go to the person who has pounded his beasts, and make a bargain with him for payment of the damage which has been done, and so get back the other end of the stick, which they call the tally, to produce to the pound-keeper.

"Well, the men went off to the constable's when they heard their pigs were pounded, to find who had the tally, and, when they found it was farmer Tester, they went in a body to his house, to remonstrate with him, and learn what he set the damages at. The farmer used dreadful language to them, I hear, and said they weren't fit to have pigs, and must pay half-a-crown for each pig, before they should have the tally; and the men irritated him by telling him that his fences were a shame to the parish, because he was too stingy to have them mended, and that the pigs couldn't have found half-a-crown's worth of turnips in the whole field, for he never put any manure on it, except what he could get off the road, which ought to belong to the poor. At last the farmer drove them away, saying that he should stop the money out of the price he was to pay for their mowing.

"Then there was very near being a riot in the parish; for some of the men are very reckless people, and they went in the evening, and blew horns, and beat kettles before his house, till the constable, who has behaved very well, persuaded them to go away.

"In the morning one of the pigs had been taken out of the pound; not Betty's son's, I am glad to say, for no doubt it was very wrong of the men to take it out. The farmer was furious, and went with the constable in the morning to find the pig, but they could hear nothing of it anywhere. James Pope, the man to whom it belonged, only laughed at them, and said that he never could keep his pig in himself, because it was grandson to one of the acting pigs that went about to the fairs, and all the pigs of that family took to climbing naturally; so his pig must have climbed out of the pound. This of course was all a story: the men had lifted the pig out of the pound, and then killed it, so that the farmer might not find it, and sold the meat cheap all over the parish. Betty went to the farmer that morning, and paid the half-crown, and got her son's pig out before he came home; but farmer Tester stopped the other half-crown out of the men's wages, which made matters worse than ever.

"The day that we were in the theatre at Oxford, farmer Tester was away at one of the markets. He turns his big cattle out to graze on the common, which the poor people say he has no right to do, and in the afternoon a pony of his got into the allotments, and Betty's son caught it, and took it to the constable, and had it put in the pound. The constable tried to persuade him not to do it, but it was of no use; and so, when farmer Tester came home, he found that his turn had come. I am afraid that he was not sober, for I hear that he behaved dreadfully both to the constable and to Betty's son, and, when he found that he could not frighten them, he declared he would have the law of them if it cost him twenty pounds. So in the morning he went to fetch his lawyer, and when we got home you can fancy what a scene it was.

"You remember how poorly papa was when you left us at Lambourn. By the time we got home he was quite knocked up, and so nervous that he was fit for nothing except to have a quiet cup of tea in his own room. I was sure, as we drove up the street, there was something the matter. The hostler was watching outside the Red Lion, and ran in as soon as we came in sight; and, as we passed the door, out came farmer Tester, looking very flushed in the face, and carrying his great iron-handled whip, and a person with him, who I found was his lawyer, and they marched after the carriage. Then the constable was standing at his door too, and he came after us, and there

was a group of men outside the rectory gate. We had not been in the house five minutes before the servant came in to say that farmer Tester and a gentleman wanted to see papa on particular business. Papa sent out word he was very unwell, and that it was not the proper time to come on business; he would see them the next day at twelve o'clock. But they would not go away, and then papa asked me to go out and see them. You can fancy how disagreeable it was; and I was so angry with them for coming, when they knew how nervous papa is after a journey, as well as that I could not have patience to persuade them to leave; and so at last they made poor papa see them after all. He was lying on a sofa, and quite unfit to cope with a hard bad man like farmer Tester, and a fluent plausible lawyer. They told their story all their own way, and the farmer declared that the man had tempted the pony into the allotments with corn. And the lawyer said that the constable had no right to keep the pony in the pound, and that he was liable to all sorts of punishments. They wanted papa to make an order at once for the pound to be opened, and I think he would have done so, but I asked him in a whisper to send for the constable, and hear what he had to say. The constable was waiting in the kitchen, so he came in in a minute. You can't think how well he behaved; I have quite forgiven him all his obstinacy about the singing. He told the whole story about the pigs, and how farmer Tester had stopped money out of the men's wages. And when the lawyer tried to frighten him, he answered him quite boldly, that he mightn't know so much about the law, but he knew what was always the custom long before his time at Englebourn about the pound, and if farmer Tester wanted his beast out, he must bring the tally like another man. Then the lawyer appealed to papa about the law, and said how absurd it was, and that if such a custom were to be upheld, the man who had the tally might charge £100 for the damage. And poor papa looked through his law books, and could find nothing about it all; and while he was doing it farmer Tester began to abuse the constable, and said he sided with all the good-for-nothing fellows in the parish, and that bad blood would come of it. But the constable quite fired up at that, and told him that it was such as he who made bad blood in the parish, and that poor folks had their rights as well as their betters, and should have them while he was constable. If he got papa's order to open the pound, he supposed he must do it, and 'twas not for him to say what was law, but Harry Winburn had had to get the tally for his pig from farmer Tester, and what was fair for one was fair for all.

"I was afraid papa would have made the order, but the lawyer said something at last which made him take the other side. So he settled that the farmer should pay five shillings for the tally, which was what he had taken from Betty, and had stopped out of the wages, and that was the only order he would make, and the lawyer might do what he pleased about it. The constable seemed satisfied with this, and undertook to take the money down to Harry Winburn, for farmer Tester declared he would sooner let the pony starve than go himself. And so papa got rid of them after an hour and more of this talk. The lawyer and farmer Tester went away grumbling and very angry to the Red Lion. I was very anxious to hear how the matter ended; so I sent after the constable to ask him to come back and see me when he had settled it all, and about nine o'clock he came. He had had a very hard job to get Harry Winburn to take the money, and give up the tally. The men said that, if farmer Tester could make them pay half a crown for a pig in his turnips, which were no bigger than radishes, he ought to pay ten shillings at least for his pony trampling down their corn, which was half grown; and I couldn't help thinking this seemed very reasonable. In the end, however, the constable had persuaded them to take the money, and so the pony was let out.

"I told him how pleased I was at the

way he had behaved, but the little man didn't seem quite satisfied himself. He should have liked to have given the lawyer a piece more of his mind, he said, only he was no scholar; 'but I've a got all the feelins of a man, miss, though I med'nt have the ways o' bringin' on 'em out.' You see I am quite coming round to your opinion about him. But when I said that I hoped all the trouble was over, he shook his head, and he seems to think that the men will not forget it, and that some of the wild ones will be trying to pay farmer Tester out in the winter nights, and I could see he was very anxious about Harry Winburn; so I promised him to go and see Betty.

"I went down to her cottage yesterday, and found her very low, poor old soul, about her son. She has had a bad attack again, and I am afraid her heart is not right. She will not live long if she has much to make her anxious, and how is that to be avoided? For her son's courting is all going wrong, she can see, though he will not tell her anything about it; but he gets more moody and restless, she says, and don't take a pride in anything, not even in his flowers or his allotment; and he takes to going about, more and more every day, with these men, who will be sure to lead him into trouble.

"After I left her, I walked up to the Hawk's Lynch, to see whether the view and the air would not do me good; and it did do me a great deal of good, dear, and I thought of you, and when I should see your bright face and hear your happy laugh again. The village looked so pretty and peaceful. I could hardly believe, while I was up there, that there were all these miserable quarrels and heartburnings going on in it. I suppose they go on everywhere, but one can't help feeling as if there were something specially hard in those which come under one's own eyes, and touch oneself. And then they are so frivolous, and everything might go on so comfortably if people would only be reasonable. I ought to have been a man, I am sure, and then I might, perhaps, be able to do more, and should have more influence. If poor papa were only well and strong!

"But, dear, I shall tire you with all these long histories and complainings. I have run on till I have no room left for anything else; but you can't think what a comfort it is to me to write it all to you, for I have no one to tell it to. I feel so much better, and more cheerful since I sat down to write this. You must give my dear love to uncle and aunt, and let me hear from you again whenever you have time. If you could come over again and stay for a few days it would be very kind; but I must not press it, as there is nothing to attract you here, only we might talk over all that we did and saw at Oxford.—Ever, dearest Mary, your very affectionate cousin, KATIE.

"P. S.—I should like to have the pattern of the jacket you wore the last day at Oxford. Could you cut it out in thin paper, and send it in your next?"

"*July* —, 184—.

"MY DEAR BROWN,—I was very glad to see your hand, and to hear such flourishing accounts of your vacation doings. You won't get any like announcement out of me, for cricket has not yet come so far west as this, at least not to settle. We have a few pioneers and squatters in the villages; but, I am sorry to say, nothing yet like matches between the elevens of districts. Neighbours we have none, except the rector; so I have plenty of spare time, some of which I feel greatly disposed to devote to you; and I hope you won't find me too tedious to read.

"It is very kind of your father to wish that you should be my first pupil, and to propose that I should spend the last month of this vacation with you in Berkshire. But I do not like to give up a whole month. My father is getting old and infirm, and I can see that it would be a great trial to him, although he urges it, and is always telling me not to let him keep me at home. What do you say to meeting me half way? I mean, that you should

come here for half of the time, and then that I should return with you for the last fortnight of the vacation. This I could manage perfectly.

"But you cannot in any case be my first pupil; for, not to mention that I have been, as you know, teaching for some years, I have a pupil here at this minute. You are not likely to guess who it is, though you know him well enough—perhaps I should say too well—so, in a word, it is Blake. I had not been at home three days before I got a letter from him, asking me to take him, and putting it in such a way that I couldn't refuse. I would sooner not have had him, as I had already got out of taking a reading party with some trouble, and felt inclined to enjoy myself here in dignified idleness till next term. But what can you do when a man puts it to you as a great personal favour, &c. &c.? So I wrote to accept. You may imagine my disgust a day or two afterwards, at getting a letter from an uncle of his, some official person in London apparently, treating the whole matter in a *business* point of view, and me as if I were a training groom. He is good enough to suggest a stimulant to me in the shape of extra pay and his future patronage in the event of his nephew's taking a first in Michaelmas term. If I had received this letter before, I think it would have turned the scale, and I should have refused. But the thing was done, and Blake isn't fairly responsible for his relative's views.

"So here he has been for a fortnight. He took a lodging in the village at first; but of course my dear old father's ideas of hospitality were shocked at this, and here he is, our inmate.

"He reads fiercely by fits and starts. A feeling of personal hatred against the examiners seems to urge him on more than any other motive; but this will not be strong enough to keep him to regular work, and without regular work he won't do, notwithstanding all his cleverness, and he is a marvellously clever fellow. So the first thing I have to do is to get him steadily to the collar, and how to do it is a pretty particular puzzle. For he hasn't a grain of enthusiasm in his composition, nor any power, as far as I can see, of throwing himself into the times and scenes of which he is reading. The philosophy of Greece and the history of Rome are matters of perfect indifference to him—to be got up by catch-words and dates for examination, and nothing more. I don't think he would care a straw if Socrates had never lived, or Hannibal had destroyed Rome. The greatest names and deeds of the old world are just so many dead counters to him—the Jewish just as much as the rest. I tried him with the story of the attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to conquer the Jews, and the glorious rising of all that was living in the Holy Land under the Maccabees. Not a bit of it; I couldn't get a spark out of him. He wouldn't even read the story because it is in the Apocrypha, and so, as he said, the d—d examiners couldn't ask him anything about it in the schools.

"Then his sense of duty is quite undeveloped. He has no notion of going on doing anything disagreeable because he ought. So here I am at fault again. Ambition he has in abundance; in fact so strongly, that very likely it may in the end pull him through, and make him work hard enough for his Oxford purposes at any rate. But it wants repressing rather than encouragement, and I certainly shan't appeal to it.

"You will begin to think I dislike him and want to get rid of him, but it isn't the case. You know what a good temper he has, and how remarkably well he talks; so he makes himself very pleasant, and my father evidently enjoys his company; and then to be in constant intercourse with a subtle intellect like his, is pleasantly exciting, and keeps one alive and at high pressure, though one can't help always wishing that it had a little heat in it. You would be immensely amused if you could drop in on us.

"I think I have told you, or you must have seen it for yourself, that my father's principles are true blue, as becomes a sailor of the time of the great war, while his instincts and practice are liberal in

the extreme. Our rector, on the contrary, is liberal in principles, but an aristocrat of the aristocrats in instinct and practice. They are always ready enough therefore to do battle, and Blake delights in the war, and fans it and takes part in it as a sort of free lance, laying little logical pit-falls for the combatants alternately, with that deferential manner of his. He gets some sort of intellectual pleasure, I suppose, out of seeing where they *ought* to tumble in; for tumble in they don't, but clear his pit-falls in their stride—at least my father does—quite innocent of having neglected to distribute his middle term; and the rector, if he has some inkling of these traps, brushes them aside, and disdains to spend powder on any one but his old adversary and friend. I employ myself in trying to come down ruthlessly on Blake himself; and so we spend our evenings after dinner, which comes off at the primitive hour of five. We used to dine at three, but my father has conformed now to College hours. If the rector does not come, instead of argumentative talk, we get stories out of my father. In the mornings we bathe, and boat, and read. So, you see, he and I have plenty of one another's company, and it is certainly odd that we get on so well with so very few points of sympathy. But, luckily, besides his good temper and cleverness, he has plenty of humour. On the whole, I think we shall rub through the two months which he is to spend here without getting to hate one another, though there is little chance of our becoming friends. Besides putting some history and science into him (scholarship he does not need), I shall be satisfied if I can make him give up his use of the pronoun 'you' before he goes. In talking of the corn laws, or foreign policy, or India, or any other political subject, however interesting, he never will identify himself as an Englishman; and '*you* do this,' or '*you* expect that,' is for ever in his mouth, speaking of his own countrymen. I believe if the French were to land tomorrow on Portland, he would comment on our attempts to dislodge them as if he had no concern with the business except as a looker-on.

"You will think all this a rather slow return for your jolly gossiping letter, full of cricket, archery, fishing, and I know not what pleasant goings-on. But what is one to do? one can only write about what is one's subject of interest for the time being, and Blake stands in that relation to me just now. I should prefer it otherwise, but *si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a.* I have no incident to relate; these parts get on without incidents somehow, and without society. I wish there were some, particularly ladies' society. I break the tenth commandment constantly, thinking of Commemoration, and that you are within a ride of Miss Winter and her cousin. When you see them next, pray present my respectful compliments. It is a sort of consolation to think that one may cross their fancy for a moment and be remembered as part of a picture which gives them pleasure. With which piece of sentiment I may as well shut up. Don't you forget my message now, and—

"Believe me, ever yours most truly,

"JOHN HARDY.

"P. S. I mean to speak to Blake, when I get a chance, of that wretched debt which you have paid, unless you object. I should think better of him if he seemed more uncomfortable about his affairs. After all he may be more so than I think, for he is very reserved on such subjects."

"ENGLEBOURN RECTORY, *July*, 184—.

"DEAREST MARY,—I send the coachman with this note, in order that you may not be anxious about me. I have just returned from poor Betty Winburn's cottage to write it. She is very very ill, and I do not think can last out more than a day or two; and she seems to cling to me so that I cannot have the heart to leave her. Indeed, if I could make up my mind to do it, I should never get her poor white eager face out of my head all day, so that I should be very bad

company and quite out of place at your party, making everybody melancholy and uncomfortable who came near me. So, dear, I am not coming. Of course it is a great disappointment. I had set my heart on being with you, and enjoying it all thoroughly; and even at breakfast this morning knew of nothing to hinder me. My dress is actually lying on the bed at this minute, and it looks very pretty, especially the jacket like yours, which I and Hopkins have managed to make up from the pattern you sent, though you forgot the sleeves, which made it rather hard to do. Ah, well; it is of no use to think of how pleasant things would have been which one cannot have. You must write me an account of how it all went off, dear; or perhaps you can manage to get over here before long to tell me.

"I must now go back to poor Betty. She is such a faithful, patient old thing, and has been such a good woman all her life that there is nothing painful in being by her now, and one feels sure that it will be much happier and better for her to be at rest. If she could only feel comfortable about her son, I am sure she would think so herself. Oh, I forgot to say that her attack was brought on by the shock of hearing that he had been summoned for an assault. Farmer Tester's son, a young man of about his own age, has it seems been of late waylaying Simon's daughter and making love to her. It is so very hard to make out the truth in matters of this kind. Hopkins says she is a dressed-up little minx who runs after all the young men in the parish; but really, from what I see and hear from other persons, I think she is a good girl enough. Even Betty, who looks on her as the cause of most of her own trouble, has never said a word to make me think that she is at all a light person, or more fond of admiration than any other good-looking girl in the parish.

"But those Testers are a very wicked set. You cannot think what a misfortune it is in a place like this to have these rich families with estates of their own, in which the young men begin to think themselves above the common farmers. They ape the gentlemen, and give themselves great airs, but of course no gentleman will associate with them, as they are quite uneducated; and the consequence is that they live a great deal at home, and give themselves up to all kinds of wickedness. This young Tester is one of these. His father is a very bad old man, and does a great deal of harm here; and the son is following in his steps, and is quite as bad, or worse. So you see I shall not easily believe that Harry Winburn has been much in the wrong. However, all I know of it at present is that young Tester was beaten by Harry yesterday evening in the village street, and that they came to papa at once for a summons.

"Oh, here is the coachman ready to start; so I must conclude, dear, and go back to my patient. I shall often think of you during the day. I am sure you will have a charming party. With best love to all, believe me, ever dearest,

"Your most affectionate

"KATIE.

"P. S.—I am very glad that uncle and aunt take to Tom, and that he is staying with you for some days. You will find him very useful in making the party go off well, I am sure."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMUSEMENTS AT BARTON MANOR.

"A LETTER, Miss, from Englebourn," said a footman, coming up to Mary with the note given at the end of the last chapter on a waiter. She took it and tore it open; and, while she is reading it, the reader may be introduced to the place and company in which we find her. The scene is a large old-fashioned square brick house, backed by fine trees, in the tops of which the rooks live, and the jackdaws and starlings in the many holes which time has worn in the old trunks; but they are all away on this fine summer morning, seeking their

meal and enjoying themselves in the neighbouring fields. In front of the house is a pretty flower garden, separated by a haw-haw from a large pasture, sloping southwards gently down to a brook, which glides along through watercress and willow beds to join the Kennet. The beasts have all been driven off, and on the upper part of the field, nearest the house, two men are fixing up a third pair of targets on the rich short grass. A large tent is pitched near the archery-ground, to hold quivers and bow-cases, and luncheon, and to shelter lookers-on from the mid-day sun. Beyond the brook a pleasant, well-timbered country lies, with high chalk-downs for an horizon, ending in Marlborough hill, faint and blue in the west. This is the place which Mary's father has taken for the summer and autumn, and where she is fast becoming the pet of the neighbourhood.

It will not perhaps surprise readers to find that our hero has managed to find his way to Barton Manor in the second week of the vacation, and, having made the most of his opportunities, is acknowledged as a cousin by Mr. and Mrs. Porter. Their boys are at home for the holidays, and Mr. Porter's great wish is that they should get used to the country in their summer holidays. And as they have spent most of their childhood and boyhood in London, to which he has been tied pretty closely hitherto, this is a great opportunity. The boys only wanted a preceptor, and Tom presented himself at the right moment, and soon became the hero of Charley and Neddy Porter. He taught them to throw flies and bait crawfish nets, to bat fowl, and ferret for rabbits, and to saddle and ride their ponies, besides getting up games of cricket in the spare evenings, which kept him away from Mr. Porter's dinner-table. This last piece of self-denial, as he considered it, quite won over that gentleman, who agreed with his wife that Tom was just the sort of companion they would like for the boys, and so the house was thrown open to him.

The boys were always clamouring for him when he was away, and making their mother write off to press him to come again; which he, being a very good-natured young man, and particularly fond of boys, was ready enough to do. So this was the third visit he had paid in a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown wondered a little that he should be so very fond of the young Porters, who were good boys enough, but very much like other boys of thirteen and fifteen, of whom there were several in the neighbourhood. He had indeed just mentioned an elder sister, but so casually that their attention had not been drawn to the fact, which had almost slipped out of their memories. On the other hand, Tom seemed so completely to identify himself with the boys and their pursuits, that it never occurred to their father and mother, who were doatingly fond of them, that, after all, they might not be the only attraction. Mary seemed to take very little notice of him, and went on with her own pursuits much as usual. It was true that she liked keeping the score at cricket, and coming to look at them fishing or rabbiting in her walks; but all that was very natural. It is a curious and merciful dispensation of Providence that most fathers and mothers seem never to be capable of remembering their own experience, and will probably go on till the end of time thinking of their sons of twenty and daughters of sixteen or seventeen as mere children, who may be allowed to run about together as much as they please. And, where it is otherwise, the results are not very different, for there are certain mysterious ways of holding intercourse implanted in the youth of both sexes, against which no vigilance can avail.

So on this, her great fête day, Tom had been helping Mary all the morning in dressing the rooms with flowers, and arranging all the details—where people were to sit at the cold dinner; how to find the proper number of seats; how the dining-room was to be cleared in time for dancing when the dew began to fall. In all which matters there were many obvious occasions for those

petits soins which are much valued by persons in like situations; and Tom was not sorry that the boys had voted the whole preparations a bore, and had gone off to the brook to gropple in the bank for crawfish till the shooting began. The arrival of the note had been the first *contre-temps* of the morning, and they were now expecting guests to arrive every minute.

"What is the matter? No bad news, I hope," he said, seeing her vexed expression.

"Why, Katie can't come. I declare I could sit down and cry. I shan't enjoy the party a bit now, and I wish it were all over."

"I am sure Katie would be very unhappy if she thought you were going to spoil your day's pleasure on her account."

"Yes, I know she would; but it is so provoking when I had looked forward so to having her."

"You have never told me why she cannot come; she was quite full of it all when I saw her a few days back."

"Oh, there is a poor old woman in the village dying who is a great friend of Katie's. Here is her letter; let me see," she said, glancing over it to see that there was nothing in it which she did not wish him to read, "you may read it, if you like."

Tom began reading. "Betty Winburn," he said, when he came to the name, "what, poor dear old Betty! why I've known her ever since I was born. She used to live in our parish, and I haven't seen her this eight years nearly. And her boy Harry, I wonder what has become of him?"

"You will see if you read on," said Mary; and so he read to the end, and then folded it up and returned it.

"So poor old Betty is dying. Well, she was always a good soul, and very kind to me when I was a boy. I should like to see her once again, and perhaps I might be able to do something for her son."

"Why should we not ride over to Englebourn to-morrow? They will be glad to get us out of the way while the house is being straightened."

"I should like it of all things, if it can be managed."

"Oh, I will manage it somehow, for I must go and see that dear Katie. I do feel so ashamed of myself when I think of all the good she is doing, and I do nothing but put flowers about, and play the piano. Isn't she an angel now?"

"Of course she is."

"Yes; but I won't have that sort of matter-of-course acquiescence. Now, do you really mean that Katie is as good as an angel?"

"As seriously as if I saw the wings growing out of her shoulders, and dew drops hanging on them."

"You deserve to have some things not at all like wings growing out of your head. How is it that you never see when I don't want you to talk your nonsense?"

"How am I to talk sense about angels? I don't know anything about them."

"You know what I mean, perfectly. I say that dear Katie is an angel, and I mean that I don't know anything in her —no, not one single thing—which I should like to have changed. If the angels are all as good as she"——

"*If!* why I shall begin to doubt your orthodoxy."

"You don't know what I was going to say."

"It doesn't matter what you were going to say. You couldn't have brought that sentence round to an orthodox conclusion. Oh, please don't look angry, now. Yes, I quite see what you mean. You can think of Katie just as she is now in Heaven, without being shocked."

Mary paused for a moment before she answered, as if she were rather taken by surprise at this way of putting her meaning, and then said seriously—

"Indeed, I can. I think we should all be perfectly happy if we were all as good as she is."

"But she is not very happy herself, I am afraid."

"Of course not; how can she be,

when all the people about her are so troublesome and selfish?"

"I can't fancy an angel the least like Uncle Robert, can you?"

"I won't talk about angels any more. You have made me feel quite as if I had been saying something wicked."

"Now really it is too hard that you should lay the blame on me, when you began the subject yourself. You ought at least to let me say what I have to say about angels."

"Why, you said you knew nothing about them half a minute ago."

"But I may have my notions like other people. You have your notions. Katie is your angel."

"Well, then, what are your notions?"

"Katie is rather too dark for my idea of an angel. I can't fancy a dark angel."

"Why, how can you call Katie dark?"

"I only say she is too dark for my idea of an angel."

"Well, go on."

"Then, she is rather too grave."

"Too grave for an angel!"

"For my idea of an angel—one doesn't want one's angel to be like oneself, and I am so grave, you know."

"Yes, very. Then your angel is to be a laughing angel. A laughing angel, and yet very sensible; never talking nonsense?"

"Oh, I didn't say that."

"But you said he wasn't to be like you."

"*He!* who in the world do you mean by *he?*"

"Why, your angel, of course."

"My angel! You don't really suppose that my angel is to be a man?"

"I have no time to think about it. Look, they are putting those targets quite crooked. You are responsible for the targets; we must go and get them straight."

They walked across the ground towards the targets, and Tom settled them according to his notions of opposites.

"After all, archery is slow work," he said, when the targets were settled satisfactorily. "I don't believe anybody really enjoys it."

"Now that is because you men haven't it all to yourselves. You are jealous of any sort of game in which we can join. I believe you are afraid of being beaten."

"On the contrary, that is its only recommendation, that you can join in it."

"Well, I think that ought to be recommendation enough. But I believe it is much harder than most of your games. You can't shoot half as well as you play cricket, can you?"

"No, because I never practise. It isn't exciting to be walking up and down between two targets, and doing the same thing over and over again. Why, you don't find it so yourself. You hardly ever shoot."

"Indeed I do though, constantly."

"Why, I have scarcely ever seen you shooting."

"That is because you are away with the boys all day."

"Oh, I am never too far to know what is going on. I'm sure you have never practised for more than a quarter of an hour any day that I have been here."

"Well, perhaps I may not have. But I tell you I am very fond of it."

Here the two boys came up from the brook, Neddy with his Scotch cap full of cray-fish.

"Why, you wretched boys, where have you been? You are not fit to be seen," said Mary, shaking the arrows at them, which she was carrying in her hand. "Go and dress directly, or you will be late. I think I heard a carriage drive up just now."

"Oh, there's plenty of time. Look what whackers, cousin Tom," said Charley, holding out one of his prizes by its back towards Tom, while the indignant cray-fish flapped its tail and worked about with its claws in the hopes of getting hold of something to pinch.

"I don't believe those boys have been dry for two hours together in daylight since you first came here," said Mary to Tom.

"Well, and they're all the better for it, I'm sure," said Tom.

"Yes, that we are," said Charley.

"I say, Charley," said Tom, "your sister says she is very fond of shooting."

"Ay, and so she is. And isn't she a good shot too? I believe she would beat you at fifty yards."

"There now, you see, you need not have been so unbelieving," said Mary.

"Will you give her a shot at your new hat, cousin Tom?" said Neddy.

"Yes, Neddy, that I will;" and he added to Mary, "I will bet you a pair of gloves you do not hit it in three shots."

"Very well," said Mary, "at thirty yards."

"No, no! fifty yards was the named distance."

"No, fifty yards is too far. Why, your hat is not bigger than the gold."

"Well, I don't mind splitting the difference; we will say forty."

"Very well—three shots at forty yards."

"Yes; here, Charley, run and hang my hat on that target." The boys rushed off with the hat—a new white one—and hung it with a bit of string over the centre of one of the targets, and then, stepping a little aside, stood, clapping their hands, shouting to Mary to take good aim.

"You must string my bow," she said, handing it to him as she buckled on her guard. "Now, do you repent? I am going to do my best, mind, if I do shoot."

"I scorn repentance: do your worst," said Tom, stringing the bow and handing it back to her. "And now I will hold your arrows; here is the forty yards."

Mary came to the place which he had stepped, her eyes full of fun and mischief; and he saw at once that she knew what she was about as she took her position and drew the first arrow. It missed the hat by some three inches only, and the boys clapped and shouted.

"Too near to be pleasant," said Tom, handing the second arrow. "I see you can shoot."

"Well, I will let you off still."

"Gloves and all?"

"No, of course you must pay the gloves."

"Shoot away then. Ah, that will do," he cried, as the second arrow struck considerably above the hat, "I shall get my gloves yet," and he handed the third arrow. They were too intent on the business in hand to observe that Mr. and Mrs. Porter and several guests were already on the hand bridge which crossed the haw-haw.

Mary drew her third arrow, paused a moment, loosed it, and this time with fatal aim.

The boys rushed to the target, towards which Mary and Tom also hurried, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and the new comers following more quietly.

"Oh, look here—what fun," said Charley, as Tom came up, holding up the hat spiked on the arrow which he had drawn out of the target.

"What a wicked shot," he said, taking the hat and turning to Mary. "Look here, you have actually gone through three places—through crown, and side, and brim."

Mary began to feel quite sorry at her own success, and looked at the wounded hat sorrowfully.

"Hullo, look here—here's papa and mamma and some people, and we ain't dressed. Come along, Neddy," and the boys made away towards the back premises, while Mary and Tom, turning round, found themselves in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. Brown, and two or three other guests.

To be continued.

THREE WEEKS' "LOAFING" IN ARRAN.

BY CORNWALL SIMEON.

On the 13th of August (the 12th was Sunday) instead of, according to our wont, following the yet unsuspecting grouse, or endeavouring to adapt our fly to the caprices of the wily salmon, we found ourselves anchored, or at least brought up, in Arran. We had hoped to have occupied independent quarters

on some moor on the N.W. coast, but, as the period during which we should have occupied them would probably not have exceeded six weeks or so, and might have been still further abridged, we considered that *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle* of a year's rent, particularly as we had failed to hear of any place which exactly suited us. We therefore determined to come northwards on a roving commission, not tied to any locality, or even line of country, but with the general notion of coasting along, making inquiries as we went, and being ready, like a vagrant hermit-crab in search of a lodging, to adapt ourselves to any shell that might happen to suit us.

With this crude and indefinite plan for our autumn campaign before us, we (a friend and myself) met, by appointment, in Greenock, he hailing from the west of Ireland, where he had been enjoying some enviably pleasant fishing, myself from London.

As all the world was thus before us, and we had no particular opinion as to our first halting place, Arran was proposed; not with any idea of finding there what we were in search of in the way of sport, but because, in the first place, it was very easy of access; in the next, because we had heard much of the natural beauties of the island; and lastly, because, judging from an experience of some years, we knew quite well that if we were actually bound for any specific moor, we should not have strength of purpose sufficient to devote a day to it, and that it was now or never with us. The proposition to take advantage of our leisure thus to pay Arran a visit *en passant* being carried *nem. con.*, we came off by the *Juno*, one of the fastest of the Clyde steamers, which, conveniently enough, leaves Greenock at a quarter to four P.M., four or five hours after the arrival of the 9.15. P.M. train from the Euston station, and from which, in about three hours and a half, we disembarked at Brodick.

The Douglas Arms (better known as the Invercloy Inn), distant about a couple of hundred yards from the landing place, received us—a good inn, well situated, and possessing within itself most of the attributes which conduce to the comfort of the traveller or tourist. The view from it is also very fine. To the north (the right on landing), after a spell of broken conglomerate rock, stretches out in a bold sweep the breadth of Brodick Bay, backed by a fringe of wood, from amidst which rise the dull red-sandstone turrets of the Castle, topped in their turn by the peak of Goatfell and its neighbouring heights. On the south side runs along the shore a continuation of rock of the same conglomerate formation, a strange, tufa-like substance, into which (whatever may be the fact) many of the pebbles appear to have become very recently cemented, the whole forming together solidified masses of exceeding hardness. These, cut into here and there by the sea, or perhaps separated by early intestinal commotions of the earth, present at intervals deep, straight-sided crevasses of rugged and uninviting aspect. Every now and then these rocks are intersected by those mysterious trap-dykes, which are believed to have welled up from the molten sea beneath, under the pressure of the superincumbent mass. Occasionally, again, they are succeeded by strata of sandstone, which, possessing sub-strata of different degrees of hardness, has become water-worn into most eccentric shapes and patterns—at times large holes, regular and deep enough to step a mast in, as if the seals or mermaids had been rigging up an awning there by way of a change from sea-life; at others, in an intricate and delicate tracery of honeycombed or reticulated work, altogether as though the waves had occupied their spare time and exercised their ingenuity in tooling out on it the most fantastic figures.

At a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards from the present line of coast runs what was the sea-boundary, before had taken place that upheaval of the land or subsidence of the sea, which has thus added perhaps ten miles to the circumference of the island. This in-lying shore, constantly displaying throughout

its entire extent evident marks, in cave and hollow, of the former action of the water, though now very generally clothed with wood, rises to perhaps a hundred and eighty feet above the sea-level, and then, after yielding up some hundred yards of its upper surface-level to the plough, rises again, somewhat abruptly, to form the range of hills, which mark from a distance this extremity of the island. On ascending these a good view is obtained of the south-western side. Below, on the left, rises conspicuously the bluff height of Holy Island; opposite to it lies Lamlash (the Brighton of the island as it has, in mockery, been called,) with its bay—the *tout-ensemble* of these, by the way, forming from the road between Brodick and Lamlash, a little below the highest point, as striking and perfect a landscape as it is well possible to imagine—and then to the northward rise, peak cut by peak, the tops of the Chior-Mvor and Goatfell ranges, while on either side, in the distance, the eye wanders far away to Cantire, Argyllshire, Lanark, and Ayrshire.

There is no doubt that Brodick enjoys certain features, which would probably render it in the eyes of many persons preferable to other parts of the island, such for instance as the view along the north shore, which is indisputably very beautiful, the vicinity to Goatfell, the ascent to the top of which is considered by many tourists (the majority, we believe we may say) as the one great thing to be "done;" and last, but not least, we suspect, the influx of visitors, whose arrival and departure by the steamers is daily viewed with a vacant wondering interest by the residents, and imparts an air of what a Frenchman would call "*mouvement*" to the place. Whatever may be the attractions, it is very certain that they are such as induce those who resort thither for health or pleasure to stow themselves away in holes and corners which it would probably be difficult to get them to believe they could occupy elsewhere. It would indeed be no easy matter to find another place where the British tourist is driven to adopt such small proportions as the Isle of Arran. House-room being exceedingly limited, in consequence of restrictions as to building imposed by the owner of the soil, houses are crammed to a degree which it must be pleasanter to imagine than experience, and many are the shifts made to receive those who are determined, accommodation or no accommodation, to remain and "enjoy" themselves. Bathing-boxes at Lamlash are said to be considered luxuries at a shilling a night, and one roomy pigsty to be annually cleared of its legitimate occupants, whitewashed, and let out as "Lodgings for three people." But in spite of all these inconveniences many thousands annually come, and sun themselves on the shore, and look at the steamboats, and "do" Goatfell, and gain pleasure and health thereby, and are happy. "Small blame to them for that—if any"—let every man enjoy himself his own way, and the more of such innocent enjoyment he can get in due season the better.

There are, however, some people so peculiarly constituted that these features are not all accepted by them as attractions. The view from Invercloy certainly possessed a great charm; but the other two—the vicinity of Goatfell (having peculiar notions of our own as to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of going up hills), and the continual influx of fresh tourists, all full of the romantic, and bent on "doing" the island in the shortest possible time—we "didn't seem to care about." The fact that we were, comparatively speaking, *habitués*, seemed to be instinctively arrived at, and we being in consequence generally pitched upon as proper sources from which to derive all the information which, it was thought, we must have amassed with regard to Goatfell, &c. &c., the answers which we were in honesty compelled to give, evinced an amount of ignorance with regard to the points in question, which must have subjected us, it is feared, to remarks expressive at once of wonder and contempt. In fact, the repetition of these questions, and the succeeding exclamation, "What! not

been up Goatfell!" became somewhat tedious, not to say aggravating, as not being wholly destitute of personal reflection.

There was also another point, which was a *sine-quâ-non* with us, namely, bathing; and in this Brodick certainly does not shine. On the southern side of the landing-place, to a considerable distance, the shore is fenced in by a series of peculiarly rugged rocks, formed, as mentioned before, of conglomerate and sandstone. From these it is possible that, when the tide is up, a passable bathing-place might be looked out; though, by the way, it may be as well to take the bearings of the place at low-water, or the swimmer may find his legs skinned on an out-lying rock, when he thought himself well in the open, and out of harm's way. When the tide is out, however, it is scarcely possible to find a more uninviting place, or one proving on trial more eminently unsatisfactory. The rocks are rough, jagged, broken, and precipitous, rarely affording even the moderate amount of room required by the bather for his toilet; and, supposing him to have been deluded into making an essay, he too frequently finds beds of sea-weed of most luxuriant growth; some with their long waving streamers, or broad fans of amber; others of more delicate texture, like threads of the finest unravelled silk, red, white, and yellow, contrasting each with each, yet blending together in perfect harmony, lovely to look at in the clear water, but to the swimmer unpleasant to the last degree. He half swims over, half wades through, this tangled garden, at length begins to congratulate himself on having overcome this difficulty, and stretches himself out in earnest for his work, when he is brought up by the interminable strings of the *chorda filum* first catching him by the neck, then the arms, then the legs. He tries to free himself from them, much as Laocoon is represented as doing by the snakes; but thicker and thicker they become—so thick at last, that the attempt has to be resigned as hopeless, and the unfortunate swimmer paddles back, as best he may, to his extremely uncomfortable dressing-place among the angular rocks, somewhat fresher, it is true, but, like the boy with the Latin Grammar, decidedly under the impression that it is hardly worth going through so much to gain so little. This is no exaggerated account of the first and only bathe which I endured on the south side of the inn.

The next morning I fared even worse. Thinking that there *must* be some better ground further on, I prosecuted my search yard by yard, until I got nearly or quite a mile and a half from the inn. Instead of getting better, however, it appeared to become gradually worse and worse, and at last I had to give it up as a bad job, and return *re infectâ*. To improve my temper, it came on to rain as soon as I turned homewards, and I got back perfectly drenched, and with a thorough determination never to attempt to bathe on that side of the inn again.

The coast continues thus rock-bound for about a third of a mile on the other (the northern) side of the inn and landing-place, when, as you enter upon Brodick Bay, its character suddenly changes, and a long stretch of a fine, broad, white-sanded beach presents itself, separated through the greater part of its extent from the main-land by pools of water, communicating with the burn which flows into the sea on the further side. In the centre of this bay, the only part of it sufficiently distant (*quâ* decency) from the fringe of houses which skirt it, and so far as a purely sandy beach can afford good bathing, it *is* good; but, to my mind, this class of shore can never thoroughly satisfy an Epicurean in the art, diversion, or whatever it may be called. It is difficult, too, to forget that your position is commanded, though at a long range, by a large admiring population—to say nothing of the fact that this beach (the southern side of it at least) is the place where the lady visitors are wont to take their dips; the accommodation reserved for them consisting of one wretched little sentry-box, apparently just big enough to stand upright in, whence, having suited their toilet to the business in

hand, they walk down into the water. To make bathing perfect, a man should, as is happily expressed in Clough's *Bothie*, at any rate be "alone with himself and the goddess of bathing." Boats are procurable at the landing-place, and, on a calm sunny day, there is, perhaps, no way of bathing more thoroughly enjoyable than a header off the stern of a well-appointed boat into the deep, open sea; but during our short residence at Brodick, the rain was so constant, and the weather generally so coarse, that on that account alone a boat would have been anything but desirable, even had one not entertained a suspicion that, these particular boats being commonly employed for purposes of fishing, they might not unnaturally have contracted somewhat of an ancient and a fish-like smell.

While therefore fully admitting the attractions of Invercloy and Brodick, we were, for the reasons before mentioned, fastidious enough to fancy we might elsewhere find quarters which, so far as bathing and quiet were concerned, might suit us better; so, by way of an experiment, we chartered a cart (the postman's "gig" being that day taken up with sheep and cheeses), put our belongings into it, and walked across to the Corrie Inn, kept by Mrs. Jamieson, about six miles from Brodick, the road running along the level formed by the interval between the former and the present lines of shore.

We very soon after our arrival there found that we had made a change (to our minds) for the better. The experience of the first two or three days' trial, during which we partook of "neighbour's fare" in the public room, having satisfied us that we might do worse than bring up there for a week or so, we entered upon the occupation of a snug little room on the ground-floor, where, in addition to the advantage of being freed from the necessity of exposing our ignorance to the British tourist, we could indulge in the combined luxuries of privacy and tobacco, unknown in the public room. Here did we most thoroughly "take our ease in our inn;" for the scrupulous tidiness and quiet of the house, the care and attention of our worthy hostess, and the unremitting zeal of her excellent parlour-maid, really left little, if anything, to be desired which could contribute to our comfort.

The view from the inn is perhaps not so fine as that from Invercloy; for, though its range is wider, inasmuch as it commands the whole length of the coast down to Holy Island, whose bold outline, in some degree reminding one of the rock of Gibraltar, shuts it in on the southward, yet it wants the symmetrical beauty of that afforded by Brodick Bay and its noble mountain background. This, however, we considered to be more than made up for in other ways—one great point in its favour being that the house stands (occupying a position at the southern extremity of the range of houses which form the village of Corrie) close to the sea-beach, which meets the green-sward running down to it. Right pleasant was it here to sit and watch through a glass the movements of the water-birds, and particularly of those grand fellows the gannets, as they cruised along, probably from their home on Ailsa Crag, on their daily business of fishing. How different is this bird's mode of setting to work from that of all others of his class! What a purpose and a dash there is about him! Easily distinguishable by his earnest flight, his otherwise snow-white plumage, and black-capped wings, from the gulls which are desultorily careering about, on he comes with his spare, gaunt-looking head, steadily, about forty or fifty yards above the water, on which his hungry, eager eye is constantly intent. Of a sudden he spies a fish. Not an instant is lost. Quick as thought he is round, and, heading down straight and perpendicularly as a lump of lead would fall, making the spray fly in all directions, and with a splash that on a still day may be heard for near half a mile, he is upon him. A quarter of a minute or more may elapse before he again emerges, the interval having afforded him sufficient time not only to capture

his prey, but apparently to bolt it; for it is but by his postprandial gulps to get it well down and settle it in his insatiable maw that his success can be generally ascertained. This process satisfactorily completed, a few long flaps on the water serve to get him under way, and he is again on wing steadily pursuing his former course, and eagerly looking out for another fish. Three or four of these birds might thus not unfrequently be seen fishing together in company, one after another taking his downward plunge, and, after it, again falling into the general line of flight.

I could not help drawing a comparison between these birds and some others of an allied class, who by their ceaseless importunities constantly obtruded themselves on our notice, and whose habits were certainly as far removed from theirs as they well possibly could be. These others were simply common domestic ducks. There were thirteen of them, this number being made up of five independent ducks, accompanied by a monstrous obese over-grown drake (weighing no less than seven pounds, his owner told me), and another duck with a brood of six half-grown ducklings. Such sensual, lazy brutes, so utterly devoted to gormandising, and so helplessly indolent I never saw. One would have thought it would have been natural for ducks, living not twenty yards from the sea, occasionally to take a bath, particularly as they had no pond in which they might besport themselves, being, indeed, so short of water that I have repeatedly seen them drinking the rain-drops off one another's backs; but only on one occasion did I ever see any of them attempt to go down to it. The five independent ducks did then, indeed, one high tide, do so, one or two of the more courageous of them venturing in far enough to wet their feet, and then back they immediately came with as much gossiping and parade as if they had performed a mighty feat. Another day, after a rainy night, I heard them in a great state of excitement by the piggery. The occasion of this, on going to see what was the matter, I found to be that in this piggery, which was stone-faced and sunk about a foot and a half below the level of the soil, a small pond had been formed by the rain, by the edge of which some fowls were busily engaged in pecking up the waifs and strays of the pig's-trough. Now this pond was to the ducks evidently the perfection of a place to paddle in, and greatly were the fowls to be envied; but how was this precipice, which kept them from their anticipated pleasures, to be descended? They went all along the edge, quacking loudly and looking down wistfully as they went, one every now and then stopping, when she thought she had discovered a feasible place, and trying to make up her mind for the desperate leap; but it was too much. They might indeed have continued their attempts to descend, had not an incident occurred to divert them from their rash enterprise. One of them, in measuring the depth, actually got one of her legs over upon a smooth sloping stone; and, only succeeding in withdrawing it after a desperate struggle, in which she seemed to be as much alarmed as a man might when toppling over a rock a hundred feet high, she gave up the further prosecution of the attempt as hopeless and hazardous, and, turning away from the pond, was followed by the others, all quacking loudly in evident disappointment at being debarred from so charming a place of entertainment, and in envy of the fowls, whose lighter build enabled them to revel in its delicacies. The general character of the lives led by those ducks brought back to my recollection "The Notorious Glutton," in the Miss Taylors' clever *Original Poems*, and I could not but think that to this place might

> "All little ducklings be brought by their friends
> To see the disgrace in which gluttony ends."

The only feature in tame ducks which does not appear to partake in the general demoralization induced by their indolent and gormandising habits, is the eye. However much they may in other respects have become hebetated, and whatever power they may have lost in wing and leg (for all

these ducks generally, and the ducklings almost invariably, *sat* while grazing on the sward), the acuteness of eye still appears to remain unaffected; and what keenness and subtlety of expression is there not in that long, angular eye of a duck! Ever on the watch—quick to observe and ready—they seem in this respect far beyond all other denizens of the poultry-yard. Make but an unusual whistle or chirrup, while others continue to pursue their avocations regardless of it, every duck's head is at once turned up, on the watch for the winged enemy from whom they imagine it may possibly proceed.

The bathing places at Corrie, though not quite what might be wished, are yet sufficiently good. Close to the inn, just under the flagstaff, where a cutting alongside the ledge of rock which projects there, affords a harbour, partly natural, partly artificial, for the boats which wait upon the steamers, there is a corner affording ample room to dress, perfectly screened from observation, and whence a few strokes will, when the tide is up, take you into deep water, the principal thing to be guarded against being an outlying rock, projecting beyond the reef, upon which, unless you have previously noted its position, you are extremely likely (*experto crede*) to leave more of your epidermis than is at all pleasant. About a hundred and fifty yards from this place, on the north side, a mass of white sandstone projects into the sea, hog-backed near the shore, but broadening out towards its extremity, from the smooth sides of which could be taken a header of any height, up to six or eight feet, into ten or fifteen feet of the clearest water. This is, in itself, almost as perfect a bathing-place as it is possible to conceive, but it is, most unfortunately, deficient in one point, namely, seclusion, the upper part of the rock being uncomfortably exposed to the inn and other houses which skirt this part of the shore. At low-water, however, the upper part of the rock affords a sufficient shelter to any one bathing from the lower shelf of the extremity, while he can still get his header into the open water. A few pounds laid out in the erection of a screen, and in cutting away the rock a little into dressing stages, to suit the different times of tide, would render this a glorious bathing-place.

A walk of a couple of miles takes you from the Corrie Inn to the mouth of the Sannox-burn—the road continuing along the shore in character much like that between Corrie and Brodick, the adjacent level being redolent of the fragrant bog-myrtle, and not sparingly dotted with the delicate grass of Parnassus, two plants, perhaps as much as any others, characteristic of Scotland.

The crystal Sannox-burn (the name being a corruption from Sandy Oaks, it is said), after passing through some of the finest scenery in the Island, empties itself into the sea in the centre of a fine sandy bay (in character a good deal like that of Brodick), the northern extremity of which, where it abuts on the rocky ledge which succeeds it, generally formed our afternoon bathing ground, by no means ill suited for the purpose, combining, as it does, the merits of fine sand and tolerably smooth rocks for dressing on. When on this errand we had repeatedly seen here a ring-dotterel, who seemed always to have particular business at some thirty yards from us, endeavouring thus to inveigle us further along the coast. We shrewdly suspected from these movements of hers that the cause which led her to make them was in reality in an opposite direction, and one day, happening to cross the burn, instead of going round by the bridge, sure enough, we came upon it. There it was—scuttling up the beach among the sand as hard as it could go, making excellent use of its legs—her young one. We gave chase to it, when, on finding itself detected, it immediately squatted down in a hole in the sand, and, on our coming up, allowed itself to be taken up, as if it were perfectly helpless and had not yet learnt to walk. A pretty little mottled puff-ball it was with its white ring, bright eye, and stumpy tail. It made no attempt to escape from our hands, and

on being released nestled down again in the sand, perhaps to be complimented by its mother on the successful way in which it had played its part.

From just above this bathing-place is obtained one of the finest of the fine views up Glen Sannox, and grand indeed it is. The mass of Chior-Mvor shuts in the back-ground. Next in the range, on the right, comes Ceim-na-Cailliach (the Carlin's step). Then rise the battlemented tops of Caistael Abhael (the fortress of the Ptarmigan)—a name, by the way, more poetical than accurate, inasmuch as there are no ptarmigan on the Island—while on the nearest crest old Fergus lies supine with his Roman nose and heaven-directed countenance, dreaming, may-be, of the maiden, whose bosom (Ciod-na-Oich), exposed in somewhat unmaidenly fashion, shows conspicuously on the opposite portal of the Glen.

Continuing the coast line, we come, in about a mile or rather less, to the North Sannox burn, passing on our way the remarkable "blue rock," which rises to a height of about thirty yards, and extends for perhaps a hundred, almost as smooth and perpendicular as chisel and plummet could have rendered it; while the space from its very base to the sea is occupied by a meadow level and smooth enough for a bowling-green.

The stepping-stones of the North Sannox burn having been crossed (rather an awkward job when the water is in spate), a very pleasant walk of a couple of miles or so brings us to the "Fallen Rocks," great masses of the conglomerate, which, loosened from the hill-side by some convulsion of nature, have been precipitated to their present resting-place, where they lie, some in, some out of, the water in broken confusion.

Those who are fond of foraging for themselves will have, from the blue rock northward, as well as in many other places, abundant opportunities for exerting their talents on a profusion of raspberries, the under branches of which may be found, weighed down by the fruit, among the fern through which the comparatively sterile upper branches force their way, and also some strawberries, while the rills afford a plentiful supply of fine water-cress. To these may be added, for those who remain somewhat later in the season, nuts and blackberries, both this year in extraordinary quantities, besides, as we were informed, generally, an abundance of mushrooms.

Were we to pursue our walk, four or five miles further would bring us round the point to Loch Ranza; but it is time to turn back, varying our route, if you please, by a turn a little way up the side of the North Sannox burn. It is a sparkling quick-flowing stream, running down too rapidly from the hills to afford any but very diminutive brown trout, though every now and then a few small sea trout find their way a short distance above the sea. Some of the pools would do well enough for the fly (though the banks are throughout the lower parts of its course a good deal overgrown), but it is better suited for the worm, with which a good many may, when the water is in a proper state, be taken. They are, however, of such minute proportions, that we were not tempted to take our rods out of their cases. One pool, from its depth, breadth, and the transparent clearness of its water, offers itself invitingly for a bathe; but few, we suspect, would, with the sea within such easy reach, deliberately prefer fresh water, unless indeed they might be of the same mind as a gentleman whom we met at Invercloy, and who, when the respective merits of sea and fresh-water bathing were under discussion, delivered his opinion in favour of the latter, inasmuch as he was able *to clean himself so much more easily in it.*

In one or two of the streams on the other side of the island—the Macra burn and Blackwater, for instance—(as might have been suspected from their general character, and the richer nature of the soil through which they flow during the latter portions of their course) the trout are said to run somewhat larger. Salmon are occasionally caught

near the mouth of the Macra burn, where there is a very promising looking pool close to the foot-bridge; a few sea-trout also ascend them, but we fancy that most of them would repay the angler more by the lovely scenery through which they would lead him than by their actual contributions to his basket.

The sea-fishing, too, seems to be generally indifferent. Round the southern shores of the island they get enough fish (of the ordinary kinds) to make it worth their while to go out for pleasure, if not for profit, but off Corrie there is but little to be done in this way. We only tried it, it is true, for a couple of hours one day, but the result was absolutely *nil*, and the boatmen were too honest to press us to make a second attempt. Trailing a white fly along the shore (from a boat) for whiting pollock, seemed to be there the most successful mode of fishing.

So far as shooting is concerned, the general tourist may leave his gun behind him; for though there is plenty of game on the island, it is strictly preserved, and the only objects which he would probably find to discharge it at would be some useless and unoffending gulls, which he may just as well leave in peace.

Although the weather during the earlier part of the summer had been so cold and ungenial that the swallows evidently considered it was time for them to be off, and were already congregating for their winter migration, yet a favourable change took place, of which we, together with a couple of friends who happened to be domiciled in the neighbourhood, fortunately took advantage, to make a three days' tour of the island,—that being sufficient to give a general notion of the coast scenery. As it was perfectly successful, a slight sketch of it (though it is far from our intention to infringe on the handbook department) may not be unacceptable to others, who may be inclined to do likewise.

We chartered a dog-cart for the conveyance of our small *impedimenta*, taking a lift in it ourselves down hill and over good level ground, while we walked the rest. The first morning brought us to Lamlash, where, though crammed, as we expected, into somewhat confined quarters, we luckily escaped both the bathing-machines and the pigsty. This being but a short drive (only ten miles), we took out our leisure afternoon in a visit to and bathe from Holy Island.

Next morning, having been joined by an outlying member of our party, to suit whose convenience we had pulled up at Lamlash, we proceeded to Lag (fifteen miles by the shore road, ten by the hilly one across country), enjoying by the way a delicious bathe just beyond Whiting bay. The inn at Lag, universally well spoken of, appears to be in excellent hands, and its tidiness and the attention of the landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, made us regret that we were obliged to halt for the night further on. But the thing which made the most indelible impression on our minds was the appearance at luncheon-time of a Hebe and a bowl of potatoes. Such a specimen of a Highland Hebe, and such potatoes! The reader may remember, in Landseer's "Bolton Abbey," the figure of a lassie with a dish of fish. Let him picture to himself the former as she there appears, and for the latter substitute a bowl of perfect potatoes—heaped up, ripe, mealy, smoking, bursting through their skins as though they had fairly split their sides with laughing, and he will have some notion of the figure that is graven on our memories.

That evening took us on (about ten miles) to Shedoe, a small and not very interesting inn, whence starting (with no great reluctance) next morning, we, after devoting an hour *en route* to a visit to King's Cove, going *over* the hill and returning *round* it, so as to meet the cart by the shore (a walk of itself worth taking, to say nothing of the Cave), we baited and bathed at Imochair, a small roadside public, seven or eight miles further on, where the slaty rocks afford at low water most perfect aquariums, well stocked with animal

and vegetable life. A lovely walk and drive of eight or nine miles brought us to Loch Ranza, where a delay of nearly a couple of hours, in consequence of "some *gentlemen*" (as we were told, with a stress on the word "gentlemen" as we fancied) having ordered dinner, whilst *we* "had ordered only tea and herrings," gave us plenty of time to inspect the herring-boats, which, it being Saturday, were all drawn up in line, bows to shore, with a tall dark screen of nets, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, stretched before them—a very striking sight. They are fine cheery fellows those herring-fishermen. The other day at Corrie a boat came in late, after a coarse wet night, the men having been delayed from their nets getting all "harled up" by a sudden shift of wind, and consequently almost wholly unsuccessful, while other boats, in before them, had done comparatively well. One would have thought that if anything could have soured their temper it would have been this. But not a bit of it. There they were, cracking jokes with their more fortunate friends on shore, describing the mess they had got into, and telling how, while they were hung up, the herrings were "all in a boil round them, like a gale of wind," just as jolly and good-humoured as if the luck had been all on their side.

We left Loch Ranza as the sun was setting over the castled bay and its fleet of herring-boats, and in a couple of hours found ourselves back in our snug quarters at the Corrie Inn.

That scant justice has been done in this cursory sketch to the beauties and charms of this lovely island will be felt by those who are acquainted with her, and particularly by those who avail themselves of the varied fields which she opens to the artist, geologist, or botanist; but it is, after all, no slight proof that they must be considerable, when their lotus-like influence induced us to abandon the original purpose of our expedition, and afforded us, desultory "loafers" as we were—there is no more expressive term—without any definite object of interest before us, such great and continuous enjoyment as we derived from them.

Circumstances obliging me to return a few days afterwards (August 29th) to England, I did so in the hope that it might again be my good fortune to spend as pleasant a three weeks as, having come northwards for sport, I had thus passed without it in Arran.

HISTORY AND CASUISTRY.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

THERE is a note at page 266 of Mr. Froude's sixth volume which is of more interest to the ethical than even to the historical student; of more interest to the man who has to live and act in the world than to any student. I have heard severe comments upon it. I think it may lead those who adopt its sentiments, without weighing them, to dangerous conclusions and to an unsound practice. I think those who simply reject the doctrine of it as false and immoral will be guilty of great injustice to the author, will miss some valuable truth which he might teach them, will be in peril of the very error into which they suspect him of falling. Having spoken of the history generally with much admiration, I should not have a clear conscience if I did not express my mind on this passage of it.

The subject of the chapter in which the note occurs is, "The Reconciliation of England with Rome." The occasion of the note itself is the part which Sir William Cecil took in that transaction.

The Queen was, of course, most eager for it. Her council resisted long. Even Gardiner would have preferred that Protestant doctrine should be put down by the regal power, than by a foreign Bishop. At last, however, even the moderate or latitudinarian party yielded. Pole, under certain conditions, was to be received as a legate to England, that he might accomplish the object of his life. Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings carried the communication of the council to him; Sir William Cecil accompanied them.

"Cecil had taken no formal part in Mary's government, but his handwriting can be traced in many papers of state; and in the Irish department he seems to have given his assistance throughout the reign. In religion, Cecil, like Paget, was a latitudinarian. His conformity under Mary has been commented upon bitterly; but there is no occasion to be surprised at his conduct; no occasion, when one thinks seriously of his position, to blame his conduct. There were many things in the Catholic creed of which Cecil disapproved; and, when his opportunity came, he gave his effectual assistance for the abolition of them; but, as long as that creed was the law of the land, as a citizen he paid the law the respect of external obedience.

"At present religion is no longer under the control of law, and is left to the conscience. To profess openly, therefore, a faith which we do not believe, is justly condemned as hypocrisy. But wherever public law extends, personal responsibility is limited. A minority is not permitted to resist the decisions of the legislature on subjects in which the legislature is entitled to interfere; and in the sixteenth century opinion was as entirely under rule and prescription as actions or things. Men may do their best to improve the laws which they consider unjust. They are not, under ordinary circumstances, to disobey them as long as they exist. However wide the basis of a government, questions, nevertheless, will ever rise between the individuals and the state—questions, for instance, of peace or war, in which the conscience has as much a voice as any other subject; where nevertheless, individuals, if they are in the minority, must sacrifice their own opinions; they must contribute their war taxes without resistance; if they are soldiers, they must take part as combatants for a cause of which they are convinced of the injustice. That is to say, they must do things which it would be impious and wicked in them to do, were they as free in obligations as citizens as they are *now* free in the religion which they will profess.

"This was the view in which the mass was regarded by statesmen like Cecil, and generally by many men of plain, straightforward understanding, who believed transubstantiation as little as he. In Protestantism as a constructive theology they had as little interest as in Popery; when the alternative lay between the two, they saw no reason to sacrifice themselves for either.

"It was the view of common sense. It was not the view of a saint. To Latimer, also, technical theology was indifferent—indifferent in proportion to his piety. But he hated lies—legalized or unlegalized—he could not tolerate them. The counsels of perfection, however, lead to conduct, neither possible, nor, perhaps, desirable for ordinary men."—*Froude*, vol. vi. p. 266.

The general reflections which this note contains are likely to make us forget the special circumstance which has given occasion to them. I must, however, observe, that if we admit Mr. Froude's apology for Cecil's conformity during the reign of Mary, it will be no justification for his concurrence in the work of reconciliation. He cared more about the interests of the state than about dogmas. Why then did he sacrifice what he and the politicians of his school believed to be the interests of the State? Why did he help to replace a foreign dogmatist upon a throne from which he had been cast down? It was a question specially concerning national government and independence. Mary and Philip were surrendering to these religious maxims about which Cecil, by the hypothesis, was indifferent. I do not say that he may not have found excuses for himself in the thought that he was merely a subordinate, or that better terms might be made for the nation, if he and the moderates took part in the measure. One may imagine a number of such pleas for which allowance should be made in the case of other men, though it is safer not to meddle with the like ourselves. But the historian's argument in mitigation is likely to make the sentence, even of favourable judges, on Cecil, more severe.

This, however, was an exceptional violation of principle. I agree with Mr. Froude that Cecil's general conduct during Mary's reign ought not to be tried by the rules of a divine, or to be

treated as incompatible with the probity which we demand from a statesman. I arrive at my conclusion in this way. There are certain statesmen of the 19th century, to whom, without respect of party feelings or private predilections, we ordinarily attribute more than an average measure of honour and high feeling, men who have proved by their acts that they were willing to sacrifice their own interest to what they regarded as the public interest. I ask myself what these statesmen, judging from their acts and words in our time, would have done if they had been in the position of Cecil. I see no proof whatever that they would have behaved as he behaved in the question of the reconciliation. But I see strong proofs that they would have been as little induced as he was, by any consideration of the superior dogmatical worth of Protestantism, to refuse compliance with the belief of the Sovereign, or to fight against one that had established itself in the land.

I will take three examples of what I mean. They are not, perhaps, the best, and many more might be added. But they are selected from different schools. Those of whom I speak were, through the greater part of their lives, either openly, or in spirit and temper opposed to each other; they were as unlike as possible in character and in education; they were alike in the qualities of which I spoke before. These assertions will be admitted when I name Mr. Canning, Sir Francis Burdett, the Duke of Wellington.

In one of the debates on the Roman Catholic disabilities, Mr. Canning said he had no doubt that justification by faith was the right doctrine, but that he should suppose the idea of justification by works would be more conducive to ordinary civil morality. He spoke no doubt as an advocate. The Roman Catholics were at the time his clients. Had he been in the position of a judge, or had he been calmly reviewing historical facts, he might have owned that the hope of securing the forgiveness of Heaven by good deeds had prompted many evil deeds; had often led to a contempt of common mundane honesty; often to a rebellion of the priest against the magistrate. He might have owned that Luther had done something with his discourses about faith, however strange and mystical they might be, to get rid of these mischiefs. But though these observations would have worked upon him powerfully when he saw any actual danger of a return to papal ascendancy, he would never have been able to translate his thoughts into the dialect of theologians; he would never have understood what they meant.

The inference is inevitable. He thought essentially as Sir William Cecil thought. Not from cowardice, not from any concession to expediency, but, in obedience to his ordinary maxims, he would have acted as Sir William Cecil acted.

He was born and bred a statesman. Sir Francis Burdett was an English country gentleman by nature, whatever he became through the lore and wit of Horne Tooke. When that influence had in some degree subsided, and he had passed into his second phase of advanced Whiggism, he undertook, it will be remembered, the charge of the Roman Catholic claims, which had been before entrusted to Mr. Plunket. In opening the question, I think in 1828, he used words to this effect. (I doubt not they may be read in "Hansard," but I happened to hear them, and the tone and bearing of the speaker were a commentary upon them which I cannot forget.) "It seems to me, Mr. Speaker, "scarcely a gentlemanly thing—I own "I do not like it—after one has been in "friendly intercourse with some Catho-"lic, to go up to the table of this "house and say that he is holding "abominable and damnable tenets." That language expressed, I should suppose, the very heart of the man. Transubstantiation was a long word, covering a difficult subject. The intercourse between man and man, at the dinner-table and on the hunting-field, was a real thing. One meant something to him, the other almost nothing. Some men in this day who have learnt a difficult

language may call his worldly. I fancy it was less worldly because more sincere than some of that which has displaced it. He had a moral standard, if not the highest; one is not always sure whether those who affect a higher have any at all.

The Duke of Wellington is a still stronger instance. He became a statesman; he had many of the qualities of the English country gentleman; but he was formed in the camp. Notions of military discipline determined to a great degree his thoughts of civil policy, of ordinary morality, and of divinity. We all know how he felt and acted in reference to one great question of his day. He had no notion of admitting Roman Catholics to any civil privileges, from which the law had excluded them, merely on some general theory or dogma of toleration. People ought to keep step and preserve marching order. If they would not, he cared little about the particular scruples which were the excuses for their irregularity. The thing that existed should be upheld. The Government must be carried on. But if the State was endangered by withholding civil privileges from Roman Catholics, the Prime Minister must not let his own crotchets, his liking to be thought consistent, his party, anything whatever, stand in the way of his conceding them. Such was the unvarying maxim of the Duke's life, leading of necessity to some variable acts, but in itself entitling him to the name of a man of principle, warranting the belief which his countrymen formed of him, that he worshipped duty with a profound and habitual worship. It is clear, I think, that he would have considered it a part of that worship to support the Queen's Government, whether the Queen was Mary, Elizabeth, or Victoria; any points of doctrine in which they might differ from each other in any wise notwithstanding.

If I extended this observation so as to make it include the late Sir Robert Peel, bred though he was under Oxford divines, and in Oxford Protestant dogmatism, I believe a majority of those who observed his course of action would agree with me. So that Mr. Froude may have a stronger case in defence of his hero than he has himself made out. But then, what would become of his second paragraph, wherein he draws a distinction between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, and affirms that what would be hypocrisy in one time was not hypocrisy in the other? "Religion," he says, "is no longer under "the control of the law, but is left to "the conscience." If he means that lawgivers and statesmen have not as much hope of coercing religious opinions by law in the nineteenth century as some of them had in the sixteenth, he is maintaining a proposition which few will dispute. But how does that proposition affect the subject? We are not speaking of the means which men took to bring those who differed from them into conformity with one opinion or another, but of the principles on which they regulated their own conformity. The Duke of Wellington did not care to persecute; neither did Cecil. One as much as the other conceived of religion as an instrument for making men well-behaved and orderly, disliked anything passing under the name which they supposed led to ill-behaviour or disorder. I cannot perceive the difference. Neither do I understand as a general principle what is meant by religion being under the control of law in one age, and left to the conscience in another. Religion is a Roman word, not a word of the Old or the New Testament. It must be interpreted by Roman rules and Roman habits. So interpreted, it will always, I conceive, involve the idea of obligation, of obligation to some authority or some law. It may be an obligation to the highest authority or to a secondary authority; to the highest law, or merely to a state law. It may be an obligation to a good power, or to an evil power. It may be an obligation on the senses or the fears, or upon the conscience, the will, the reason. But whichever be its force I cannot give any distinct meaning to Mr. Froude's antithesis. His compa-

rison cannot be one of periods; it must be one of corresponding classes in those periods. There are many in our time who, like the Duke of Wellington, habitually regard the preservation of the established order of a society as their paramount duty. There are those who would sacrifice the order of society to tastes, notions, habits, prejudices of their own. There are those who believe that there is a permanent eternal order, which ascends above the existing established order, and therefore transcendently above all their own fancies, judgments, opinions; who reverence the order of the State for the sake of that higher order, and as a witness of it; who would never offend the one except when they feel that they are under a stern necessity of asserting the other. There were men answering to all these classes in the England of the sixteenth century. No one has shown this more clearly and powerfully than Mr. Froude. He has exhibited to us the man of crotchets, of private judgments, who, for the sake of an opinion about a surplice, would disturb a nation and perplex men's moral principles. He has shown us, as he expresses it so well in this note, men who hated "lies, "legalised or unlegalised, who could "not tolerate them, who died rather "than seem to tolerate them;" men, I will add, who hated lies because they believed in a truth which neither they, nor all the states in the world, could alter in the least degree. Mr. Froude has told us facts which are even more consolatory. He has shown us how men like Hooper, who carried with them some of the bad leaven of the one class, were purified in the fire till they were made real witnesses—not for their opinions, but for God. On the other hand, he shows how some of those who had been most pertinacious in their zeal for points either of doctrine or of behaviour, who had most denounced their brethren as temporisers, were the first to apostatize in the day of trial, the first to show that they had really believed nothing. It is most important that a phrase like that by which Mr. Froude has divided the sixteenth from the nineteenth century should not deprive us of these encouragements and these warnings; should not lead us to think that we live under a different dispensation from the statesmen and Churchmen in the days of the Tudors.

If our historian has supplied a correction of his own ethical statements in his narratives of facts and his biographies of men, he has made that correction still stronger and more valuable by an analogy which at first we might be disposed to treat as unfortunate and dangerous. He has referred us to those numerous questions concerning which the judgment of the individual is not at one with the judgment of the State of which he is a member and which he serves. The most striking of these questions concerns the duties of a soldier. A man is pledged to fight for his country, whatever wars his country may engage in. Some of them seem to him unjust. Mr. Froude pronounces that soldiers are bound to do as they have engaged to do, but that it would be "impious and wicked" for them to take this course "if they were "as free in their obligations as soldiers "as they are *now* free in the religion "which they will profess."

Every reader will be startled by these words when he first meets with them. He will feel as if they had brought before him a tremendous practical contradiction. He will be apt to say to himself, "I may be very free in the "religion which I profess; but that reli-"gion which I profess, whether I am a "Roman Catholic, an English Church-"man, or Protestant Dissenter, will not "leave me free to do a wrong thing. If "it is wrong for me to fight in a certain "cause, it tells me that I must not fight "in that cause; if it is right for me to "fight, it tells me that I must fight. "How then can I separate this reli-"gious profession from these civil or "military obligations?" Here is one difficulty which is sure to present itself to a man some time in the course of his life. It is the very difficulty which has led many British officers to fear the in-

troduction of any instruction, but more especially of strong religious instruction, among their men. May not questions be raised by this instruction, which would greatly interfere with their military obedience?

Mr. Froude's own words force these thoughts upon us. "Wicked" and "impious" are religious epithets. They presume a man to be recognising some religious authority or principle. On the other hand the corresponding phrase is ambiguous. What is meant by being free *in* our obligations as citizens? Before a citizen is at liberty to make his own judgment the rule of his actions he must be free *from* his obligations as a citizen. Introduce that slight and necessary emendation, and the whole argument, as Mr. Froude has stated it, becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*. A man freeing himself from the obligations of a citizen is, *ipso facto*, an impious and wicked man. A man who will acknowledge no authority but his own is an enemy of the human race; and he is no greater enemy of any man than of himself. Is, then, the condition to which we have "now" come, in respect of our religious profession, one which becomes utterly ridiculous and monstrous when it is applied to any subject except that? Does the freedom which we have acquired in our religious profession render that profession utterly inoperative upon any moral acts except to confuse them and make them utterly inconsistent?

Mr. Froude has done us an immense service in leading us to face this difficulty. We have been tampering with it and playing with it, and the effect upon our conduct and character has been most disastrous. If we begin from the case of the soldier, I think we shall find that the first conclusion of the simplest man accords with the last conclusion of the most thoughtful and reflecting man. The soldier enlists in the service of his country, believing it to be a good service; not doubting that he ought to fight for his country; leaving to wiser men the decision of what the country should do or should not do. He acquires more light; doubts are excited in his mind which were not there before. "Governments do very wrong "things sometimes. Will his conscience let him do what Governments "prescribe? Must he not resolve for "himself whether we are right in holding India or attacking China?" This is an unhappy condition of mind. I do not wonder that that those who observe all the mawkishness and uncertainty which accompany it,—who see the worse than weakness which may follow from it—should dread any influences that may possibly lead to it. But let them be sure that it is a transitional state of mind; that only hasty measures for crushing it can fix it into a permanent one; that the dangers of it will always be counteracted by the very causes which have excited them; that the true remedy for it lies in a more enlarged education and a stronger faith. There is always bewilderment in the awakening of any man's conscience. The visions of the night mingle with the voice which announces that it is morning. The half-sleeper fancies that all are sleeping and dreaming except himself. Conscience becomes strangely mingled with conceit; his judgments are infallible. When his conscience speaks more distinctly, it rebukes nothing so much as this very conceit. It whispers no lesson to him so certainly as that he is a fool. It tells him that, till he has risen out of his own private separate judgment, he can do nothing that is right, think nothing that is right. It reminds him of his relation to other beings; of his dependence upon them. It tells him of a truth which is theirs as well as his; which is infinitely precious to all men; for the sake of which each man must be content to sacrifice himself.

How do these lessons present themselves to the mind of the soldier? You fancy he must make some fine metaphysical division of himself; that he must say, "As soldier I think and act "so and so; as a man I think and act "quite differently." No such miserable

refinement will enter into his mind unless you put it there. His work as a soldier is his work as a man. It is the work which *he* is called to do. If he were a legislator, he must do the work of legislation. He must shrink from no toil to find out what the duty of England is to China or India; he must be drawn aside from the task of resolving by no traditions, party feelings, personal feelings, by no engagement in tasks which are not his. He who would desert his post as a soldier to speculate about India or China would desert his post as a legislator, to perform some freak in India or China. In each case the deserter from his rank is a deserter from the cause of truth. In each case he who serves his country most zealously in his vocation, serves Truth best. He has faith in a true God. He can commit his judgments to Him. If they are right, He will give effect to them. Nothing can be done to establish them by neglecting a plain obvious duty. He cannot change his country's mind, if it is a wrong mind; he will only make it worse by doing wrong himself. On then, with a clear heart, for life or death. The origin of the battle is not his; the result is not his. All he can do is to fulfil his trust, and throw himself away.

These are no fancies or refinements. This is the process by which the plain brave citizen and soldier is led out of fancies and refinements into the honest performance of his task. He does not perform it better because he is a machine, he performs it worse. There is nothing to rouse the energy of a machine. He must pass into something else before he can respond to any true war-cry. An appeal to his hearth and home would be utterly lost upon him, if it did not rouse him to know that he is *not* a machine. Whilst he still half-suspects himself to be one, he is liable to all those sudden and bewildering impressions to which I have alluded; those from which he only escapes when he begins to forget himself in the belief and worship of the God of his fathers.

It has been impossible to speak fully of this subject without intruding upon the other; so artificial is the barrier which Mr. Froude has raised between the man in his two characters of a citizen and a worshipper; so obvious would that impossibility be if for worshipper he had not substituted the phrase of *one who professes a religion*.

The confusion between the conceits of our own mind and the conscience which bears witness for an immutable law that governs them, has become very serious in our Protestant community. That so clear-sighted a man as Mr. Froude should have yielded to it is a great proof of its power and prevalency. But it is beginning to be shaken in those who have entertained it most. Protestants are discovering that very inconvenient private judgments may be exercised in favour of the vestments and practices of the Scarlet Lady as well as against them. They are appealing impatiently to State authority, to ecclesiastical authority, to mob authority, against those private judgments. Bystanders who do not concur in these appeals—who adhere strictly to the maxim that private opinions, however much they may interfere with public peace can never be reached by the public sword—feel, nevertheless, that the man of any school who habitually confounds his own opinions with truth will cease to believe in truth, will lose all power of distinguishing between the accidental and the essential, the temporary and the permanent; will become the slave of trifles, and if opportunity enables him, a persecutor on behalf of them; will indemnify himself for the insecurity of his conclusions, by injuring, so far as in him lies, those who do not adopt them. In fact, the noble assertion of a right to think, the right to be human, which our ancestors made, is rapidly passing into the right *not* to think, but simply to hold an opinion, because it is ours, against all invasions of thought, against all communion with other minds. That right no doubt belongs to the free-born Englishman; but, as was once re-

marked in reference to the kindred and equally inalienable right of talking nonsense, the seldomer he exercises it the better.

That apparent opposition between the strongest convictions of the statesman and the strongest convictions of the Churchman, upon which I have dwelt in this article, is leading our minds in the same direction as these observations. Mr. Froude, considering that opposition as belonging peculiarly to the sixteenth century, takes Cecil as adopting "the view of common sense," Latimer as following "the counsels of perfection." I believe that this language is very misleading, and that it is not in harmony with the facts from which it is deduced. I should say that just so far as the statesman of either period understood his own position, he was bearing witness for plain morality and political order against all which seemed to him to stand in the way of either, whether that proceeded from mere animal lawlessness or from spiritual subtleties. If he sees almost nothing beyond the law and the customs of the State in which he is living, *these* he is determined at any price, against any persons whatsoever, to uphold. This may be called the view of common sense. I do not object to the phrase. *Common* sense is the opposite of *private* sense, of *idiotic* sense, which some will affirm is no sense at all. But then I say that Latimer and such as he were the asserters of this common sense more perfectly than the statesman was. I say that they perceived a point at which the common sense of the statesman became a partial and narrow sense; and that they appealed to something more common, more universal, less capable of being limited by private tastes and judgments. I say that they did this because they followed no counsels of perfection, aspired to be no saints; but, seeing that the question before them was whether they should worship God or the devil, swore in God's strength that they would worship Him and not the devil, whichever way their private judgment might incline.

If this be so, the man who takes Latimer's course and the best English statesman, whether they understand one another or not, are working for the same end, and each is necessary for the support and correction of the other. If the William Cecil of Queen Elizabeth's reign was nobler in his policy, nobler even as a man than the same Cecil in Queen Mary's reign, he had Latimer and the martyrs to thank for his elevation. They had taught him that there is such a thing as truth, and that whatever were his temptations as a politician and a diplomatist to lie, he must in some sort in his own vocation aim at truth and try to be true. The Robert Cecil whom he begat had been brought up amid no such lessons. Therefore he became a cleverer and a poorer statesman than his father, fit to aid the statecraft of a Stuart king, totally unfit to cope with the earnest convictions of the Stuart period. In our day, I believe, the other side of the truth comes out. The maxims of the statesman *may* degrade the Churchman, *may* lead him to think that there is nothing better for him than to become a tool of the State, and to receive its hire. But they may cure him of some of his own delusions, they may break in pieces some of his peculiar idols. The common sense of such a man as the Duke of Wellington may teach us that if we have not common sense—that if we are only pursuing some partial technical sense—we are worthy of his scorn, even if we dignify that partial technical sense as a counsel of perfection. It may teach us that there is need in this day, as much as there was in Mary's days, of men who look to a higher judgment than their own, or than all the judgments upon earth. If we have not such men, I believe that statesmanship will wither, almost as rapidly as churchmanship; that Protestantism and Catholicism will alike terminate in Atheism.

END OF VOL. II.